RELIQUES

OF

ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY.

VOL. I.

685d. 18

J. Wale del. C. Grignion Sculp.

These venerable antient Song-enditers
Soar'd many a pitch above our modern writers:
With rough majestic force they mov'd the heart,
And strength and nature made amends for Art.

Rowe.

Percy II K. 22c

RELIQUES

OF

ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY.

CONSISTING OF

Old Heroic BALLADS, SONGS, and other PIECES of our earlier POETS,

Together with ſome few of later Date.

THE FOURTH EDITION.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

LONDON.

PRINTED BY JOHN NICHOLS,

FOR F. AND C. RIVINGTON.

MDCCXCIV.

CMC
MVSEVM
BRITANNICVM

TO

ELIZABETH,

LATE DUCHESS AND COUNTESS

OF NORTHUMBERLAND,

IN HER OWN RIGHT

BARONESS PERCY,

&c. &c. &c.

WHO, BEING SOLE HEIRESS

TO MANY GREAT FAMILIES

OF OUR ANCIENT NOBILITY,

EMPLOYED THE PRINCELY FORTUNE,

AND SUSTAINED THE ILLUSTRIOUS HONOURS,

WHICH SHE DERIVED FROM THEM,

THROUGH HER WHOLE LIFE

 WITH

WITH THE GREATEST DIGNITY,
GENEROSITY, AND SPIRIT;
AND WHO FOR HER MANY PUBLIC
AND PRIVATE VIRTUES
WILL EVER BE REMEMBERED
AS ONE OF THE FIRST CHARACTERS
OF HER TIME,
THIS LITTLE WORK WAS
ORIGINALLY DEDICATED:
AND, AS IT SOMETIMES
AFFORDED HER
AMUSEMENT,
AND WAS HIGHLY DISTINGUISHED
BY HER INDULGENT
APPROBATION,
IT IS NOW,
WITH THE UTMOST REGARD,
RESPECT, AND GRATITUDE,
CONSECRATED
TO HER BELOVED AND HONOURED
MEMORY.

ADVERTISEMENT
TO THE FOURTH EDITION.

TWENTY years have near elapſed ſince the laſt edition of this work appeared. But, although it was ſufficiently a favourite with the public, and had long been out of print, the original Editor had no deſire to revive it. More important purſuits had, as might be expected, engaged his attention; and the preſent edition would have remained unpubliſhed, had he not yielded to the importunity of his friends, and accepted the humble offer of an Editor in a Nephew, to whom, it is feared, he will be found too partial.

Theſe volumes are now reſtored to the public with ſuch corrections and improvements as have occurred ſince the former impreſſion; and the Text in particular hath been emended in many paſſages by recurring to the old copies. The inſtances, being frequently trivial, are not always noted in the margin; but the alteration hath never been made without good reaſon; and eſpecially in ſuch pieces as were extracted from the folio Manuſcript ſo often mentioned in the following pages,

where any variation occurs from the former impreſſion, it will be underſtood to have been given on the authority of that MS.

The appeal publicly made to Dr. JOHNSON in the firſt page of the following Preface, ſo long ſince as in the year 1765, and never once contradicted by him during ſo large a portion of his life, ought to have precluded every doubt concerning the exiſtence of the MS. in queſtion. But ſuch, it ſeems, having been ſuggeſted, it may now be mentioned, that, while this edition paſſed through his preſs, the MS. itſelf was left for near a year with Mr. NICHOLS, in whoſe houſe, or in that of its Poſſeſſor, it was examined with more or leſs attention by many Gentlemen of eminence in literature. At the firſt publication of theſe volumes it had been in the hands of all, or moſt of, his friends; but, as it could hardly be expected that he ſhould continue to think of nothing elſe but theſe amuſements of his youth, it was afterwards laid aſide at his reſidence in the country. Of the many Gentlemen abovementioned, who offered to give their teſtimony to the publick, it will be ſufficient to name the Honourable DAINES BARRINGTON, the Reverend

CLAY-

CLAYTON MORDAUNT CRACHERODE, and thoſe eminent Critics on Shakeſpeare, the Reverend Dr. FARMER, GEORGE STEEVENS, Eſq. EDMUND MALONE, Eſq. and ISAAC REED, Eſq. to whom I beg leave to appeal for the truth of the following repreſentation.

The MS. is a long narrow folio volume, containing 191 Sonnets, Ballads, Hiſtorical Songs, and Metrical Romances, either in the whole or in part, for many of them are extremely mutilated and imperfect. The firſt and laſt leaves are wanting; and of 54 pages near the beginning half of every leaf hath been torn away, and ſeveral others are injured towards the end; beſides that through a great part of the volume the top or bottom line, and ſometimes both have been cut off in the binding.

In this ſtate is the MS. itſelf: and even where the leaves have ſuffered no injury, the tranſcripts, which ſeem to have been all made by one perſon (they are at leaſt all in the ſame kind of hand), are ſometimes extremely incorrect and faulty, being in ſuch inſtances probably made from defective copies, or the imperfect recitation of illiterate

terate fingers; ſo that a conſiderable portion of the ſong or narrative is ſometimes omitted; and miſerable traſh or nonſenſe not unfrequently introduced into pieces of conſiderable merit. And often the copyiſt grew ſo weary of his labour as to write on without the leaſt attention to the ſenſe or meaning; ſo that the word which ſhould form the rhyme is found miſplaced in the middle of the line; and we have ſuch blunders as theſe, *want and will* for *wanton will* *; even *pan and wale* for *wan and pale* †, &c. &c.

Hence the Public may judge how much they are indebted to the compoſer of this collection; who, at an early period of life, with ſuch materials and ſuch ſubjects, formed a work which hath been admitted into the moſt elegant libraries; and with which the judicious Antiquary hath juſt reaſon to be ſatisfied, while refined entertainment hath been provided for every Reader of taſte and genius.

THOMAS PERCY,
FELLOW OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD.

* Page 130. Ver. 117. (This muſt have been copied from a reciter.)

† Pag. 139. Ver. 164, viz.
"*his viſage waxed pan and wale.*"

THE

THE PREFACE.

THE Reader is here preſented with ſelect remains of our ancient Engliſh Bards and Minſtrels, an order of men, who were once greatly reſpected by our anceſtors, and contributed to ſoften the roughneſs of a martial and unlettered people by their ſongs and by their muſic.

The greater part of them are extracted from an ancient folio Manuſcript, in the Editor's poſſeſſion, which contains near 200 Poems, Songs, and Metrical Romances. This MS. was written about the middle of the laſt century; but contains compoſitions of all times and dates, from the ages prior to Chaucer, to the concluſion of the reign of Charles I. *

This Manuſcript was ſhewn to ſeveral learned and ingenious friends, who thought the contents too curious to be conſigned to oblivion, and importuned the poſſeſſor to ſelect ſome of them, and give them to the preſs. As moſt of them are of great ſimplicity, and ſeem to have been merely written for the people, he was long in doubt, whether, in the preſent ſtate of improved literature, they could be deemed worthy the attention of the public. At length the importunity of his friends prevailed, and he could refuſe nothing to ſuch judges as the Author of the RAMBLER and the late Mr. SHENSTONE.

* Chaucer quotes the old Romance of "Libius Diſconius," and ſome others, which are found in this MS. (See the ESSAY prefixed to Vol. III. p. xxiii. & ſeqq.) It alſo contains ſeveral Songs relating to the Civil War in the laſt century, but not one that alludes to the Reſtoration.

Accordingly ſuch ſpecimens of ancient poetry have been ſelected, as either ſhew the gradation of our language, exhibit the progreſs of popular opinions, diſplay the peculiar manners and cuſtoms of former ages, or throw light on our earlier claſſical poets.

They are here diſtributed into VOLUMES, each of which contains an independent SERIES of poems, arranged chiefly according to the order of time, and ſhewing the gradual improvements of the Engliſh language and poetry from the earlieſt ages down to the preſent. Each VOLUME, or SERIES, is divided into three BOOKS, to afford ſo many pauſes, or reſting-places to the Reader, and to aſſiſt him in diſtinguſhing between the productions of the earlier, the middle, and the latter times.

In a poliſhed age, like the preſent, I am ſenſible that many of theſe reliques of antiquity will require great allowances to be made for them. Yet have they, for the moſt part, a pleaſing ſimplicity, and many artleſs graces, which in the opinion of no mean Critics * have been thought to compenſate for the want of higher beauties, and, if they do not dazzle the imagination, are frequently found to intereſt the heart.

To atone for the rudeneſs of the more obſolete poems, each volume concludes with a few modern attempts in the ſame kind of writing: and, to take off from the tediouſneſs of the longer narratives, they are every where intermingled with little elegant pieces of the lyric kind. Select ballads in the old Scottiſh dialect, moſt of them of the firſt-rate merit, are alſo interſperſed among thoſe of our ancient Engliſh Minſtrels; and the artleſs productions of theſe old rhapſodiſts are occaſionally confronted with ſpecimens of the compoſition of contemporary poets of a higher claſs; of thoſe who had all the advantages of learning in the times in

* Mr. ADDISON, Mr. DRYDEN, and the witty Lord DORSET, &c. See the Spectator, No. 70. To theſe might be added many eminent judges now alive.—The learned SELDEN appears alſo to have been fond of collecting theſe old things. See below.

which they lived, and who wrote for fame and for poſterity. Yet perhaps the palm will be frequently due to the old ſtrolling Minſtrels, who compoſed their rhimes to be ſung to their harps, and who looked no farther than for preſent applauſe, and preſent ſubſiſtence.

The Reader will find this claſs of men occaſionally deſcribed in the following volumes, and ſome particulars relating to their hiſtory in an Eſſay ſubjoined to this preface.

It will be proper here to give a ſhort account of the other Collections that were conſulted, and to make my acknowledgements to thoſe gentlemen who were ſo kind as to impart extracts from them; for, while this ſelection was making, a great number of ingenious friends took a ſhare in the work, and explored many large repoſitories in its favour.

The firſt of theſe that deſerved notice was the Pepyſian library at Magdalen College, Cambridge. Its founder, SAM. PEPYS *, Eſq. Secretary of the Admiralty in the reigns of Charles II. and James II. had made a large collection of ancient Engliſh ballads, near 2000 in number, which he has left paſted in five volumes in folio; beſides Garlands and other ſmaller miſcellanies. This collection he tells us was "Begun by Mr. SELDEN; "improved by the addition of many pieces elder thereto "in time; and the whole continued down to the year "1700; when the form peculiar till then thereto, viz. "of the black letter with pictures, ſeems (for cheap-"neſs ſake) wholly laid aſide for that of the white "Letter without pictures."

In the Aſhmole Library at Oxford is a ſmall collection of Ballads made by Anthony Wood in the year 1676, containing ſomewhat more than 200. Many

* A life of our curious collector Mr. PEPYS, may be ſeen in "The Continuation of Mr. Collier's Supplement to his Great Diction. "1715, at the end of Vol. III. folio. Art. PEP."

ancient

ancient popular poems are alſo preſerved in the Bodleyan Library.

The archives of the Antiquarian Society at London contain a multitude of curious political poems in large folio volumes, digeſted under the ſeveral reigns of Hen. VIII. Edw. VI. Mary, Elizabeth, James I. &c.

In the Britiſh Muſeum is preſerved a large treaſure of ancient Engliſh poems in MS. beſides one folio volume of printed ballads.

From all theſe ſome of the beſt pieces were ſelected; and from many private collections, as well printed, as manuſcript, particularly from one large folio volume which was lent by a lady.

AMID ſuch a fund of materials, the Editor is afraid he has been ſometimes led to make too great a parade of his authorities. The deſire of being accurate has perhaps ſeduced him into too minute and trifling an exactneſs; and in purſuit of information he may have been drawn into many a petty and frivolous reſearch. It was however neceſſary to give ſome account of the old copies; though often, for the ſake of brevity, one or two of theſe only are mentioned, where yet aſſiſtance was received from ſeveral. Where any thing was altered that deſerved particular notice, the paſſage is generally diſtinguiſhed by two inverted 'commas.' And the Editor has endeavoured to be as faithful as the imperfect ſtate of his materials would admit. For, theſe old popular rhimes being many of them copied only from illiterate tranſcripts, or the imperfect recitation of itinerant ballad-ſingers, have, as might be expected, been handed down to us with leſs care than any other writings in the world. And the old copies, whether MS. or printed, were often ſo defective or corrupted, that a ſcrupulous adherence to their wretched readings would only have exhibited unintelligible nonſenſe, or ſuch poor meagre ſtuff, as neither came from the Bard, nor was worthy the preſs; when, by a few ſlight corrections or additions, a moſt beautiful or intereſting ſenſe hath ſtarted forth, and this ſo naturally and eaſily, that

that the Editor could ſeldom prevail on himſelf to indulge the vanity of making a formal claim to the improvement; but muſt plead guilty to the charge of concealing his own ſhare in the amendments under ſome ſuch general title, as a "Modern Copy," or the like. Yet it has been his deſign to give ſufficient intimation where any conſiderable liberties * were taken with the old copies, and to have retained either in the text or margin any word or phraſe which was antique, obſolete, unuſual, or peculiar, ſo that theſe might be ſafely quoted as of genuine and undoubted antiquity. His object was to pleaſe both the judicious Antiquary, and the Reader of Taſte; and he hath endeavoured to gratify both without offending either.

THE plan of the work was ſettled in concert with the late elegant Mr. SHENSTONE, who was to have borne a joint ſhare in it had not death unhappily prevented him †: Moſt of the modern pieces were of his ſelection and arrangement, and the Editor hopes to be pardoned if he has retained ſome things out of partiality to the judgement of his friend. The old folio MS. above-mentioned was a preſent from HUMPHREY PITT, Eſq. of Prior's-Lee, in Shropſhire ‡, to whom this public acknow-

* Such liberties have been taken with all thoſe pieces which have 3 aſteriſks ſubjoined, thus ***

† That the Editor hath not here under-rated the aſſiſtance he received from his friend, will appear from Mr. Shenſtone's own letter to the Rev. Mr. GREVES, dated March 1, 1761. See his Works, Vol. III. Letter CIII. It is doubtleſs a great loſs to this work, that Mr. Shenſtone never ſaw more than about a third of one of theſe volumes, as prepared for the preſs.

‡ Who informed the Editor that this MS. had been purchaſed in a library of old books, which was thought to have belonged to THOMAS BLOUNT, Author of the "Jocular Tenures, 1679," 4to. and of many other publications enumerated in Wood's Athenæ, II. 73; the earlieſt of which is "The Art of making Deviſes, 1646," 4to. wherein he is deſcribed to be "of the Inner Temple." If the

knowledgement is due for that, and many other obliging favours. To Sir DAVID DALRYMPLE, Bart. of Hales, near Edinburgh, the Editor is indebted for moſt of the beautiful Scottiſh poems with which this little miſcellany is enriched, and for many curious and elegant remarks with which they are illuſtrated. Some obliging communications of the ſame kind were received from JOHN MAC GOWAN, Eſq. of Edinburgh; and many curious explanations of Scottiſh words in the gloſſaries from JOHN DAVIDSON, Eſq. of Edinburgh, and from the Rev. Mr. HUTCHINSON, of Kimbolton. Mr. WARTON, who has twice done ſo much honour to the Poetry Profeſſor's chair at Oxford, and Mr. HEST of Worceſter College, contributed ſome curious pieces from the Oxford libraries. Two ingenious and learned friends at Cambridge deſerve the Editor's warmeſt acknowledgements: to Mr. BLAKEWAY, late fellow of Magdalen College, he owes all the aſſiſtance received from the Pepyſian library: and Mr. FARMER, fellow of Emanuel, often exerted, in favour of this little work, that extenſive knowledge of ancient Engliſh literature for which he is ſo diſtinguiſhed *. Many extracts from ancient

collection was made by this Lawyer, (who alſo publiſhed the "Law Dictionary, 1671," folio;) it ſhould ſeem, from the errors and defects with which the MS. abounds, that he had employed his clerk in writing the tranſcripts, who was often weary of his taſk.

* To the ſame learned and ingenious friend, ſince Maſter of Emanuel College, the Editor is obliged for many corrections and improvements in his SECOND and ſubſequent Editions; as alſo to the Rev. Mr. BOWLE, of Idmiſtone, near Saliſbury, Editor of the curious edition of Don Quixote, with Annotations, in Spaniſh, in 6 vols. 4to.; to the Rev. Mr. COLE, formerly of Blecheley, near Fenny-Stratford, Bucks; to the Rev. Mr. LAMBE, of Noreham, in Northumberland (author of a learned "Hiſtory of Cheſs," 1764, 8vo. and Editor of a curious "Poem on the Battle of Flodden Field," with learned Notes, 1774, 8vo.); and to G. PATON, Eſq. of Edinburgh. He is particularly indebted to two friends, to whom the publick, as well as himſelf, are under the greateſt obligations; to the Honourable DAINES BARRINGTON, for his very learned and curious "Obſervations on the Statutes," 4to.; and to THOMAS TYRWHITT, Eſq. whoſe moſt correct and elegant edition

ancient MSS. in the Britiſh Muſeum, and other repoſitories, were owing to the kind ſervices of THOMAS ASTLE, Eſq. to whom the publick is indebted for the curious Preface and Index annexed to the Harleyan Catalogue *. The worthy Librarian of the Society of Antiquaries, Mr. NORRIS, deſerved acknowledgement for the obliging manner in which he gave the Editor acceſs to the volumes under his care. In Mr. GARRICK's curious collection of old plays are many ſcarce pieces of ancient poetry, with the free uſe of which he indulged the Editor in the politeſt manner. To the Rev. Dr. BIRCH he is indebted for the uſe of ſeveral ancient and valuable tracts. To the friendſhip of Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON he owes many valuable hints for the conduct of the work. And, if the Gloſſaries are more exact and curious than might be expected in ſo ſlight a publication, it is to be aſcribed to the ſuperviſal of a friend, who ſtands at this time the firſt in the world for northern literature, and whoſe learning is better known and reſpected in foreign nations than in his own country. It is perhaps needleſs to name the Rev. Mr. LYE, Editor of Junius's Etymologicum, and of the Gothic Goſpels.

edition of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," 5 vols. 8vo. is a ſtandard book, and ſhews how an ancient Engliſh claſſic ſhould be publiſhed. The Editor was alſo favoured with many valuable remarks and corrections from the Rev. GEO. ASHBY, late fellow of St. John's College, in Cambridge, which are not particularly pointed out becauſe they occur ſo often. He was no leſs obliged to THOMAS BUTLER, Eſq. F. A. S. agent to the Duke of Northumberland, and Clerk of the Peace for the county of Middleſex; whoſe extenſive knowledge of ancient writings, records, and hiſtory, have been of great uſe to the Editor in his attempts to illuſtrate the literature or manners of our anceſtors. Some valuable remarks were procured by SAMUEL PEGGE, Eſq. author of that curious work the "Curialia," 4to.; but this impreſſion was too far advanced to profit by them all; which hath alſo been the caſe with a ſeries of learned and ingenious annotations inſerted in the Gentleman's Magazine for Auguſt, 1793, April, June, July, and October, 1794, and which, it is hoped, will be continued.

* Since Keeper of the Records in the Tower.

The NAMES of ſo many men of learning and character the Editor hopes will ſerve as an amulet to guard him from every unfavourable cenſure, for having beſtowed any attention on a parcel of OLD BALLADS. It was at the requeſt of many of theſe gentlemen, and of others eminent for their genius and taſte, that this little work was undertaken. To prepare it for the preſs has been the amuſement of now and then a vacant hour amid the leiſure and retirement of rural life, and hath only ſerved as a relaxation from graver ſtudies. It has been taken up at different times, and often thrown aſide for many months, during an interval of four or five years. This has occaſioned ſome inconſiſtencies and repetitions, which the candid reader will pardon. As great care has been taken to admit nothing immoral and indecent, the Editor hopes he need not be aſhamed of having beſtowed ſome of his idle hours on the ancient literature of our own country, or in reſcuing from oblivion ſome pieces (though but the amuſements of our anceſtors) which tend to place in a ſtriking light their taſte, genius, ſentiments, or manners.

☞ *Except in one Paragraph, and in the Notes ſubjoined, this Preface is given with little variation from the firſt edition in* MDCCLXV.

AN

ESSAY

ON

THE ANCIENT MINSTRELS IN ENGLAND.

I. THE MINSTRELS (A) were an order of men in the middle ages, who ſubſiſted by the arts of poetry and muſic, and ſang to the harp verſes compoſed by themſelves, or others * They alſo appear to have accompanied their ſongs with mimicry and action; and to have practiſed ſuch various means of diverting as were much admired in thoſe rude times, and ſupplied the want of more refined entertainment (B). Theſe arts rendered them extremely popular and acceptable in this and all the neighbouring countries; where no high ſcene of feſtivity was eſteemed complete, that was not ſet off with the exerciſe of their talents; and where, ſo long as the ſpirit of chivalry ſubſiſted, they were protected and careſſed, becauſe their ſongs tended to do honour to the ruling paſſion of the times, and to encourage and foment a martial ſpirit.

(A) The larger Notes and Illuſtrations referred to by the capital Letters (A) (B) &c. are thrown together to the end of this Eſſay.

* Wedded to no hypotheſis, the author hath readily corrected any miſtakes which have been *proved* to be in this ESSAY; and conſidering the novelty of the ſubject, and the time, and place, when and where he firſt took it up, many ſuch had been excuſable. —That the term MINSTREL was not confined, as ſome contend, to a meer Muſician, in this country, any more than on the continent, will be conſidered more fully in the laſt Note (G g.) at the end of this Eſſay.

The MINSTRELS ſeem to have been the genuine ſucceſſors of the ancient BARDS (C), who under different names were admired and revered, from the earlieſt ages, among the people of Gaul, Britain, Ireland, and the North; and indeed by almoſt all the firſt inhabitants of Europe, whether of Celtic or Gothic race *; but by none more than by our own Teutonic anceſtors †, particularly by all the Daniſh tribes ‡. Among theſe they were diſtinguiſhed by the name of SCALDS, a word which denotes "Smoothers and Poliſhers of lan-"guage §". The origin of their art was attributed to ODIN or WODEN, the father of their Gods; and the profeſſors of it were held in the higheſt eſtimation. Their ſkill was conſidered as ſomething divine; their perſons were deemed ſacred; their attendance was ſolicited by kings; and they were every where loaded with honours and rewards. In ſhort, poets and their art were held among them in that rude admiration, which is ever ſhewn by an ignorant people to ſuch as excel them in intellectual accompliſhments.

As theſe honours were paid to Poetry and Song, from the earlieſt times, in thoſe countries which our Anglo-Saxon anceſtors inhabited before their removal into Britain, we may reaſonably conclude that they would not lay aſide all their regard for men of this ſort immediately on quitting their German foreſts. At leaſt ſo long as they retained their ancient manners and opinions, they would ſtill hold them in high eſtimation. But as the

* Vid. Pelloutier Hiſt. des Celtes. tom. 1. l. 2. c. 6. 10.

† Tacit. de Mor. Germ. cap. 2.

‡ Vid. Bartholin. de Cauſis contemptæ a Danis mortis: lib. 1. cap. 10.——Wormij Literatura Runic. ad finem.—— See alſo "Northern Antiquities, or, A Deſcription of the Manners, Cuſ-"toms, &c. of the ancient Danes and other northern nations: from "the French of M. Mallet." London, printed for T. Carnan, 1770, 2 vol. 8vo.

§ Torfæi Præfat. ad Orcad. Hiſt.—Pref. to "Five pieces of Ru-"nic Poetry." &c.

Saxons,

Saxons, ſoon after their eſtabliſhment in this iſland, were converted to Chriſtianity; in proportion as literature prevailed among them, this rude admiration would begin to abate; and Poetry would be no longer a peculiar profeſſion. Thus the POET and the MINSTREL early with us became two perſons (D). Poetry was cultivated by men of letters indiſcriminately; and many of the moſt popular rhimes were compoſed amidſt the leiſure and retirement of monaſteries. But the Minſtrels continued a diſtinct order of men for many ages after the Norman conqueſt; and got their livelihood by ſinging verſes to the harp at the houſes of the great (E). There they were ſtill hoſpitably and reſpectfully received, and retained many of the honours ſhewn to their predeceſſors the BARDS and SCALDS (F). And though, as their art declined, many of them only recited the compoſitions of others, ſome of them ſtill compoſed ſongs themſelves, and all of them could probably invent a few ſtanzas on occaſion. I have no doubt but moſt of the old heroic Ballads in this collection were compoſed by this order of men. For although ſome of the larger metrical Romances might come from the pen of the monks or others, yet the ſmaller narratives were probably compoſed by the Minſtrels, who ſang them. From the amazing variations which occur in different copies of the old pieces, it is evident they made no ſcruple to alter each other's productions; and the reciter added or omitted whole ſtanzas according to his own fancy or convenience.

In the early ages, as was hinted above, the profeſſion of oral itinerant Poet was held in the utmoſt reverence among all the Daniſh tribes; and therefore we might have concluded, that it was not unknown or unreſpected among their Saxon brethren in Britain, even if Hiſtory had been altogether ſilent on this ſubject. The original country of our Anglo-Saxon Anceſtors is well known to have lien chiefly in the Cimbric Cherſoneſe, in the tracts of land ſince diſtinguiſhed by the name of Jutland,

Angelen, and Holſtein*. The Jutes and Angles in particular, who compoſed two thirds of the conquerors of Britain, were a Daniſh people, and their country at this day belongs to the crown of Denmark †; ſo that when the Danes again infeſted England, three or four hundred years after, they made war on the deſcendents of their own anceſtors ‡. From this near affinity we might expect to diſcover a ſtrong reſemblance between both nations in their cuſtoms, manners, and even language; and, in fact, we find them to differ no more, than would naturally happen between a parent country and its own colonies, that had been ſevered in a rude uncivilized ſtate, and had dropt all intercourſe for three or four centuries: eſpecially if we reflect, that the colony here ſettled had adopted a new Religion, extremely oppoſite in all reſpects to the ancient Paganiſm of the mother-country; and that even at firſt, along with the original Angli, had been incorporated a large mixture of Saxons from the neighbouring parts of Germany; and afterwards, among the Daniſh invaders, had come vaſt multitudes of adventurers from the more northern parts of Scandinavia. But all theſe were only different tribes of the ſame common Teutonic ſtock, and ſpoke only different dialects of the ſame Gothic language ||.

From this ſameneſs of original and ſimilarity of manners we might juſtly have wondered, if a character, ſo dignified and diſtinguiſhed among the ancient Danes as the SCALD or BARD, had been totally unknown or unregarded in this ſiſter nation. And indeed this argument is ſo ſtrong, and, at the ſame time, the early an-

* Vid. Chronic. Saxon. à Gibſon. p. 12, 13, 4to.——Bed. Hiſt. Eccleſ. à Smith. lib. 1. c. 15.——"EALDSEXE [*Regio antiq. Saxonum*] *in cervice Cimbricæ Cherſoneſi, Holſatiam proprie dictam, Ditmarſiam, Stormariam, et Wagriam, complectens.* Annot. in Bed. à Smith, p. 52. Et vid. Camdeni Britan.

† *Anglia Vetus, hodie etiam Anglen, ſita eſt inter Saxones et Giotes* [*Jutos*], *habens oppidum capitale . . . . Slefwick.* Ethelwerd. lib. 1.

‡ See Northern Antiquities, &c. Vol. I. pag. 7, 8.—185.—259, 260, 261. || Ibid. Preface, p. xxvi.

nals

nals of the Anglo-Saxons are ſo ſcanty and defective (G), that no objections from their ſilence could be ſufficient to overthrow it. For if theſe popular bards were confeſſedly revered and admired in thoſe very countries which the Anglo-Saxons inhabited before their removal into Britain, and if they were afterwards common and numerous among the other deſcendants of the ſame Teutonic anceſtors, can we do otherwiſe than conclude, that men of this order accompanied ſuch tribes as migrated hither, that they afterwards ſubſiſted here, though perhaps with leſs ſplendor than in the North; and that there never was wanting a ſucceſſion of them to hand down the art, though ſome particular conjunctures may have rendered it more reſpectable at one time than another? And this was evidently the caſe. For though much greater honours ſeem to have been heaped upon the northern SCALDS, in whom the characters of hiſtorian, genealogiſt, poet, and muſician, were all united, than appear to have been paid to the MINSTRELS and HARPERS (H) of the Anglo-Saxons, whoſe talents were chiefly calculated to entertain and divert; while the Scalds profeſſed to inform and inſtruct, and were at once the moraliſts and theologues of their Pagan countrymen; yet the Anglo-Saxon Minſtrels continued to poſſeſs no ſmall portion of public favour; and the arts they profeſſed were ſo extremely acceptable to our anceſtors, that the word GLEE, which peculiarly denoted their art, continues ſtill in our own language to be of all others the moſt expreſſive of that popular mirth and jollity, that ſtrong ſenſation of delight, which is felt by unpoliſhed and ſimple minds (I).

II. HAVING premiſed theſe general conſiderations, I ſhall now proceed to collect from hiſtory ſuch particular incidents as occur on this ſubject; and, whether the facts themſelves are true or not, they are related by authors who lived too near the Saxon times, and had before them too many recent monuments of the Anglo-Saxon nation, not to know what was conformable to the genius and

and manners of that people; and therefore we may preſume, that their relations prove at leaſt the exiſtence of the cuſtoms and habits they attribute to our forefathers before the Conqueſt, whatever becomes of the particular incidents and events themſelves. If this be admitted, we ſhall not want ſufficient proofs to ſhew, that Minſtrelſy and Song were not extinct among the Anglo-Saxons; and that the profeſſor of them here, if not quite ſo reſpectable a perſonage as the Daniſh Scald, was yet highly favoured and protected, and continued ſtill to enjoy conſiderable privileges.

Even ſo early as the firſt invaſion of Britain by the Saxons, an incident is recorded to have happened, which, if true, ſhews that the Minſtrel or Bard was not unknown among this people; and that their princes themſelves could, upon occaſion, aſſume that character. Colgrin, ſon of that Ella who was elected king or leader of the Saxons in the room of Hengiſt *, was ſhut up in York, and cloſely beſieged by Arthur and his Britons. Baldulph, brother of Colgrin, wanted to gain acceſs to him, and to apprize him of a reinforcement which was coming from Germany. He had no other way to accompliſh his deſign, but to aſſume the character of a MINSTREL. He therefore ſhaved his head and beard, and dreſſing himſelf in the habit of that profeſſion, took his harp in his hand. In this diſguiſe, he walked up and down the trenches without ſuſpicion, playing all the while upon his inſtrument as an HARPER. By little and little he advanced near to the walls of the city, and, making himſelf known to the centinels, was in the night drawn up by a rope.

Although the above fact comes only from the ſuſpicious pen of Geoffry of Monmouth (K), the judicious reader will not too haſtily reject it; becauſe, if ſuch a fact really happened, it could only be known to us through the medium of the Britiſh writers: for the firſt

* See Rapin's Hiſt. (by Tindal, fol. 1732. Vol. I. p. 36.) who places the incident here related under the year 495.

Saxons,

Saxons, a martial but unlettered people, had no hiſtorians of their own; and Geoffry, with all his fables, is allowed to have recorded many true events, that have eſcaped other annaliſts.

We do not however want inſtances of a leſs fabulous æra, and more indubitable authority: for later Hiſtory affords us two remarkable facts (L), which I think clearly ſhew, that the ſame arts of poetry and ſong, which were ſo much admired among the Danes, were by no means unknown or neglected in this ſiſter nation; and that the privileges and honours, which were ſo laviſhly beſtowed upon the northern SCALDS, were not wholly with-held from the Anglo-Saxon MINSTRELS.

Our great King Alfred, who is expreſſly ſaid to have excelled in muſic *, being deſirous to learn the true ſituation of the Daniſh army, which had invaded his realm, aſſumed the dreſs and character of a MINSTREL (M); when, taking his harp, and one of the moſt truſty of his friends diſguiſed as a ſervant † (for in the early times it was not unuſual for a Minſtrel to have a ſervant to carry his harp), he went with the utmoſt ſecurity into the Daniſh camp; and, though he could not but be known to be a Saxon by his dialect, the character he had aſſumed procured him a hoſpitable reception. He was admitted to entertain the king at table, and ſtaid among them long enough to contrive that aſſault, which afterwards deſtroyed them. This was in the year 878.

About ſixty years after ‡, a Daniſh king made uſe of the ſame diſguiſe to explore the camp of our king Athelſtan. With his harp in his hand, and dreſſed like a MINSTREL (N), Aulaff §, king of the Danes, went

* By BALE and SPELMAN. See Note (M). † Ibid.

‡ Anno 938. Vid. Rapin, &c.

§ So I think the name ſhould be printed, rather then Anlaff the more uſual form, (the ſame traces of the letters expreſs both names in MS.) Aulaff being evidently the genuine northern name Olaff, or Olave. Lat. Olaus. In the old Romance of "Horn-Childe" (ſee Vol. III. p. xxxiii.), the name of the king his father is Allof, which is evidently Ollaf, with the vowels only tranſpoſed.

among

among the Saxon tents; and, taking his ſtand near the king's pavilion, began to play, and was immediately admitted. There he entertained Athelſtan and his lords with his ſinging and his muſic, and was at length diſmiſſed with an honourable reward, though his ſongs muſt have diſcovered him to have been a Dane (O). Athelſtan was ſaved from the conſequences of this ſtratagem by a ſoldier, who had obſerved Aulaff bury the the money which had been given him, either from ſome ſcruple of honour, or motive of ſuperſtition. This occaſioned a diſcovery.

Now, if the Saxons had not been accuſtomed to have MINSTRELS of their own, Alfred's aſſuming ſo new and unuſual a character would have excited ſuſpicions among the Danes. On the other hand, if it had not been cuſtomary with the Saxons to ſhew favour and reſpect to the Daniſh SCALDS, Aulaff would not have ventured himſelf among them, eſpecially on the eve of a battle (P). From the uniform procedure then of both theſe kings, we may fairly conclude, that the ſame mode of entertainment prevailed among both people, and that the MINSTREL was a privileged character with each.

But, if theſe facts had never exiſted, it can be proved from undoubted records, that the Minſtrel was a regular and ſtated officer in the court of our Anglo-Saxon kings: for in Doomeſday book, *Joculator Regis*, the KING'S MINSTREL, is expreſly mentioned in Glouceſterſhire; in which county it ſhould ſeem that he had lands aſſigned him for his maintenance (Q).

III. We have now brought the inquiry down to the Norman Conqueſt: and as the Normans had been a late colony from Norway and Denmark, where the SCALDS had arrived to the higheſt pitch of credit before Rollo's expedition into France, we cannot doubt but this adventurer, like the other northern princes, had many of theſe men in his train, who ſettled with him in his new duchy of Normandy, and left behind them ſucceſſors in their art: ſo that, when his deſcendant, WILLIAM the BASTARD,

BASTARD, invaded this kingdom in the following century *, that mode of entertainment could not but be ſtill familiar with the Normans. And that this is not mere conjecture will appear from a remarkable fact, which ſhews that the arts of Poetry and Song were ſtill as reputable among the Normans in France, as they had been among their anceſtors in the north; and that the profeſſion of MINSTREL, like that of SCALD, was ſtill aſpired to by the moſt gallant ſoldiers. In William's army was a valiant warrior, named TAILLEFER, who was diſtinguiſhed no leſs for the minſtrel-arts (R), than for his courage and intrepidity. This man aſked leave of his commander to begin the onſet, and obtained it. He accordingly advanced before the army, and with a loud voice animated his countrymen with ſongs in praiſe of Charlemagne and Roland, and other heroes of France; then ruſhing among the thickeſt of the Engliſh, and valiantly fighting, loſt his life.

Indeed, the Normans were ſo early diſtinguiſhed for their minſtrel-talents, than an eminent French writer (S) makes no ſcruple to refer to them the origin of all MODERN POETRY, and ſhews, that they were celebrated for their Songs near a century before the TROUBADOURS of Provence, who are ſuppoſed to have led the way to the poets of Italy, France, and Spain †.

We ſee then that the Norman conqueſt was rather likely to favour the eſtabliſhment of the minſtrel profeſſion in this kingdom, than to ſuppreſs it: and although the favour of the Norman Conqueror would be probably confined to ſuch of their own countrymen as excelled in the Minſtrel Arts; and in the firſt ages after the Conqueſt no other ſongs would be liſtened to by the great nobility, but ſuch as were compoſed in their own

* Rollo was inveſted in his new duchy of Normandy, A. D. 911. William invaded England, A. D. 1066.

† Vid. "*Hiſt. des Troubadours*, 3 *Tom.*" paſſim. & vid, "*Fableaux ou Contes du XII. & du XIII. Siecle, traduits, &c. avec des Notes hiſtoriques & critiques, &c. par* M. LE GRAND. *Paris*, 1781" 5 *Tom.* 12*mo.*

Norman

Norman French: yet as the great maſs of the original inhabitants were not extirpated, theſe could only underſtand their own native GLEEMEN or MINSTRELS; who muſt ſtill be allowed to exiſt, unleſs it can be proved, that they were all proſcribed and maſſacred, as, it is ſaid, the Welſh Bards were afterwards, by the ſevere policy of king Edward I. But this we know was not the caſe; and even the cruel attempts of that monarch, as we ſhall ſee below, proved ineffectual. (S. 2.)

The honours ſhewn to the Norman or French Minſtrels, by our princes and great barons, would naturally have been imitated by their Engliſh Vaſſals and Tenants, even if no favour or diſtinctions had ever been ſhewn here to the ſame order of men, in the Anglo-Saxon and Daniſh reigns. So that we cannot doubt, but the Engliſh Harper and Songſter would, at leaſt in a ſubordinate degree, enjoy the ſame kind of honours, and be received with ſimilar reſpect among the inferior Engliſh Gentry and Populace. I muſt be allowed therefore to conſider them, as belonging to the ſame community, as inferior members at leaſt of the ſame College; and therefore, in gleaning the ſcanty materials for this ſlight hiſtory, I ſhall collect whatever incidents I can find relating to MINSTRELS and their Art, and arrange them, as they occur in our own annals, without diſtinction; as it will not always be eaſy to aſcertain, from the ſlight mention of them by our regular hiſtorians, whether the artiſts were Norman or Engliſh. For, it need not be remarked, that ſubjects of this trivial nature are but incidentally mentioned by our ancient annaliſts, and were faſtidiouſly rejected by other grave and ſerious writers; ſo that, unleſs they were accidentally connected with ſuch events as became recorded in hiſtory, they would paſs unnoticed through the lapſe of ages, and be as unknown to poſterity as other topics relating to the private life and amuſements of the greateſt nations.

On this account it can hardly be expected, that we ſhould be able to produce regular and unbroken annals of the Minſtrel Art and its profeſſors, or have ſufficient

information, whether every Minſtrel or Bard compoſed himſelf, or only repeated, the ſongs he chanted. Some probably did the one, and ſome the other: and it would have been wonderful indeed, if men whoſe peculiar profeſſion it was, and who devoted their time and talents to entertain their hearers with poetical compoſitions, were peculiarly deprived of all poetical genius themſelves, and had been under a phyſical incapacity of compoſing thoſe common popular rhymes, which were the uſual ſubjects of their recitation. Whoever examines any conſiderable quantity of theſe, finds them in ſtile and colouring as different from the elaborate production of the ſedentary compoſer at his deſk or in his cell, as the rambling Harper or Minſtrel was remote in his modes of life and habits of thinking from the retired ſcholar, or the ſolitary monk. (T.)

It is well known that on the Continent, whence our Norman nobles came, the Bard who compoſed, the Harper who played and ſang, and even the Dancer and the Mimic, were all conſidered as of one community, and were even all included under the common name of MINSTRELS *. I muſt therefore be allowed the ſame application of the term here without being expected to prove that every ſinger compoſed, or every compoſer chanted, his own ſong; much leſs that every one excelled in all the arts, which were occaſionally exerciſed by ſome or other of this fraternity.

IV. After the Norman conqueſt the firſt occurrence, which I have met with relating to this order of men, is the founding of a priory and hoſpital by one of them: ſcil. the Priory and Hoſpital of St. Bartholomew, in Smithfield, London, by Royer or Raherus the KING'S MINSTREL, in the third year of King Henry I. A. D. 1102. He was the firſt Prior of his own eſtabliſhment, and preſided over it to the time of his death. (T. 2.)

* See Note (B.) and (A a.)

In

In the reign of K. Henry II. we have upon record the name of Galfrid or Jeffrey, a Harper, who in 1180 received a corrody or annuity from the Abbey of Hide near Wincheſter: and, as in the early times every Harper was expected to ſing, we cannot doubt but this reward was given to him for his Muſic and his Songs; which, if they were for the ſolace of the monks there, we may conclude, would be in the Engliſh language. (U.)

Under his romantic ſon, K. Richard I, the Minſtrel profeſſion ſeems to have acquired additional ſplendor. Richard, who was the great hero of chivalry, was alſo the diſtinguiſhed patron of Poets and Minſtrels. He was himſelf of their number, and ſome of his poems are ſtill extant *. They were no leſs patronized by his favourites and chief officers. His Chancellor, William biſhop of Ely, is expreſsly mentioned to have invited Singers and Minſtrels from France, whom he loaded with rewards; and they in return celebrated him as the moſt accompliſhed perſon in the world. (U. 2.) This high diſtinction and regard, although confined perhaps in firſt inſtance to Poets and Songſters of the French Nation, muſt have had a tendency to do honour to Poetry and Song among all his ſubjects, and to encourage the cultivation of theſe arts among the natives; as the indulgent favour ſhewn by the Monarch or his great courtiers to the Provençal *Troubadour*, or Norman *Rymour*, would naturally be imitated by their inferior vaſſals to the Engliſh Gleeman, or Minſtrel. At more than a century after the Conqueſt, the national diſtinctions muſt have begun to decline, and both the Norman and Engliſh languages would be heard in the houſes of the

* See a pathetic Song of his in Mr. WALPOLE's Catalogue of Royal Authors, Vol. I. p. 5. The reader will find a Tranſlation of it into modern French, in *Hiſt. litéraire des Troubadours*, 1774, 3 *Tom.* 12*mo*. See Vol. I. (p. 58,) where ſome more of Richard's Poetry is tranſlated. In Dr. Burney's Hiſt. of Muſic, Vol. II. p. 238, is a poetical verſion of it in Engliſh.

great (V. 3.); ſo that probably about this æra, or ſoon after, we are to date that remarkable intercommunity and exchange of each other's compoſitions, which we diſcover to have taken place at ſome early period between the French and Engliſh Minſtrels: the ſame ſet of phraſes, the ſame ſpecies of characters, incidents, and adventures, and often the ſame identical ſtories being found in the old metrical Romances of both nations (V.)

The diſtinguiſhed ſervice which Richard received from one of his own Minſtrels, in reſcuing him from his cruel and tedious captivity, is a remarkable fact, which ought to be recorded for the honour of poets and their art. This fact I ſhall relate in the following words of an ancient writer *.

"The Engliſhmen were more then a whole yeare, "without hearing any tydings of their king, or in what "place he was kept priſoner. He had trained up in his "court a RIMER or MINSTRILL †, called BLONDELL "DE NESLE: who (ſo ſaith the Manuſcript of old "Poeſies ‡, and an auncient manuſcript French Chro-"nicle)

* Monſ. FAVINE's Theatre of Honour and Knighthood, tranſlated from the French. Lond. 1623. fol. Tom. II. p. 49.——An elegant relation of the ſame event (from the French of Preſid. FAUCHET's *Recueil*, &c.) may be ſeen in "Miſcellanies in proſe "and verſe: by ANNA WILLIAMS. Lond. 1766." 4to. p. 46.—It will excite the Reader's admiration to be informed, that moſt of the pieces of that Collection were compoſed under the diſadvantage of a total deprivation of SIGHT.

† Favine's words are—JONGLEUR *appellé Blondiaux de Neſle* (Paris, 1620. 4to. p. 1106.) But Fauchet, who has given the ſame ſtory, thus expreſſes it, *Or ce roy ayant nourri un* MENESTREL *appellé Blondel.* &c. liv. 2. p. 92. "Des anciens Poëtes François."—He is however ſaid to have been another *Blondel*, not *Blondel* (or *Blondiaux*) *de Neſle*: but this no way affects the circumſtances of the ſtory.

‡ This the author calls in another place, "An ancient MS. of "old Poeſies, written about thoſe very times." —— From this MS. Favine gives a good account of the taking of Richard by the duke of Auſtria, who ſold him to the emperor. As for the MS. chro-

" nicle) being ſo long without the ſight of his lord, his " life ſeemed wearifome to him, and he became con- " founded with melancholly. Knowne it was, that he " came backe from the Holy Land: but none could " tell in what countrey he arrived. Whereupon this " Blondel, reſolving to make ſearch for him in many " countries, but he would heare ſome newes of him; af- " ter expence of divers dayes in travaile, he came to a " towne * (by good hap) neere to the caſtell where his " maiſter king Richard was kept. Of his hoſt he de- " manded to whom the caſtell appertained, and the hoſt " told him, that it belonged to the duke of Auſtria. " Then he enquired whether there were any priſoners " therein detained or no: for alwayes he made ſuch ſe- " cret queſtionings whereſoever he came. And the " hoſte gave anſwer, there was one onely priſoner, but " he knew not what he was, and yet he had bin detained " there more then the ſpace of a yeare. When Blondel " heard this, he wrought ſuch meanes, that he became " acquainted with them of the caſtell, AS MINSTRELS " DOE EASILY WIN ACQUAINTANCE ANY WHERE †: " but ſee the king he could not, neither underſtand that " it was he. One day he ſat directly before a window of " the caſtell, where king Richard was kept priſoner, " and began to ſing a ſong in French, which king Ri- " chard and Blondel had ſometime compoſed together. " When king Richard heard the ſong, he knew it was " Blondel that ſung it: and when Blondel pauſed at halfe " of the ſong, the king, ' BEGAN THE OTHER HALF

nicle, it is evidently the ſame that ſupplied FAUCHET with this ſtory. See his *Recueil de l'Origine de la Langue & Poeſie Françoiſe, Ryme, & Romans, &c. Par.* 1581.

* TRIBALLIS.—— " *Retrudi eum præcepit in Triballis: a quo car-* " *cere nullus ante dies iſtos exivit.*" Lat. chron. of Otho of Auſtria: apud Favin.

† *Comme* MENESTRELS *s'accointent legerement.* Favine. (Fauchet expreſſes it in the ſame manner.)

" AND

"AND COMPLETED IT *. Thus Blondel won know-
"ledge of the king his maiſter, and returning home in-
"to England, made the barons of the countrie ac-
"quainted where the king was." This happened about the year 1193.

The following old Provençal lines, are given as the very original ſong †: which I ſhall acompany with an imitation offered by Dr. Burney. (II. 237.)

BLONDEL.

Domna voſtra beutas	*Your beauty, lady fair,*
Elas bellas faiſſos	*None views without delight;*
Els bels oils amoros	*But ſtill ſo cold an air*
Els gens cors ben taillats	*No paſſion can excite:*
Don ſieu empreſenats	*Yet this I patient ſee*
De voſtra amor que mi lia.	*While all are ſhun'd like me.*

RICHARD.

Si bel trop affanſia	*No nymph my heart can wound*
Ja de vos non portrai	*If favour ſhe divide,*
Que major honorai	*And ſmiles on all around*
Sol en votre deman	*Unwilling to decide:*
Que ſautra des beiſan	*I'd rather hatred bear*
Tot can de vos volria.	*Than love with others ſhare.*

The acceſs, which Blondel ſo readily obtained in the privileged character of a MINSTREL, is not the only

* I give this paſſage corrected; as the Engliſh tranſlator of FAVINE's book appeared here to have miſtaken the original:—Scil. *Et quant Blondel eut dit la moitie de la Chanſon, le Roy Richart ſe priſt a dire l'autre moitie et l'acheva.* Favine. p. 1106. Fauchet has alſo expreſſed it in nearly the ſame words. Recueil. p. 93.

† In a little romance or novel, intitled, *La Tour Tenebreuſe, et les Jours lumineux, Contes Angloiſes, accompagnez d'Hiſtoriettes, & tirez d'une ancienne Chronique compoſee par* RICHARD, *ſurnomme* COEUR DE LION, *Roy d'Angleterre, &c. Paris*, 1705. 12mo ——In the Preface to this Romance the Editor has given another ſong of Blondel de Neſle, as alſo a copy of the ſong written by K. Richard, and publiſhed by Mr. Walpole, mentioned above (in Note * page. xxxii.) yet the two laſt are not in Provençal like the ſonnet printed here; but in the old French, called *Langage Roman.*

inſtance upon record of the ſame nature. (V. 2.) In this very reign of K. Richard I. the young heireſs of D'Evreux, Earl of Saliſbury, had been carried abroad and ſecreted by her French relations in Normandy. To diſcover the place of her concealment, a knight of the Talbot family ſpent two years in exploring that province: at firſt under the diſguiſe of a Pilgrim, till having found where ſhe was confined, in order to gain admittance he aſſumed the dreſs and character of a Harper, and being a jocoſe perſon exceedingly ſkilled in "the GESTS of the ancients *;" ſo they called the romances and ſtories, which were the delight of that age; he was gladly received into the family. Whence he took an opportunity to carry off the young lady, whom he preſented to the king; and He beſtowed her on his natural brother William Longeſpee, (ſon of fair Roſamond) who became in her right Earl of Saliſbury. (V. 3.)

The next memorable event, which I find in hiſtory, reflects credit on the ENGLISH MINSTRELS; and this was their contributing to the reſcue of one of the great Earls of Cheſter when beſieged by the Welſh. This happened in the reign of K. John, and is related to this effect †.

"Hugh the firſt Earl of Cheſter, in his charter of foundation of St. Werburg's Abbey in that city, had granted ſuch a privilege to thoſe, who ſhould come to Cheſter fair, that they ſhould not be then apprehended for theft or any other miſdemeanor, except the crime were committed during the fair. This ſpecial protection, occaſioning a multitude of looſe people to reſort to that fair, was afterwards of ſignal benefit to one of his

* The words of the original, viz. '*Citharizator homo jocoſus in* GESTIS *antiquorum valde peritus*, I conceive to give the preciſe idea of the ancient Minſtrel. See Not. V. 2. That GESTA was appropriated to romantic ſtories. See Note I. Part. IV. (1.)

† See Dugdale, (Bar. I. 42. 101.) who places it after 13 John, A. D. 1212. See alſo Plot's Staffordſh. Camden's Britann. (Cheſhire.)

ſuc-

ſucceſſors. For Ranulph the laſt Earl of Cheſter, marching into Wales with a ſlender attendance, was conſtrained to retire to his caſtle of Rothelan (or Rhuydland) to which the Welſh forthwith laid ſiege. In this diſtreſs he ſent for help to the Lord De Lacy Conſtable of Cheſter: "Who, making uſe of the MINSTRELLS of all ſorts, then met at Cheſter Fair; by "the allurement of their muſick, got together a vaſt "number of ſuch looſe people, as, by reaſon of the be- "fore ſpecified priviledge, were then in that city; whom "he forthwith ſent under the conduct of Dutton (his "ſteward)" a gallant youth, who was alſo his ſon in law. The Welſh alarmed at the approach of this rabble, ſuppoſing them to be a regular body of armed and diſciplined veterans, inſtantly raiſed the ſiege and retired."

For this good ſervice Ranulph is ſaid to have granted to De Lacy by Charter the patronage and authority over the MINSTRELS and the looſe and inferior people: who retaining to himſelf that of the lower artificers, conferred on Dutton the Juriſdiction of the MINSTRELS and Harlots *: and under the deſcendants of this family the Minſtrels enjoyed certain privileges, and protection for many ages. For even ſo late as the reign of Elizabeth, when this profeſſion had fallen into ſuch diſcredit, that it was conſidered in law as a nuiſance, the Minſtrels under the juriſdiction of the family of Dutton, are expreſsly excepted out of all acts of parliament made for their ſuppreſſion; and have continued to be ſo excepted ever ſince (W).

The ceremonies attending the exerciſe of this juriſdiction, are thus deſcribed by Dugdale † as handed down to his time, viz. "That at midſummer fair "there, all the Minſtrels of that countrey reſorting to "Cheſter, do attend the heir of Dutton, from his

* See the ancient record in Blount's Law Dictionary. (Art. MINSTREL.)

† Ibid. p. 101.

"lodging to St. John's church (he being then accom-
"panied by many gentlemen of the countrey) one of
"the Minſtrels' walking before him in a ſurcoat of his
"arms depicted on taffata; the reſt of his fellows pro-
"ceeding (two and two) and playing on their ſeveral
"ſorts of muſical inſtruments. And after divine ſer-
"vice ended, give the like attendance on him back to
"his lodging; where a COURT being kept by his [Mr.
"Dutton's] Steward, and all the Minſtrels formally cal-
"led, certain orders and laws are uſually made for the
"better government of that Society, with penalties on
"thoſe who tranſgreſs."

In the ſame reign of K. John we have a remarkable inſtance of a Minſtrel, who to his other talents ſuperadded the character of Soothſayer, and by his ſkill in drugs and medicated potions was able to reſcue a knight from impriſonment. This occurs in Leland's Narrative of the GESTES of Guarine (or Warren) and his ſons, which he "excerptid owte of an old Engliſch boke yn ryme *," and is as follows:

Whitington Caſtle in Shropſhire, which together with the coheireſs of the original proprietor had been won in a ſolemn turnament by the anceſtor of the Guarines †, had in the reign of K. John been ſeized by the Prince of Wales, and was afterwards poſſeſſed by Morice a retainer of that Prince, to whom the king out of hatred to the true heir Fulco Guarine (with whom he had formerly had a quarrel at Cheſs ‡) not only

* Leland's Collectanea, Vol. I. pag. 261. 266. 267.

† This old feudal cuſtom of marrying an heireſs to the knight, who ſhould vanquiſh all his opponents in ſolemn conteſt, &c. appears to be burleſqued in the Turnament of Totenham, (See Vol. II. p. 13.) as is well obſerved by the learned author of REMARKS, &c. in Gent. Mag. for July, 1794, p. 613.

‡ "John, ſun to K. Henry, and Fulco felle at variance at Cheſtes
"[r. Cheſſe]; and John brake Fulco[s] hed with the Cheſt borde:
"and then Fulco gave him ſuch a blow, that he had almoſt killid
"hym."

only confirmed the poſſeſſion, but alſo made him governor of the marches, of which Fulco himſelf had the cuſtody in the time of K. Richard. The Guarines demanded juſtice of the king, but obtaining no gracious anſwer, renounced their allegiance and fled into Bretagne. Returning into England, after various conflicts, "Fulco reſortid to one John of Raumpayne, a SOTH-"SAYER and JOCULAR and MINSTRELLE, and made "hym his ſpy to Morice at Whitington." The privileges of this character we have already ſeen, and John ſo well availed himſelf of them, that in conſequence of the intelligence which he doubtleſs procured, "Fulco, "and his brethrene laide waite for Morice, as he went "toward Saleſbyri, and Fulco ther woundid hym: and "Bracy" a knight, who was their friend and aſſiſtant, "cut of Morice ['s] hedde." This ſir Bracy being in a ſubſequent rencounter ſore wounded, was taken and brought to K. John: from whoſe vengeance he was however reſcued by this notable Minſtrel; for "John "Rampayne founde the meanes to cait them, that kepte "Bracy, into a deadely ſlepe; and ſo he and Bracy "cam to Fulco to Whitington," which on the death of Morice had been reſtored to him by the Prince of Wales. As no further mention occurs of the Minſtrel, I might here conclude this narrative; but I ſhall juſt add, that Fulco was obliged to flee into France, where aſſuming the name of Sir Amice, he diſtinguiſhed himſelf in Juſts and Turnaments; and, after various romantic adventures by ſea and land; having in the true ſtile of chivalry, reſcued "certayne ladies owt of "priſon;" he finally obtained the king's pardon, and the quiet poſſeſſion of Whitington Caſtle.

In the reign of K. Henry III, we have mention of MASTER RICARD the King's Harper to whom in his

"hym." (Lel. Coll. 1. p. 264). A curious picture of courtly manners in that age!—Notwithſtanding this fray, we read in the next paragraph, that "K. Henry dubbid Fulco & 3 of his bretherne "knightes at Wincheſter." ibid.

36th year (1252) that monarch gave not only forty ſhillings, and a pipe of wine; but alſo a pipe of wine to Beatrice his wife *. The title of *Magiſter*, or Maſter, given to this Minſtrel deſerves notice, and ſhows his reſpectable ſituation.

V. The Harper, or Minſtrel, was ſo neceſſary an attendant on a royal perſonage, that Prince Edward (afterwards K. Edward I.) in his Cruſade to the Holy Land, in 1271, was not without his Harper: Who muſt have been officially very near his perſon; as we are told by a contemporary hiſtorian †, that, in the attempt to aſſaſſinate that heroic prince, when he had wreſted the poiſoned knife out of the Sarazen's hand, and killed him with his own weapon; the attendants, who had ſtood apart while he was whiſpering to their maſter, hearing the ſtruggle, ran to his aſſiſtance, and one of them, to wit his Harper, ſeizing a tripod or treſtle, ſtruck the aſſaſſin on the head and beat out his brains ‡. And though the Prince blamed him for ſtriking the man after he was dead; yet his near acceſs ſhows the reſpectable ſituation of this officer; and his affectionate zeal ſhould have have induced Edward to en-

* Burney's Hiſt. II. p. 355.——Rot. Pip. An. 36. H. 3. *Et in uno dolio vini empto & dato* MAGISTRO RICARDO *Cithariſtæ Regis, xl. ſol. per br. Reg. Et in uno dolio empto & dato Beatrici uxori ejuſdem Ricardi.*

† Walter Hemmingford, (*vixit temp.* EDW. I.) in Chronic. cap. 35. inter V. Hiſt. Ang. Scriptores, Vol. ii. Oxon. 1687. fol. pag. 591.

‡ *Accurrentes ad hæc. Miniſtri ejus, qui a longe ſteterunt, invenerunt eum* [*ſcil. Nuntium*] *in terra mortuum, et apprehendit unus eorum tripodem, ſcilicet* CITHAREDA SUUS *& percuſſit eum in capite, et effundit cerebrum ejus. Increpavitque eum Edwardus quod hominem mortuum percuſſiſſet.* Ibid. Theſe MINISTRI muſt have been upon a very confidential footing, as it appears above in the ſame chapter, that they had been made acquainted with the contents of the letters, which the aſſaſſin had delivered to the Prince from his maſter.

treat

treat his brethren the Welſh Bards afterwards with more lenity.

Whatever was the extent of this great Monarch's ſeverity towards the profeſſors of muſic and of ſong in Wales; whether the executing by martial law ſuch of them as fell into his hands was only during the heat of conflict, or was continued afterwards with more ſyſtematic rigor *; yet in his own court the Minſtrels appear to have been highly favoured: for when, in 1306, he conferred the order of knighthood on his ſon, and many others of the young nobility, a multitude of Minſtrels were introduced to invite and induce the new knights to make ſome military vow (X). And

Under the ſucceeding reign of K. Edward II, ſuch extenſive privileges were claimed by theſe men, and by diſſolute perſons aſſuming their character, that it became a matter of public grievance, and was obliged to be reformed by an expreſs regulation in A. D. 1315 (Y). Notwithſtanding which, an incident is recorded in the enſuing year, which ſhows that MINSTRELS ſtill retained the liberty of entering at will into the royal preſence, and had ſomething peculiarly ſplendid in their dreſs. It is thus related by Stow (Z).

"In the year 1316, Edward the ſecond did ſolemnize "his feaſt of Pentecoſt at Weſtminſter, in the great "hall: where ſitting royally at the table with his peers "about him, there entered a woman ADORNED LIKE A "MINSTREL, ſitting on a great horſe trapped, AS "MINSTRELS THEN USED; who rode round about the "tables, ſhewing paſtime; and at length came up to "the king's table, and laid before him a letter, and "forthwith turning her horſe ſaluted every one and de-"parted."—— The ſubject of this letter was a remonſtrance to the king on the favours heaped by him on his

* See Gray's Ode; and the Hiſt. of the Gwedir Family in "Miſcellanies by the Hon. DAINES BARRINGTON," 1781. 4to. p. 386; who in the Laws, &c. of this Monarch could find no inſtances of ſeverity againſt the Welſh. See his Obſervations on the Statutes, 4to. 4th Edit. p. 358.

minions,

minions, to the neglect of his knights and faithful ſervants.

The privileged character of a Minſtrel was employed on this occaſion, as ſure of gaining an eaſy admittance; and a female the rather deputed to aſſume it, that in caſe of detection, her ſex might diſarm the king's reſentment. This is offered on a ſuppoſition, that ſhe was not a real Minſtrel: for there ſhould ſeem to have been Women of this profeſſion, (A a.) as well as of the other ſex; and no accompliſhment is ſo conſtantly attributed to Females, by our ancient Bards, as their ſinging to, and playing on the Harp. (A a. 2.)

In the fourth year of K. Richard II. John of Gaunt erected at Tutbury in Staffordſhire, a COURT of MINSTRELS, ſimilar to that annually kept at Cheſter (p. xxxviii.) and which, like a Court-Leet or Court-Baron, had a legal juriſdiction, with full power to receive ſuit and ſervice from the men of this profeſſion within five neighbouring countries, to enact laws, and determine their controverſies; and to apprehend and arreſt ſuch of them, as ſhould refuſe to appear at the ſaid court, annually held on the 16th of auguſt. For this they had a charter by which they were empowered to appoint a KING OF THE MINSTRELS with four officers to preſide over them. (B b.) Theſe were every year elected with great ceremony; the whole form of which, as obſerved in 1680, is deſcribed by Dr. Plott*: in whoſe time however they appear to have loſt their ſinging talents, and to have confined all their ſkill to "wind and ſtring Muſic †."

* Hiſt. of Staffordſhire. Ch. 10. § 69—76. p. 433. & ſeqq. of which ſee Extracts in Sir J. Hawkins's Hiſt. of Muſic. Vol. II. p. 64, and Dr. Burney's Hiſt. Vol. II. p. 360 & ſeqq.

N. B. The barbarous diverſion of Bull-running, was no part of the original Inſtitution, &c. as is fully proved by the Rev. Dr. Pegge in Archæologia. Vol. II. No. XIII. pag. 86.

† See the charge given by the Steward, at the time of the Election in Plot's Hiſt. ubi ſupra; and in Hawkins, p. 67. Burney, p. 363, 4.

The

The Minſtrels ſeem to have been in many reſpects upon the ſame footing as the Heralds: And the King of the Minſtrels, like the King at Arms, was both here and on the continent an uſual officer in the courts of princes. Thus we have in the reign of K. Edward I. mention of a King Robert, and others. And in 16. Edw. II. is a Grant to William de Morlee "the "king's Minſtrel, ſtiled *Roy de North* *," of houſes which had belonged to another king, John le Boteler. (B b. 2.) Rymer hath alſo printed a licence granted by K. Richard II. in 1387, to John Caumz, the King of his Minſtrels, to paſs the ſeas, recommending him to the protection and kind treatment of all his ſubjects, and allies †.

In the ſubſequent reign of K. Henry IV. we meet with no particulars relating to the Minſtrels in England, but we find in the Statute Book a ſevere law paſſed againſt their brethren the Welſh Bards; whom our anceſtors could not diſtinguiſh from their own *Rimours, Miniſtralx*; for by theſe names they deſcribe them. (B b. 3.) This act plainly ſhows that far from being extirpated by the rigorous policy of K. Edward I, this order of men were ſtill able to alarm the Engliſh Government, which attributed to them "many diſeaſes "and miſchiefs in Wales," and prohibited their meetings, and contributions.

When his heroic ſon K. Henry V. was preparing his great voyage for France in 1415, an expreſs order was given for his Minſtrels fifteen in number to attend him ‡: and eighteen are afterwards mentioned, to each of whom he allowed xii. d. a day, when that ſum muſt have been of more than ten times the value it is at preſent §. Yet when he entered London in triumph after the battle of Agincourt, he, from a principle of humility, ſlighted the pageants and verſes, which were pre-

* So among the Heralds *Norrey* was anciently ſtiled *Roy d'Armes de North.* (Anſtis, II. 300.) And the Kings at Armes in general were originally called *Reges Heraldorum* (Ibid. p. 302.) as theſe were *Reges Minſtrallorum.*

† Rymer's Fœdera. Tom. VII. p 555.

‡ Rymer IX. 255. § Ibid. p. 260.

pared

pared to hail his return; and, as we are told by Holingſhed *, would not ſuffer "any Ditties to be "made and ſong by MINSTRELS, of his glorious vic-"torie; for that he would whollie have the praiſe and "and thankes altogether given to God" (B b. 4.) But this did not proceed from any diſregard for the Profeſſors of Muſic or of Song; for at the feaſt of pentecoſt which he celebrated in 1416, having the Emperor, and the Duke of Holland for his gueſts, he ordered rich gowns for ſixteen of his Minſtrels, of which the particulars are preſerved by Rymer †. And having before his death orally granted an annuity of 190 ſhillings to each of his Minſtrels, the grant was confirmed in the firſt year of his ſon K. Henry VI, A. D. 1423, and payment ordered out of the Exchequer ‡.

The unfortunate reign of K. Henry VI. affords no occurrences reſpecting our ſubject; but in his 34th year, A. D. 1456, we have in Rymer § a Commiſſion for impreſſing boys or youths, to ſupply vacancies by death among the king's Minſtrels: in which it is expreſsly directed that they ſhall be elegant in their limbs, as well as inſtructed in the Minſtrel art, wherever they can be found, for the ſolace of his Majeſty.

* See his Chronicle, ſub anno 1415, (p. 1170.) He alſo gives this other inſtance of the king's great modeſty, "that he would not "ſuffer his Helmet to be carried with him, and ſhewed to the "people, that they might behold the dintes and cuttes, whiche ap-"peared in the ſame, of ſuch blowes and ſtripes, as hee received "the daye of the battell." Ibid. Vid. T. de Elmham, c. 29. p. 72.

The prohibition againſt vain and ſecular ſongs would probably not include that inſerted in our 2d Vol. No. V. (p. 25) which would be conſidered as a Hymn. The original notes engraven on a plate at the end of the Vol. may be ſeen reduced and ſet to ſcore in Mr. Stafford Smith's "Collection of Engliſh Songs for 3 and 4 voices," and in Dr. Burney's Hiſt. of Muſic. II. p. 384.

† T. IX. 336. ‡ Ibid. X. 287. They are mentioned by name being *ten* in number: one of them was named THOMAS CHATTERTON.

§ Tom. XI. 375.

In

In the following reign, K. Edward IV. (in his 9th year, 1469) upon a complaint that certain rude huſbandmen, and artificers of various trades had aſſumed the title and livery of the king's Minſtrels, and under that colour and pretence had collected money in diverſe parts of the kingdom and committed other diſorders, the king grants to WALTER HALIDAY *MARSHAL* and to ſeven others his own Minſtrels whom he names, a Charter *, by which he creates, or rather reſtores a Fraternity or Perpetual GILD (ſuch, as he underſtands, the Brothers and Siſters of the Fraternity of Minſtrels had in times paſt) to be governed by a MARSHAL appointed for life and by two WARDENS to be choſen annually; who are impowered to admit Brothers and Siſters into the ſaid Gild, and are authorized to examine the pretenſions of all ſuch as affected to exerciſe the Minſtrel profeſſion; and to regulate, govern, and puniſh them throughout the realm (thoſe of Cheſter excepted.)——This ſeems to have ſome reſemblance to the Earl Marſhal's Court among the Heralds, and is another proof of the great affinity and reſemblance, which the Minſtrels bore to the members of the College of Arms.

It is remarkable that Walter Haliday, whoſe name occurs as Marſhal in the foregoing Charter, had been retained in the ſervice of the two preceding Monarchs K. Henry V †. and VI ‡. nor is this the firſt time he is mentioned as Marſhal of the King's Minſtrels, for in the 3d year of this reign, 1464, he had a grant from K. Edward of 10 marks per annum during life directed to him with that title §.

But beſides their Marſhal, we have alſo in this reign mention of a SERGEANT of the Minſtrels, who upon a

* See it in Rymer. T. XI. 642. and in Sir J. Hawkins, Vol. IV. p. 366 note. The above Charter is recited in letters patent of K. Charles I. 15 July. (11 Anno Regni) for a Corporation of Muſicians, &c. in Weſtminſter, which may be ſeen, ibid.

† Rymer. IX. 255. ‡ Ibid. XI. 375. § Ibid. XI. 512.

particular occaſion was able to do his royal maſter a ſingular ſervice, wherein his confidental ſituation and ready acceſs to the king at all hours is very apparent: for "as he [K. Edward IV.] was in the north contray "in the monneth of Septembre, as he lay in his bedde, "one namid Alexander Carlile, that was SARIAUNT "OF THE MYNSTRELLIS, cam to him in grete haſt, "and badde hym aryſe for he hadde enemyes cummyng "for to take him, the which were within vi. or vii. mylis, "of the which tydinges the king gretely marveylid, "&c. *." This happened in the ſame year, 1469, wherein the King granted or confirmed the Charter for the Fraternity or Gild above-mentioned; yet this Alexander Carliſle is not one of the Eight Minſtrels to whom that Charter is directed †."

The ſame Charter was renewed by K. Henry VIII. in 1520, to John Gilman his then Marſhal, and to ſeven others his Minſtrels ‡: and on the death of Gilman, he granted in 1529 this office of Marſhal of his Minſtrels to Hugh Wodehouſe §, whom I take to have borne the office of his Serjeant over them ||.

VI. In all the eſtabliſhments of Royal and Noble Houſeholds, we find an ample proviſion made for the Minſtrels; and their ſituation to have been both honourable and lucrative. In proof of this it is ſufficient to

* Here unfortunately ends a curious Fragment, (an. 9. E. IV.) ad calcem Sprotti Chron. Ed. Hearne, Oxon. 1719. 8vo. Vid. T. Warton's Hiſt. II. p. 134. Note (c.). † Rymer XI. 642.

‡ Rymer. XIII. 705. § Ibid. XIV. 2. 93.

|| So I am inclined to underſtand the term SERVIENS *noſter Hugo Wodehous*, in the original Grant. (See Rymer ubi ſupra.) It is needleſs to obſerve that *Serviens* expreſſed a Serjeant as well as a Servant. If this interpretation of *Serviens* be allowed, it will account for his placing Wodehouſe at the head of his Gild, although he had not been one of the eight Minſtrels, who had had the general direction. The Serjeant of his Minſtrells, we may preſume, was next in Dignity to the Marſhal, although he had no ſhare in the Government of the Gild.

refer

refer to the Houſehold Book of the Earl of Northumberland, A D. 1512. (C c.) And the rewards they received ſo frequently recur in ancient writers that it is unneceſſary to crowd the page with them here (C c. 2.)

The name of Minſtrel ſeems however to have been gradually appropriated to the Muſician only, eſpecially in the fifteenth and ſixteenth centuries; yet we occaſionally meet with applications of the term in its more enlarged meaning, as including the Singer, if not the Compoſer of heroic or popular rhymes *.

In the time of K. Henry VIII. we find it to have been a common entertainment to hear verſes recited, or moral ſpeeches learned for that purpoſe, by a ſet of men who got their livelihood by repeating them, and who intruded without ceremony into all companies; not only in taverns, but in the houſes of the nobility themſelves. This we learn from Eraſmus, whoſe argument led him only to deſcribe a ſpecies of theſe men who DID NOT SING their compoſitions; but the others that DID, enjoyed without doubt the ſame privileges (D d.)

For even long after, in the reign of queen Elizabeth, it was uſual "in places of aſſembly" for the company to be "deſirous to heare of old adventures and "valiaunces of noble knights in times paſt, as thoſe of "king Arthur, and his knights of the round table, Sir "Bevys of Southampton, Guy of Warwicke and others "like" in "ſhort and long meetres, and by Breaches or "Diviſions, [sc. FITS†] to be more commodiouſly ſung "to the harpe" as the reader may be informed, by a courtly writer, in 1589‡. Who himſelf had "writ-"ten for pleaſure a litle brief Romance or hiſtoricall "Ditty...of the Iſle of Great Britaine" in order to con-

* See below, and Note G g.

† See Vol. II. pag. 174.

‡ Puttenham in his "Arte of Engliſh Poeſie," 1589, 4to. pag. 33. See the quotation in its proper order in Vol. II. pag. 175.

tribute to ſuch entertainment. And he ſubjoins this caution: "Such as have not premonition hereof", (viz. that his poem was written in ſhort metre, &c. to be ſung to the harpe in ſuch places of Aſſembly) "and "conſideration of the cauſes alledged, would peradventure reprove and diſgrace every Romance, or ſhort "hiſtoricall ditty for that they be not written in long "meeters or verſes Alexandrins," which conſtituted the prevailing verſification among the poets of that age, and which no one now can endure to read.

And that the recital of ſuch Romances ſung to the harp was at that time the delight of the common people, we are told by the ſame writer*, who mentions that "common Rimers" were fond of uſing rimes at ſhort diſtances, "in ſmall and popular Muſickes ſong "by theſe Cantabanqui" [the ſaid common Rimers] "upon benches and barrels heads," &c. "or elſe by "blind Harpers or ſuch like Taverne MINSTRELS that "give a FIT of mirth for a groat; and their matter being "for the moſt part ſtories of old time, as the Tale of "Sir Topas, the reportes of Bevis of Southampton, Guy "of Warwicke, Adam Bell, and Clymme of the "Clough, and ſuch other old Romances, or hiſtoricall "rimes," &c. "alſo they be uſed in Carols and "Rounds, and ſuch light or laſcivious Poemes, which "are commonly more commodiouſly uttered by theſe "Buffons, or Vices in Playes, then by any other perſon. "Such were the rimes of Skelton (uſurping the name "of a Poet Laureat) being in deede but a rude railing "rimer, and all his doings ridiculous†.

But although we find here that the Minſtrels had loſt much of their dignity, and were ſinking into contempt and neglect: Yet that they ſtill ſuſtained a character far ſuperior to any thing we can conceive at preſent of the Singers of old Ballads, I think, may be inferred from the following repreſentation.

* Puttenham, &c. p. 69. (See Vol. II. p. 174, 175.) † Ibid.

When

When Queen Elizabeth was entertained at Killingworth Caſtle by the Earl of Leiceſter in 1575, among the many devices and pageants which were contrived for her entertainment, one of the perſonages introduced was to have been that of an ancient MINSTREL; whoſe appearance and dreſs are ſo minutely deſcribed by a writer there preſent *, and give us ſo diſtinct an idea of the character, that I ſhall quote the paſſage at large. (E e).

"A PERSON very meet ſeemed he for the purpoſe, of "a xlv years old, apparelled partly as he would him-"ſelf. His cap off; his head ſeemly rounded Tonſer-"wiſe †: fair kembed, that with a ſponge daintily dipt "in a little capon's greace was finely ſmoothed, to "make it ſhine like a mallard's wing. His beard ſmugly "ſhaven: and yet his ſhirt after the new trink, with "ruffs fair ſtarched, ſleeked and gliſtering like a pair of "new ſhoes, marſhalled in good order with a ſetting "ſtick, and ſtrut, that every ruff ſtood up like a wafer. "A ſide [i. e. long] gown of Kendal green, after the "freſhneſs of the year now, gathered at the neck with "a narrow gorget, faſtened afore with a white claſp "and a keeper cloſe up to the chin; but eaſily, for "heat to undo when he liſt. Seemly begirt in a red "caddis girdle: from that a pair of capped Sheffield "knives hanging a' two ſides. Out of his boſom "drawn forth a lappet of his napkin ‡ edged with a "blue lace, and marked with a true love, a heart, and a "D for Damian, for he was but a batchelor yet.

* See a very curious "Letter: whearin, part of the entertain-"ment untoo the Queenz Maieſty, at Killingwoorth Caſtl, in "Warwick Sheer, in this ſoomerz Progreſs 1575, iz ſignified," &c. bl. l. 4to. vid. p. 46. & ſeqq. (Printed in Nichols's Collection of Queen Elizabeth's Progreſſes, &c. in 2 Vol. 4to.) We have not followed above the peculiar and affected orthography of this writer, who was named RO. LANEHAM, or rather LANGHAM; ſee p. 84.

† I ſuppoſe "Tonſure-wiſe," after the manner of the Monks.

‡ i. e. handkerchief. So in Shakſpear's Othello, paſſim.

" His gown had ſide [i. e. long] ſleeves down to mid-
" leg, ſlit from the ſhoulder to the hand, and lined
" with white cotton. His doublet-ſleeves of black
" worſted: upon them a pair of poynets * of tawny
" chamlet laced along the wriſt with blue threaden
" points, a wealt towards the hand of fuſtian-a-napes.
" A pair of red neather ſtocks. A pair of pumps on
" his feet, with a croſs cut at the toes for corns: not
" new indeed, yet cleanly blackt with ſoot, and ſhining
" as a ſhoing horn.

" About his neck a red ribband ſuitable to his girdle.
" His HARP in good grace dependent before him. His
" WREST † tyed to a green lace and hanging by. Under
" the gorget of his gown a fair flaggon chain (pewter ‡,
" for) ſilver, as a SQUIRE MINSTREL OF MIDDLESEX,
" that travelled the country this ſummer ſeaſon, unto
" fairs and worſhipful mens houſes. From his chain
" hung a ſcutcheon, with metal and colour, reſplendant
" upon his breaſt, of the ancient arms of Iſlington."

—This Minſtrel is deſcribed as belonging to that village. I ſuppoſe ſuch as were retained by noble families, wore the arms of their patrons hanging down by a ſilver chain as a kind of badge §. From the expreſſion of

* Perhaps, Points.

† The key, or ſcrew, with which he tuned his harp.

‡ The Reader will remember that this was not a REAL MINSTREL, but only one perſonating that character: his ornaments therefore were only ſuch as OUTWARDLY repreſented thoſe of a real Minſtrel.

§ As the HOUSE of NORTHUMBERLAND had anciently THREE MINSTRELS attending on them in their caſtles in Yorkſhire, ſo they ſtill retain THREE in their ſervice in Northumberland, who wear the badge of the family, (a SILVER CRESCENT on the right arm) and are thus diſtributed; viz. One for the barony of Prudhoe, and Two for the barony of Rothbury. Theſe attend the court leets and fairs held for the Lord, and pay their annual ſuit and ſervice at Alnwick caſtle; their inſtrument being the ancient Northumberland bag-

of SQUIRE MINSTREL above, we may conclude there were other inferior orders, as YEOMEN MINSTRELS, or the like.

This Minſtrel, the author tells us a little below, "after three lowly courtſies, cleared his voice with a "hem ... and ... wiped his lips with the hollow of "his hand for 'filing his napkin, tempered a ſtring or "two with his WREST, and after a little warbling on "his HARP for a prelude, came forth with a ſolemn "ſong, warranted for ſtory out of King Arthur's acts, "&c."—This ſong the reader will find printed in this work, Vol. III. pag. 25.

Towards the end of the ſixteenth century this claſs of men had loſt all credit, and were ſunk ſo low in the public opinion, that in the 39th year of Elizabeth *, a ſtatute was paſſed by which "Minſtrels, wandering "abroad," were included among "rogues, vagabonds, "and ſturdy beggars," and were adjudged to be puniſhed as ſuch. This act ſeems to have put an end to the profeſſion. (E e. 2.)

VII. I CANNOT conclude this account of the ancient Engliſh MINSTRELS, without remarking that they are moſt of them repreſented to have been of the North of England. There is ſcarce an old hiſtorical ſong or Ballad, (F f.) wherein a Minſtrel or Harper appears, but he is characterized by way of eminence to have been "OF "THE NORTH COUNTREYE †:" and indeed the prevalence of the Northern dialect in ſuch compoſitions,

bag-pipe (very different in form and execution from that of the Scots; being ſmaller; and blown, not with the breath, but with a ſmall pair of bellows).

This, with many other venerable cuſtoms of the ancient Lord PERCYS, was revived by their illuſtrious repreſentatives the late DUKE and DUTCHESS of NORTHUMBERLAND.

* Anno Dom. 1597. Vid. Pult. Stat. p. 1110, 39° Eliz.

† See this Vol. Song VI. v. 156. 180. &c.

ſhews that this repreſentation is real *. On the other hand the ſcene of the fineſt Scottiſh Ballads is laid in the South of Scotland; which ſhould ſeem to have been peculiarly the nurſery of Scottiſh Minſtrels. In the old ſong of Maggy Lawder, a Piper is aſked, by way of diſtinction, COME ZE FRAE THE BORDER †?——The martial

* Geraldus Cambrenſis, writing in the reign of K. Henry II. mentions a very extraordinary habit or propenſity, which then prevailed in the North of England, beyond the Humber, for "ſymphonious harmony" or ſinging "in two parts, the one murmuring in the baſe, and the other warbling in the acute or treble." (I uſe Dr. Burney's Verſion, Vol. II. p. 108.) This he deſcribes, as practiſed by their very children from the cradle; and he derives it from the Danes [So *Daci* ſignifies in our old writers] and Norwegians, who long over-run and in effect new-peopled the Northern parts of England, where alone this manner of ſinging prevailed. (Vide Cambriæ Deſcriptio, cap. 13. and in Burney ubi ſupra.) —— Giraldus is probably right as to the origin or derivation of this practiſe, for the Daniſh and Icelandic Scalds had carried the Arts of Poetry and Singing to great perfection at the time the Daniſh ſettlements were made in the North. And it will alſo help to account for the ſuperior ſkill and fame of our Northern Minſtrels and Harpers afterwards: who had preſerved and tranſmitted the arts of their Scaldic Anceſtors. See Northern Antiquities, Vol. I. c. 13. p. 386. and five pieces of Runic Poetry, 1763. 8vo.——Compare the original paſſage in Giraldus, as given by Sir John Hawkins, I. 408, and by Dr. Burney, II. 108 who are both at a loſs to account for this peculiarity, and therefore doubt the fact. The credit of Giraldus, which hath been attacked by ſome partial and bigotted antiquaries, the reader will find defended in that learned and curious work, "Antiquities of Ireland by Edward Ledwich, LL. D. &c. "Dublin, 1790," 4to. p. 207. & ſeq.

† This line being quoted from memory, and given as old Scottiſh Poetry is now uſually printed, (ſee pag. 381. N.) would have been readily corrected by the copy publiſhed in "Scottiſh Songs, 1794." 2 Vol. 12mo. I. p. 267. thus, (though apparently corrupted from the Scottiſh Idiom,)

"Live you upo' the Border?"

had not all confidence been deſtroyed by its being altered in the "Hiſtorical Eſſay" prefixed to that publication (p. cx.) to

"Ye live upo' the Border."

the better to favour a poſition, that many of the Pipers "might live upon the border, for the conveniency of attending fairs, &c. in both kingdoms." But whoever is acquainted with that part of England,

martial ſpirit conſtantly kept up and exerciſed near the frontier of the two kingdoms, as it furniſhed continual ſubjects for their Songs, ſo it inſpired the inhabitants of the adjacent counties on both ſides with the powers of poetry. Beſides, as our Southern Metropolis muſt have been ever the ſcene of novelty and refinement, the northern countries, as being moſt diſtant, would preſerve their ancient manners longeſt, and of courſe the old poetry, in which thoſe manners are peculiarly deſcribed.

The reader will obſerve in the more ancient ballads of this collection, a caſt of ſtyle and meaſure very different from that of contemporary poets of a higher claſs; many phraſes and idioms, which the Minſtrels ſeem to have appropriated to themſelves, and a very remarkable licence of varying the accent of words at pleaſure, in order to humour the flow of the verſe, particularly in the rhimes; as

Countrìe harpèr battèl mornìng
Ladìe fingèr damsèl lovìng,

inſtead of *còuntry*, *làdy*, *hàrper*, *sìnger*, &c.——This liberty is but ſparingly aſſumed by the claſſical poets of the ſame age; or even by the latter compoſers of Heroical Ballads: I mean by ſuch as profeſſedly wrote for the preſs. For it is to be obſerved, that ſo long as the Minſtrels ſubſiſted, they ſeem never to have deſigned their rhimes for literary publication, and probably never committed them to writing themſelves: what copies are preſerved of them were doubtleſs taken down from their mouths. But as the old Minſtrels gradually wore out, a new race of Ballad-writers ſucceeded, an inferior

England, knows that on the Engliſh Frontier rude Mountains and barren Waſtes reach almoſt acroſs the iſland, ſcarcely inhabited by any but ſolitary Shepherds; many of whom durſt not venture into the oppoſite border on account of the ancient feuds and ſubſequent diſputes concerning the DEBATABLE LANDS, which ſeparated the boundaries of the two kingdoms, as well as the eſtates of the two great families of PERCY and DOUGLAS; till theſe diſputes were ſettled, not many years ſince, by arbitration between the *preſent* Lord Douglas, and the *late* Duke and Dutcheſs of Northumberland.

ſort of minor poets, who wrote narrative ſongs merely for the preſs. Inſtances of both may be found in the reign of Elizabeth. The two lateſt pieces in the genuine ſtrain of the old Minſtrelſy that I can diſcover, are No. III. and IV. of Book III. in this volume. Lower than theſe I cannot trace the old mode of writing.

The old Minſtrel-ballads are in the northern dialect, abound with antique words and phraſes, are extremely incorrect, and run into the utmoſt licence of metre; they have alſo a romantic wildneſs, and are in the true ſpirit of chivalry.—The other ſort are written in exacter meaſure, have a low or ſubordinate correctneſs, ſometimes bordering on the inſipid, yet often well adapted to the pathetic; theſe are generally in the ſouthern dialect, exhibit a more modern phraſeology, and are commonly deſcriptive of more modern manners.—To be ſenſible of the difference between them, let the reader compare in this volume No. III. of Book III. with No. XI. of Book II.

Towards the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, (as is mentioned above), the genuine old Minſtrelſy ſeems to have been extinct, and thenceforth the Ballads that were produced were wholly of the latter kind, and theſe came forth in ſuch abundance, that in the reign of James I. they began to be collected into little miſcellanies, under the name of GARLANDS, and at length to be written purpoſely for ſuch collections (F f. 2.)

P. S. *By way of* POSTSCRIPT, *ſhould follow here the diſcuſſion of the Queſtion, whether the Term.* MINSTREL *was applied in Engliſh to Singers, and Compoſers of Songs, &c. or confined to Muſicians only. But it is reſerved for the concluding Note* (G g.)

THE END OF THE ESSAY.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS
REFERRED TO IN THE
FOREGOING ESSAY.

(A) The MINSTRELS, &c. The word *Minſtrel* does not appear to have been in uſe here before the Norman Conqueſt: whereas it had long before that time been adopted in France *.—MENESTREL, ſo early as the VIIIth century, was a title given to the *Maeſtro di Capella* of K. Pepin, the father of Charlemagne; and afterwards to the Coryphæus, or Leader of any Band of Muſicians. [V. Burney's Hiſt of Muſic, II. 268.] This term *Meneſtrel, Meneſtrier*, was thus expreſſed in latin, *Miniſtellus, Miniſtrellus, Miniſtrallus, Meneſterellus*, &c. [Vid. Gloſſ. Du Cange & Supplem.]

Menage derives the French words above-mentioned from *Miniſterialis* or *Miniſteriarius*, barbarous Latin terms, uſed in the middle ages to expreſs a Workman or Artificer (ſtill called in Languedoc *Miniſtral*) as if theſe men were ſtyled ARTIFICERS or PERFORMERS by way of excellence [Vid. Diction. Etym.] But the origin of the name is given perhaps more truly by Du Cange "MINISTELLI .... quos vulgo *Meneſtreux* vel *Meneſtriers* ap-"pellamus, quod minoribus aulæ *Miniſtris* accenſerentur." [Gloſſ. IV. p. 769.] Accordingly, we are told, the word "*Miniſter*" is ſometimes uſed "pro *Miniſtellus*," [Ibid.] and an inſtance is produced which I ſhall inſert at large in the next paragraph.

Minſtrels ſometimes aſſiſted at divine ſervice, as appears from the record of the 9th of Edw. IV. quoted above in p. xlv. by which Haliday and others are erected into a perpetual GILD, &c. See the Original in Rymer. XI. 642. By part of this record it is recited to be their duty "to ſing in the king's chapel, and particularly for the departed ſouls of the king and queen when they ſhall die, &c."—— The ſame alſo appears from the paſſage in the Supplem. to Du Cange, alluded to above. "MINISTER ... pro *Miniſtellus* Jo-"culator †.——Vetus ceremoniale MS. B. M. deauratæ Toloſ.

---

* The Anglo-Saxon and primary Engliſh name for this character was GLEEMAN [ſee below, Note (I.) ſect. 1.] ſo that, wherever the term MINSTREL is in theſe pages applied to it before the Conqueſt, it muſt be underſtood to be only by anticipation. Another early name for this profeſſion in Engliſh was JOGELER, or JOCULAR. Lat. *Joculator*. [See p. xxxi. as alſo Note (V. 2.) and Note Q.] To prevent confuſion, we have chiefly uſed the more general word MINSTREL: Which (as the Author of the Obſerv. on the Statutes hath ſuggeſted to the Editor) might have been originally derived from a diminutive of the Lat. *Miniſter*, ſcil. *Miniſterellus, Miniſtrellus*.

† MINISTERS ſeems to be uſed for MINSTRELS in the Account of the Inthronization of Abp. Neville. (An. 6. Edw. IV. "Then "all the Chaplyns muſt ſay grace, and the MINISTERS do ſing." Vid. Lelandi Collectanea, by Hearne, vol. 6. p. 13.

" *Item, etiam congregabuntur Piſcatores, qui debent intereſſe iſto die in* " *proceſſione cum* MINISTRIS *ſeu Joculatoribus: quia ipſi Piſcatores te-* " *nentur habere iſto die* Joculatores, *ſeu* Mimos *ob* HONOREM CRUCIS " *—et vadunt primi ante proceſſionem cum* Miniſtris *ſeu Joculatoribus* " *ſemper pulſantibus uſque ad eccleſiam S. Stephani.*" [Gloſſ. 773]— This may perhaps account for the clerical appearance of the MINSTRELS, who ſeem to have been diſtinguiſhed by the TONSURE, which was one of the inferior marks of the clerical character *. Thus Jeffery of Monmouth, ſpeaking of one who acted the part of a Minſtrel, ſays, *Raſit capillos ſues & barbam* (ſee Note K). Again a writer, in the reign of Elizabeth, deſcribing the habit of an ancient Minſtrel, ſpeaks of his head as " rounded Tonſter-wiſe," (which I venture to read Tonſure-wiſe), " his beard ſmugly ſhaven." See above above, p. xlix.

It muſt however be obſerved, that notwithſtanding ſuch clerical appearance of the Minſtrels, and though they might be ſometimes countenanced by ſuch of the clergy as were of more relaxed morals, their ſportive talents rendered them generally obnoxious to the more rigid Eccleſiaſtics, and to ſuch of the religious orders as were of more ſevere diſcipline; whoſe writings commonly abound with heavy complaints of the great encouragement ſhewn to thoſe men by the princes and nobles, and who can ſeldom afford them a better name than that of *Scurræ*, *Famelici*, *Nebulones*, &c. of which innumerable inſtances may be ſeen in Du Cange. It was even an eſtabliſhed order in ſome of the monaſteries, that no Minſtrel ſhould ever be ſuffered to enter their gates †.

We have however innumerable particulars of the good cheer and great rewards given to the Minſtrels in many of the Convents, which are collected by T. Warton. (I. 91. &c) and others. But one inſtance, quoted from Wood's Hiſt. Antiq. Univ. Ox. I. 67.

---

* It has however been ſuggeſted to the Editor by the learned and ingenious author of " Iriſh Antiquities," 4to. that the ancient *Mimi* among the Romans had their heads and beards ſhaven, as is ſhewn by Salmaſius *in Notis ad Hiſt. Auguſt. Scriptores VI. Paris.* 1620, *fol. p.* 385. So that this peculiarity had a claſſical origin, though it afterwards might make the Minſtrels ſometimes paſs for Eccleſiaſtics, as appears from the inſtance given below. Dr. Burney tells us that *Hiſtriones*, and *Mimi*, abounded in France in the time of Charlemagne (II. 221.) ſo that their profeſſion was handed down in regular ſucceſſion from the time of the Romans, and therewith ſome leading diſtinctions of their habit or appearance; yet with a change in their arts of pleaſing, which latterly were moſt confined to ſinging and muſic.

† Yet in St. Mary's church at Beverley, one of the columns hath this inſcription: " Thys Pillar made the Mynſtryls;" having its capital decorated with figures of 5 men in ſhort coats; one of whom holds an inſtrument reſembling a Lute. See Sir J. Hawkins. Hiſt. II. 298.

(Sub.

(Sub. An. 1224) deſerves particular mention. Two intinerant prieſts, on a ſuppoſition of their being *Mimi* or *Minſtrels*, gained admittance. But the Cellarer, ſacriſt, and others of the brethren, who had hoped to have been entertained with their divertlng arts, &c. when they found them to be only two indigent Eccleſiaſtics, who could only adminiſter ſpiritual conſolation, and were conſequently diſappointed of their mirth, beat them and turned them out of the monaſtery. (Ibid. p. 92.) This paſſage furniſhes an additional proof that a Minſtrel might by his dreſs or appearance be miſtaken for an Eccleſiaſtic.

(B) "The Minſtrels uſe mimicry and action, and other means of "diverting, &c."] It is obſervable, that our old monkiſh hiſtorians do not uſe the words *Cantator*, *Citharœdus*, *Muſicus*, or the like, to expreſs a MINSTREL in Latin, ſo frequently as *Mimus*, *Hiſtrio*, *Joculator*, or ſome other word that implies geſture. Hence it might be inferred, that the Minſtrels ſet off their ſongs with all the arts of geſticulation, &c. or, according to the ingenious hypotheſis of Dr. Brown, united the powers of melody, poem, and dance. [See his Hiſtory of the Riſe of Poetry, &c.]

But indeed all the old writers deſcribe them as exerciſing various arts of this kind. Joinville, in his life of S. Lewis, ſpeaks of ſome Armenian MINSTRELS, who were very dextrous Tumblers and Poſture maſters. "Avec le Prince vinrent trois Menestriers de la "Grande Hyermenie (Armenia) . . . . et avoient trois cors—— "Quand ils encommenceoient a corner, vous diſſiez que ce ſont les "voix de cygnes, ... et feſoient les plus douces melodies.—— "Ils feſoient trois merveilleus SAUS, car on leur metoit une touaille "deſous les piez, et tournoient tout debout . . . Les deux tour- "noients les teſtes arieres," &c. [See the Extract at large, in the Hon. D. Barrington's Obſervations on the Anc. Statutes, 4to. 2d Edit. p. 273. omitted in the laſt impreſſion.]

This may alſo account for that remarkable clauſe in the preſs warrant of Henry VI. "*De Miniſtrallis propter ſolatium regis provi-* "*dendis*," by which it is required, that the boys, to be provided *in arte Miniſtrallatûs inſtructos*, ſhould alſo be *membris naturalibus elegantes*. See above pag. xliv. (Obſerv. on the Anc. Stat. 4th Edit. p. 337.)

Although by MINSTREL was properly underſtood, in Engliſh, one who ſung to the harp, or ſome other inſtrument of muſic, verſes compoſed by himſelf or others; yet the term was alſo applied by our old writers to ſuch as profeſſed either muſic or ſinging ſeparately, and perhaps to ſuch as practiſed any of the ſportive arts connected with theſe *. Muſic however being the leading idea, was

* Vid. infra, Not. A a.

at

at length peculiarly called MINSTRELSY, and the name of MINSTREL at last confined to the Musician only.

In the French language all these Arts were included under the general name of *Menestraudie*, *Menestraudise*, *Jonglerie*, &c. [Med. Lat. *Menestellorum Ars*, *Ars Joculatoria*, &c.]——"On peut comprendre sous le nom de JONGLERIE tout ce qui appartient aux anciens chansonniers Provençaux, Normands, Picards, &c. Le corps de la Jonglerie etoit formé des *Trouveres*, ou *Troubadours*, qui composoient les chansons, et parmi lesquels il y avoit des *Improvisateurs*, comme on en trouve en *Italie*; des *Chanteurs* ou *Chanteres* qui executoient ou chantoient ces compositions; des *Conteurs* qui faisoient en vers ou en prose les contes, les recits, les histoires; des *Jongleurs* ou *Menestrels* qui accompagnoient de leurs instrumens,—L'art de ces Chantres ou Chansonniers, etoit nommé la Science Gaie, *Gay Saber*." (Pref. Anthologie Franç. 1765. 8vo. p. 17.)——See also the curious FAUCHET (*De l' Orig. de la Lang. Fr. p.* 72, &c.) "Bien tost apres la division de ce grand empire François en tant de petits royaumes, duchez, & comtez, au lieu des Poetes commencerent a se faire cognoistre les *Trouverres*, et *Chanterres*, *Conteours*, et *Jugleours*: qui sont Trouveurs, Chantres, Conteurs, JONGLEURS, ou JUGLEURS, c'est à dire, MENESTRIERS chantans avec la viole."

We see then that *Jongleur*, *Jugleur*, (Lat. *Joculator*, *Juglator*) was a peculiar name appropriated to the Minstrels. "*Les* Jongleurs *ne faisoient que chanter les poesies sur leurs instrumens. On les appelloit aussi* MENESTRELS:" says Fontenelle, in his *Hist. du Theat. Franc.* prefixed to his Life of Corneille.

(C) "Successors of the ancient BARDS."] That the MINSTRELS in many respects bore a strong resemblance both to the British BARDS and to the Danish SCALDS, appears from this, that the old Monkish writers express them all without distinction by the same names in Latin. Thus Geoffery of Monmouth, himself a Welshman, speaking of an old pagan British king, who excelled in singing and music, so far as to be esteemed by his countrymen the Patron Deity of the BARDS, uses the phrase *Deus* JOCULATORUM; which is the peculiar name given to the English and French Minstrels *. In like manner, William Malmesbury, speaking of a Danish king's assuming the profession of a SCALD, expresses it by, *Professus* MIMUM; which was another name given to the Minstrels in Middle Latinity †. Indeed DU CANGE, in his Glossary,

* Vid. Not. B. K. Q. † Vid. Note N.

quotes

quotes a writer, who positively asserts that the MINSTRELS of the middle ages were the same with the ancient BARDS. I shall give a large extract from this learned glossographer, as he relates many curious particulars concerning the profession and arts of the Minstrels; whom, after the monks, he stigmatizes by the name of *Scurræ*; though he acknowledges their songs often tended to inspire virtue.

"MINISTELLI, dicti præsertim *Scurræ*, Mimi, Joculatores." .... "Ejusmodi *Scurrarum* munus erat principes non suis dun-"taxat ludicris oblectare, sed et eorum aures variis avorum, "adeoque ipsorum principum laudibus, non sine ASSENTATIONE, "cum cantilenis & musicis instrumentis demulcere. ....

"Interdum etiam virorum insignium & heroum gesta, aut ex-"plicata & jocunda narratione commemorabant, aut suavi vocis in-"flexione, fidibusque decantabant. quo sic dominorum, cætero-"rumque qui his intererant ludicris, nobilium animos ad VIRTU-"TEM capessendam, et summorum virorum imitationem accen-"derent: quod fuit olim apud Gallos Bardorum ministerium, ut "auctor est Tacitus. Neque enim alios à *Ministellis*, veterum Gal-"lorum *Bardos* fuisse pluribus probat Henricus Valesius ad 15 Am-"miani. ..... Chronicon Bertrandi Guesclini.

"*Qui veut avoir renum des bons & des vaillans*
"*Il doit aler sonvent a la pluie & au champs*
"*Et estre en la bataille, ainsy que fu Rollans,*
"*Les Quatre Fils Haimon, & Charlon li plus grans,*
"*Li dus Liens de Bourges, & Guions de Connans*
"*Perceval li Galois, Lancelot, & Tristans,*
"*Alixandres, Artus, Godfroi li Sachans,*
"*De quey cils* MENESTRIERS *sont les nobles* ROMANS."

"Nicolaus de Braia describens solenne convivium, quo post "inaugurationem suam proceres excepit Lud. VIII. rex Franco-"rum, ait inter ipsius convivii apparatum, in medium prodiisse "MIMUM, qui regis laudes ad cytharam decantavit."——

Our author then gives the lines at length, which begin thus,

"Dumque fovent genium geniali munere Bacchi,
"Nectare commixto curas removente Lyæo
"Principis a facie, citharæ celeberrimus arte
"Assurgit MIMUS, ars musica quem decoravit.

"Hic

" Hic ergo chorda reſonante ſubintulit iſta:
" Inclyte rex regum, probitatis ſtemmate vernans,
" Quem vigor & virtus extollit in æthera famæ, &c.

The reſt may be ſeen in Du Cange, who thus proceeds, " Mitto " reliqua ſimilia, ex quibus omnino patet ejuſmodi Mimorum & " Miniſtellorum cantilenas ad virtutem principes excitaſſe. . . . . " Id præſertim in pugnæ præcinctu, dominis ſuis occinebant, ut " martium ardorem in eorum animis concitarent: cujuſmodi can- " tum *Cantilenam Rollandi* appellat Will. Malmeſb. lib. 3.—— " Aimoinus, lib. 4. de Mirac. S. Bened. c. 37. *Tanta vero illis ſe-* " *curitas . . . ut* SCURRAM *ſe precedere facerent, qui muſico inſtrumento* " *res fortiter geſtas et priorum bella præcineret, quatenus his acrius ineita-* " *rentur*, &c." As the writer was a monk, we ſhall not wonder at his calling the Minſtrel, *Scurram*.

This word *Scurra*, or ſome one ſimilar, is repreſented in the Gloſſaries as the proper meaning of *Leccator* (Fr. *Leceour*.) the ancient term by which the *Minſtrel* appears to be expreſſed in the Grant to Dutton, quoted above in page xxxvii. On this head I ſhall produce a very curious paſſage, which is twice quoted in Du Cange's Gloſſary, (Sc. ad verb. MENESTELLUS & ad verb. LECATOR.)—— " Philippus Mouſkes in Philip. Aug. fingit Carolum " M. Provincie comitatum Scurris & Mimis ſuis olim donaſſe, in- " deque poſtea tantum in hac regione poetarum numerum ex- " creviſſe.

" *Quar quant li bueus Rois Karlemaigne*
" *Ot toute miſe a ſon demaine*
" *Provence, qui mult iert plentive*
" *De vins, de bois, d'aigue, de rive,*
" *As* LECEOURS *as* MENESTREUS
" *Qui ſont auques luxurieus*
" *Le donna toute & departi.*"

(D) " The Poet and the Minſtrel early with us became two per- " ſons." The word SCALD comprehended both characters among the Danes, nor do I know that they had any peculiar name for either of them ſeparate. But it was not ſo with the Anglo-Saxons. They called a POET Sceop, and Leoðpyhta; the laſt of theſe comes from Leoð, a SONG; and the former anſwers to our old word

word MAKER (Gr. Ποιητης) being derived from Scippan or Sceopan, *formare, facere, fingere, creare* (Ang. to ſhape). As for the MINSTREL, they diſtinguiſhed him by the peculiar appellation of Lligman, and perhaps by the more ſimple title of Beanpepe, Harper: [See below, notes H, I.] This laſt title, at leaſt, is often given to a Minſtrel by our moſt ancient Engliſh rhymiſts. See in this work Vol. I. p. 71. *&c.* Vol. III, p. 43, *&c.*

(E) "Minſtrels . . . at the houſes of the great, &c"] Du Cange affirms, that in the middle ages the courts of princes ſwarmed ſo much with this kind of men, and ſuch large ſums were expended in maintaining and rewarding them, that they often drained the royal treaſuries: eſpecially, he adds, of ſuch as were delighted with their flatteries *(præſertim qui ejuſmodi Miniſtellorum aſſentationibus delectabantur.)* He then confirms his aſſertion by ſeveral paſſages out of monaſtic writers, who ſharply inveigh againſt this extravagance. Of theſe I ſhall here ſelect only one or two, which ſhew what kind of rewards were beſtowed on theſe old Songſters.

"*Rigordus de Geſtis Philippi Aug. an.* 1185. "*Cum in curiis regum* "*ſeu aliorum principum, frequens turba* HISTRIONUM *convenire ſoleat,* "*ut ab eis* AURUM, ARGENTUM, EQUOS, *ſeu* VESTES *, *quos perſæpe* "*mutare conſueverunt principes, ab eis extorqueant, verba Joculatoria* "*variis adulationibus plena proferre nituntur. Et ut magis placeant,* "*quicquid de ipſis principibus probabiliter fingi poteſt, videlicet omnes* "*delitias et lepores, et viſu dignas urbanitates et cæteras ineptias, tru-* "*tinantibus buccis in medium eructare non erubeſcunt. Vidimus quondam* "*quoſdam principes, qui* VESTES *diu excogitatas, et variis florum pic-* "*turationibus artificioſè elaboratas, pro quibus forſan* 20 *vel.* 30 *marcas* "*argenti conſumpſerant, vix revolutis ſeptem diebus,* HISTRIONIBUS, "*miniſtris diaboli, ad primam vocem dediſſe, &c.*"

---

* The Minſtrels in France were received with great magnificence in the 14th century. Froiſſart deſcribing a Chriſtmas entertainment given by the Comte de Foix, tells us, that "there were "many MYNSTRELS, as well of hys own as of ſtraungers, and "eache of them dyd their devoyre in their faculties. The ſame day "the Erle of Foix gave to Haraulds and Minſtrelles the ſom of "FYVE HUNDRED FRANKES: and gave to the Duke of Tourayns "Mynſtreles Gownes of Clothe of Gold furred with Ermyne va-"lued at two hundred Frankes." B. III. c. 31. Eng. Tranſ. Lond. 1525. (Mr. C.)

The

The curious reader may find a ſimilar, though at the ſame time a more candid account, in that moſt excellent writer, Prefid. FAUCHET: *(Recueil de la lang. Fr. p.* 73.) (who ſays, that, like the ancient Greek Αοιδοι, "Nos Trouverres, ainſi que ceux la, "prenans leur ſubject ſur les faits des vaillans (qu'ils appelloyent "Geſte, venant de *Geſta* Latin) alloyent . . . par les cours rejouir "les Princes . . . Remportans des grandes recompences des "ſeigneurs, qui bien ſouvent leur donnoyent juſques aux ROBES "qu'ils avoyent veſtues: & leſquelles ces Jugleours ne failloyent "de porter aux autres cours, à fin d'inviter les ſeigneurs a pareille "liberalité. Ce qui a duré ſi longuement, qu'il ME SOUVIENT "AVOIR VEU Martin Baraton (ja viel Meneſtrier d'Orleans) le-"quel aux feſtes et nopces batoit un tabourin d'argent, ſemé des "plaques auſſi d'argent, gravees des armoiries de ceux a qui il "avoit appris a DANSER."——Here we ſee that a Minſtrell ſometimes performed the function of a Dancing-maſter.

Fontenelle even gives us to underſtand, that theſe men were often rewarded with favours of a ſtill higher kind. "Les princeſſes "& les plus grandes dames y joignoient ſouvent leurs faveurs. "Elles etoient fort foibles contre les beauxe ſprits." *(Hiſt. du Théat.)* We are not to wonder then that this profeſſion ſhould be followed by men of the firſt quality, particularly the younger ſons and brothers of great houſes. "Tel qui par les partages de ſa famille "n'avoit que la moitié ou le quart d'une vieux chateaux bien ſeig-"neurial, alloit quelque temps courir le monde en rimant, et reve-"noit acquerir le reſte de Chateau." *(Fontenelle Hiſt. du Théat.)* We ſee then, that there was no improbable fiction in thoſe ancient Songs and Romances, which are founded on the ſtory of Minſtrels being beloved by kings daughters, &c. and diſcovering themſelves to be the ſons of ſome ſovereign prince, &c.

(F) The honours and rewards laviſhed upon the Minſtrels were not confined to the continent. Our own countryman Johannes Sariſburienſis (in the time of Henry II.) declaims no leſs than the monks abroad, againſt the extravagant favour ſhewn to theſe men. *Non enim more nugatorum ejus ſeculi in* HISTRIONES & MIMOS, *et hujuſmodi monſtra hominum, ob famæ redemptionem & dilatationem nominis effunditis opes veſtras*, &c. [Epiſt. 247 *.]

The Monks ſeem to grudge every act of munificence that was not applied to the benefit of themſelves and their convents. They therefore beſtow great applauſes upon the Emperor Henry, who,

* Et vid. Policraticon, cap. 8, &c.

at

at his marriage with Agnes of Poictou, in 1044, disappointed the poor Minstrels, and sent them away empty. *Infinitam Histrionum, & Joculatorum multitudinem sine cibo & muneribus vacuam & mærentem abire permisit.* (Chronic. Virtziburg.) For which I doubt not but he was sufficiently stigmatized in the Songs and Ballads of those times. Vid. Du Cange, Gloss. tom. 4. p. 771, &c.

(G) "The annals of the Anglo-Saxons are scanty and defec-"tive."] Of the few histories now remaining that were written before the Norman Conquest, almost all are such short and naked sketches and abridgements, giving only a concise and general relation of the more remarkable events, that scarce any of the minute circumstantial particulars are to be found in them: nor do they hardly ever descend to a description of the customs, manners, or domestic œconomy of their countrymen. The SAXON CHRONICLE, for instance, which is the best of them, and upon some accounts extremely valuable, is almost such an epitome as Lucius Florus and Eutropius have left us of the Roman history. As for ETHELWARD, his book is judged to be an imperfect translation of the Saxon Chronicle*; and the *Pseudo-Asser*, or Chronicle of St. Neot, is a poor defective performance. How absurd would it be then to argue against the existence of customs or facts, from the silence of such scanty records as these! Whoever would carry his researches deep into that period of history, might safely plead the excuse of a learned writer, who had particularly studied the Ante-Norman historians. "*Conjecturis (licet nusquam sine verisimili fundamento) aliquoties indulgemus . . . utpote ab Historicis jejune nimis & indiligenter res nostras tractantibus coacti . . . Nostri . . . nudâ factorum commemoratione plerumque contenti, reliqua omnia, sive ob ipsarum rerum, sive meliorum literarum, sive Historicorum officii ignorantiam, fere intacta prætereunt.*" Vide plura in Præfat. ad Ælfr. Vitam a Spelman. Ox. 1678. fol.

(H) "Minstrels and Harpers."] That the HARP (*Cithara*) was the common musical instrument of the Anglo-Saxons, might be inferred from the very word itself, which is not derived from the British, or any other Celtic language, but of genuine Gothic original, and current among every branch of that people: viz. Ang. Sax. Þeapþe, Þeapþa. Iceland. Harpa, Haurpa. Dan.

* Vid. Nicolson's Eng. Hist. Lib. &c.

and Belg. Harpe. Germ. Harpffe, Harpffa. Gal. *Harpe.* Span. *Harpa.* Ital. *Arpa.* [Vid. Jun. Etym.—Menage Etym. &c.] As also from this, that the word Þearpe is constantly used, in the Anglo Saxon versions, to express the Latin words *Cithara, Lyra,* and even *Cymbalum:* the word *Psalmus* itself being sometimes translated Þearp sang, HARP SONG. [*Gloss. Jun. R. apud Lye Anglo-Sax. Lexic.*]

But the fact itself is positively proved by the express testimony of Bede, who tells us that it was usual at festival meetings for this instrument to be handed round, and each of the company to sing to it in his turn. See his *Hist. Eccles. Anglor. Lib.* 4. *c.* 24. where speaking of their sacred poet Cædmon, who lived in the times of the Heptarchy (*ob circ* 680) he says:

"*Nihil unquam frivoli & supervacui poematis facere potuit; sed ea tantummodo, quæ ad religionem pertinent, religiosam ejus linguam decebant. Siquidem in habitu sæculari, usque ad tempora provectioris ætatis constitutus, nil Carminum aliquando didicerat. Unde nonnunquam in convivio, cum esset lætitiæ causa ut omnes per ordinem* CANTARE *deberent, ille ubi appropinquare sibi* CITHARAM *cernebat, surgebat a mediâ cænâ, et egressus ad suam domum repedabat.*"

I shall now subjoin king ALFRED's own Anglo-Saxon translation of this passage, with a literal interlineary English version.

Þe . . næfre noht leasunga. ne ideles leoðes þýs cean
He . . . never no leasings, nor idle songs compose
ne mihte. ac efne ða an ða ðe to æfestnesse
ne might; but lo! only those things which to religion [*piety*]
belumþon. ⁊ his ða æsestan tungan gedafenode
belong, and his then pious tongue became
singan: Þæs he se man in þeorolt-hade gesetеd oð
to sing: He was the [*a*] *man in worldly* [*secular*] *state set to*
ða trde de he þæs of gelýfedre ýlde. ⁊ he næfre
the time in which he was of an advanced age; and he never
ænig leoþ geleornode. ⁊ he forþon oft in gebeorscipe
any song learned. And he therefore OFT *in an entertainment*

ðonne

ðonne ðæꞃ ꝑæꞅ bhꞅꞅe inꝛinga ȝeðemeð.
when there was for merriment-ſake adjudged [or decreed],
ꝥ hi ealle ꞅceolðan ðuph éndebýꞃðneꞅꞅe be
that they ALL *ſhould through their turns by*
heaꞃpan ꞅinȝan. ðonne he ȝeꞅeah ða heaꞃpan him
[*to the*] HARP SING; *when he ſaw the* HARP *him*
néalæcan. ðonne aꞃaꞅ he ꝼoꞃ ꞅceome ꝼꞃam ðam ꞅýmle.
approach, then aroſe he FOR SHAME *from the ſupper,*
ꝛ ham eoðe ꝛo hiꞅ huꞅe.
and home yode [went] to his houſe.

Bed. Hiſt. Eccl. a Smith. Cantab. 1722. fol. p. 597.

In this verſion of Alfred's it is obſervable, (1) that he has expreſſed the Latin word *cantare*, by the Anglo-Saxon words "be heaꞃpan ꞅinȝan," SING TO THE HARP; as if they were ſynonymous, or as if his countrymen had no idea of Singing unaccompanied with the Harp: (2) That when Bede ſimply ſays, *ſurgebat a media cœna*; he aſſigns a motive, "aꞃaꞅ ꝼoꞃ ꞅceome," AROSE FOR SHAME: that is, either from an auſterity of manners; or from his being deficient in an accompliſhment, which ſo generally prevailed among his countrymen.

(I) "The word GLEE, which peculiarly denoted their art, &c."] This word GLEE is derived from the Anglo-Saxon Gligg, [Gligg] *Muſica*, MUSIC, Minſtrelſy (Somn). This is the common radix, whence ariſes ſuch a variety of terms and phraſes relating to the Minſtrel-Art, as affords the ſtrongeſt internal proof, that this profeſſion was extremely common and popular here before the Norman Conqueſt. Thus we have

I.

(1) Gliꝑ, [Gliw.] *Mimus*, a MINSTREL.

Gligman, gligmon, gliman, [Glee-man *] *Hiſtrio, Mimus, Pantomimus*; all common names in Middle Latinity for a MINSTREL: and Somner accordingly renders the original by a **Minſtrel; a Player on a timbrel or taber.** He adds, a **Fidler**; but although the *Fythel*, or *Fiddle*, was an ancient inſtrument, by which the *Jogelar* or Minſtrel ſometimes accompanied his ſong, (ſee Warton, I. 1-) it is probable that Somner annexes here only a modern ſenſe to the word, not having at all inveſtigated the ſubject.

Gligmen, gligmen. [Glee-men.] *Hiſtriones*, MINSTRELS. Hence.

Gligmanna-ỳppe. *Orcheſtra*, vel *Pulpitus*. The place where the Minſtrels exhibited their performances.

(2) But their moſt proper and expreſſive name was

Gliphleoþmenð. *Muſicus*, a **Minſtrel**; and

Gliphleoþmenðlica. *Muſicus*, MUSICAL.

Theſe two words include the full idea of the Minſtrel character, expreſſing at once their Muſic and Singing, being compounded of Glip, *Muſicus, Mimus*, a MUSICIAN, MINSTREL; and Leoð, *Carmen*, a SONG.

(3) From the above word Gligg, the profeſſion itſelf was called

---

* GLEEMAN continued to be the name given to a Minſtrel both in England and Scotland almoſt as long as this order of men continued.

In DE BRUNNE's metrical verſion of Biſhop Groſthead's *Manuel de Peche*, A. D. 1303. (See Warton, I. 61.) we have this,

——Gode men, ye ſhall here
When ye any GLEEMAN here.

FABYAN (in his Chronicle, 1533. f. 32.) tranſlating the paſſage from Geoffrey of Monmouth, quoted below in pag. lxxii. note (K) renders *Dius JOCULATORUM*, by God of GLEEMEN. (Warton's Hiſt. Eng. Poet. Diſſ. I.) Fabyan died in 1592.

DUNBAR, who lived in the ſame century, deſcribing, in one of his poems, intituled, "The Daunce", what paſſed in the infernal regions "amangis the Feyndis", ſays

Na Menſtralls playit to thame, but dowt,
For GLE-MEN thaire wer haldin out,
Be day and eke by nycht.

See Poems from Bannatyne's MS. Edinb. 1770, 12mo. pag. 30. Maitland's MS. at Cambridge reads here GLEWE MEN.

Gligg-

Gligcræft. [Glig *or* Glee-craft.] *Muſica, Hiſtrionia, Mimica Geſticulatio:* Which Somner rightly gives in Engliſh, Miniſtrelſy, Mimical Geſticulation, Mummery. He alſo adds Stage-playing; but here again I think he ſubſtitutes an idea too modern, induced by the word *Hiſtrionia*, which in Middle Latinity only ſignifies the Minſtrel-art.

However, it ſhould ſeem that both mimical geſticulation and a kind of rude exhibition of characters were ſometimes attempted by the old Minſtrels: But

(4) As Muſical Performance was the leading idea, ſo
Gliopian, is *Cantus muſicos edere*; and
Gligbeam, glipbeam. [Glig *or* Glee-beam] *Tympanum*; a Timbrel or Taber. (So Somn.) Hence
Glýpan. *Tympanum pulſare*; and
Glip-meden; glýpiende-maden; [Glee-maiden] *Tympaniſtria:* which Somner renders a She-Miniſtrel; for it ſhould ſeem, that they had Females of this profeſſion; One name for which was alſo Glýpbýdenegcna.

(5) Of congenial derivation to the foregoing is
Glýpe. [Glywc.] *Tibia*, a Pipe or Flute.
Both this and the common radix Gligg, are with great appearance of truth derived by Junius from the Icelandic Gliggur, *Flatus*; as ſuppoſing that the firſt attempts at Muſic among our Gothic anceſtors were from Wind-inſtruments. Vid. Jun. Etym. Ang. V. Glee.

II.

But the Minſtrels, as is hinted above, did not confine themſelves to the mere exerciſe of their primary arts of Muſic and Song, but occaſionally uſed many other modes of diverting. Hence from the above Root was derived, in a ſecondary ſenſe,

(1) Gleo, and pingum glip. *Facetiæ.*
Gleopian, *jocari*; to jeſt, or be merry; (Somn.) and
Gleopiend, *jocans*; jeſting, ſpeaking merrily; (Somn.)
Gligman, alſo ſignified *Jociſta*, a Jester.
Glig-gamen. [Glee-games.] *joci.* Which Somner renders, Merriments, or merry Jeſts, or Tricks, or Sports; Gambols.

(2) Hence, again, by a common metonymy of the Cauſe for the Effect,

Glie, *gaudium, alacritas, lætitia, facetiæ*; Joy, Mirth, Gladneſs, Cheerfulneſs, Glee. [Somner.] Which laſt application of the world ſtill continues, though rather in a low debaſing ſenſe.

III.

But however agreeable and delightful the various arts of the Minſtrels might be to the Anglo-Saxon laity, there is reaſon to believe, that before the Norman Conqueſt at leaſt, they were not much favoured by the clergy; particularly by thoſe of monaſtic profeſſion. For, not to mention that the ſportive talents of theſe men would be conſidered by thoſe auſtere eccleſiaſtics, as tending to levity and licentiouſneſs, the Pagan origin of their art would excite in the monks an inſuperable prejudice againſt it. The Anglo-Saxon Harpers and Gleemen were the immediate ſucceſſors and imitators of the Scandinavian Scalds; who were the great promoters of Pagan ſuperſtition, and fomented that ſpirit of cruelty and outrage in their countrymen the Danes, which fell with ſuch peculiar ſeverity on the religious and their convents.—Hence aroſe a third application of words derived from Gligg, Minstrelsy, in a very unfavourable ſenſe, and this chiefly prevails in books of religion and eccleſiaſtic diſcipline. Thus

(1) Gliz, is *Ludibrium*, laughing to scorn *. So in S. Baſil. Regul. 11. Þi hæfdon him to glize halpende minezunze. *Ludibrio habebant ſalutarem ejus admonitionem.* (10.)——This ſenſe of the word was perhaps not ill-founded; for as the ſport of rude uncultivated minds often ariſes from ridicule, it is not improbable but the old Minſtrels often indulged a vein of this ſort, and that of no very delicate kind. So again,

Gliz-man, was alſo uſed to ſignify *Scurra*, a ſaucy Jeſter (Somn.)

Gliz-zeopn. *Dicax, Scurriles jocos ſupra quàm par eſt amans.* Officium Epiſcopale, 3.

Glipian. *Scurrilibus oblectamentis indulgere; Scurram agere.* Canon. Edgar. 58.

(2) Again, as the various attempts to pleaſe, practiſed by an order of men who owed their ſupport to the public favour, might be

* To gleek, is uſed in Shakeſpeare, for "to make ſport, to jeſt," &c.

con-

conſidered by thoſe grave cenſors, as mean and debaſing: Hence came from the ſame root,

Gliper. *Paraſitus, Aſſentator*; a Fawner, a Cogger, a Paraſite, a Flatterer *. (Somn.)

IV.

To return to the Anglo-Saxon word Gliꝛꝛ: Notwithſtanding the various ſecondary ſenſes in which this word (as we have ſeen above) was ſo early applied; yet

The derivative GLEE (though now chiefly uſed to expreſs Merriment and Joy) long retained its firſt ſimple meaning, and is even applied by Chaucer to ſignify MUSIC and MINSTRELSY. (Vid. Jun. Etym.) E. g.

"For though that the beſt harper upon live
"Would on the beſt ſounid jolly harpe
"That evir was, with all his fingers five
"Touch aie o ſtring, or aie o warble harpe,
"Were his nailes poincted nevir ſo ſharpe
"It ſhoulde makin every wight to dull
"To heare is GLEE, and of his ſtrokes full"

Troyl. L. II.

Junius interprets GLEES by *Muſica Inſtrumenta*, in the following paſſages of Chaucer's THIRD BOKE of Fame.

".. Stoden .. the caſtell all aboutin
"Of all maner of MYNSTRALES
"And JESTOURS that tellen tales

* The preceding liſt of Anglo-Saxon words, ſo full and copious beyond any thing that ever yet appeared in print on this ſubject, was extracted from Mr. LYE's curious ANGLO-SAXON LEXICON, in MS. but the arrangement here is the Editor's own. It had however received the ſanction of Mr. LYE's approbation, and would doubtleſs have been received into his printed copy, had he lived to publiſh it himſelf.

It ſhould alſo be obſerved, for the ſake of future reſearches, that without the aſſiſtance of the old Engliſh Interpretations given by SOMNER, in his Anglo-Saxon Dictionary, the Editor of this book never could have diſcovered that GLEE ſignified Minſtrelſy, or GLIGMAN a Minſtrel.

" Both of wepyng and of game,
" And of all that longeth unto fame:
" There herde I play on a harpe
" That ſowned both well and ſharpe
" Hym Orpheus full craftily;
" And on this ſyde faſt by
" Sate the harper Orion;
" And Eacides Chirion;
" And other harpers many one,
" And the Briton GLASKYRION.

After mentioning theſe, the great maſters of the art, he proceeds;

" And ſmall Harpers with her GLEES
" Sat under them in divers ſees.

* * * *

Again, a little below, the poet having enumerated the performers on all the different ſorts of inſtruments, adds,

" There ſawe I ſyt in other ſes
" Playing upon other ſundry GLEES,
" Which that I cannot neven *
" More than ſtarres ben in heven, &c.

Upon the above lines I ſhall only make a few obſervations:

(1) That by JESTOURS, I ſuppoſe we are to underſtand GESTOURS; ſcil. the relaters of GESTS, (Lat. *Geſta*) or ſtories of adventures both comic and tragical; whether true or feigned; I am inclined to add, whether in proſe, or verſe. (Compare the record below, in Note V.) Of the ſtories in proſe, I conceive we have ſpecimens in that ſingular book the *Geſta Romanorum*, and this will account for it's ſeemingly improper title. Theſe were evidently what the French called *Conteours*, or Story-tellers, and to them we are probably indebted for the firſt Proſe Romances of chivalry: which may be conſidered as ſpecimens of their manner.

---

* Neven, i. e. name.

(2) That

(2) That the "Briton GLASKERYON," whoever he was, is apparently the ſame perſon with our famous Harper GLASGERION, of whom the reader will find a tragical ballad, in Vol III. pag. 42. ——In that ſong may be ſeen an inſtance of what was advanced above in note (E), of the dignity of the minſtrel profeſſion, or at leaſt of the artifice with which the Minſtrels endeavoured to ſet off its importance.

Thus "a king's ſon is repreſented as appearing in the character of a Harper or Minſtrel in the court of another king. He wears a collar (or gold chain) as a perſon of illuſtrious rank; rides on horſeback, and is admitted to the embraces of a king's daughter."

The Minſtrels loſt no opportunity of doing honour to their art.

(3) As for the word GLEES, it is to this day uſed in a muſical ſenſe, and applied to a peculiar piece of compoſition. Who has not ſeen the advertiſements, propoſing a reward to him who ſhould produce the beſt Catch, Canon, or GLEE?

(K) "Comes from the pen of Geoffery of Monmouth."] Geoffery's own words are, "*Cum ergo alterius modi aditum* [*Beldulphus*] *non haberet, raſit capillos ſuos & barbam* *, *cultumque* JOCULATORIS *cum Cythara fecit. Deinde intra caſtra deambulans, modulis quos in Lyra componebat, ſeſe* CYTHARISTAM *exhibebat.* Galf. Monum. Hiſt. 4to. 1508. Lib. 7. c. 1.——That *Joculator* ſignifies preciſely a MINSTREL, appears not only from this paſſage, where it is uſed as a word of like import to *Cithariſta* or HARPER, (which was the old Engliſh word for Minſtrel), but alſo from another

* Geoffrey of Monmouth is probably here deſcribing the appearance of the *Joculatores* or Minſtrels, as it was in his own time. For they apparently derived this part of their dreſs, &c. from the *Mimi* of the ancient Romans, who had their heads and beards ſhaven: (ſee above p. lvi. Note *.) as they likewiſe did the Mimickry, and other arts of diverting, which they ſuperadded to the Compoſing and Singing to the harp heroic ſongs, &c. which they inherited from their own progenitors the Bards and Scalds of the ancient Celtic and Gothic nations. The Longobardi had, like other Northern nations, brought theſe with them into Italy. For "in "the year 774, when Charlemagne entered Italy and found his "paſſage impeded, he was met by a Minſtrel of Lombardy, "whoſe Song promiſed him ſucceſs and victory. *Contigit* JOCU-"LATOREM *ex* Longobardorum *gente ad Carolum venire, et* CANTI-"UNCULAM A SE COMPOSITAM, *rotando in conſpectu ſuorum, cantare.*" Tom. II. p. 2. Chron. Monaſt. Noval. lib iii. cap. x. p. 717. (T. Warton's Hiſt. Vol. II. Emend. of Vol. I. p. 113.)

paſſage of the ſame author, where it is applied as equivalent to *Cantor*. See Lib. 1. cap. 22. where, ſpeaking of an ancient (perhaps fabulous) Britiſh king, he ſays, "*Hic omnes* CANTORES *quos* "*præcedens ætas habuerat & in modulis & in omnibus muſicis inſtrumentis* "*excedebat; ita ut Deus* JOCULATORUM *videretur.*"——Whatever credit is due to Geoffrey as a relator of FACTS, he is certainly as good authority as any for the ſignification of WORDS.

(L) "Two remarkable facts."] Both theſe facts are recorded by WILLIAM of MALMESBURY: and the firſt of them, relating to ALFRED, by INGULPHUS alſo. Now Ingulphus (afterwards abbot of Croyland) was near forty years of age at the time of the Conqueſt *, and conſequently was as proper a judge of the Saxon manners, as if he had actually written his hiſtory before that event; he is therefore to be conſidered as an Anti-Norman writer: ſo that whether the fact concerning Alfred be true or not, we are aſſured from his teſtimony, that the *Joculator* or MINSTREL was a common character among the Anglo-Saxons. The ſame alſo may be inferred from the relation of WILLIAM of MALMESBURY, who outlived INGULPHUS but 33 years †. Both theſe writers had doubtleſs recourſe to innumerable records and authentic memorials of the Anglo-Saxon times, which never deſcended down to us; their teſtimony therefore is too poſitive and full to be overturned by the mere ſilence of the two or three ſlight Anglo-Saxon epitomes, that are now remaining. (Vid. Note (G).

As for ASSER MENEVENSIS, who has given a ſomewhat more particular detail of Alfred's actions, and yet takes no notice of the following ſtory; it will not be difficult to account for his ſilence, if we conſider that he was a rigid monk, and that the Minſtrels, however acceptable to the laity, were never much reſpected by men of the more ſtrict monaſtic profeſſion, eſpecially before the Norman Conqueſt, when they would be conſidered as brethren of the Pagan Scalds ‡. Aſſer therefore might not regard Alfred's ſkill in Minſtrelſy in a very favourable light; and might be induced to drop the circumſtance related, below, as reflecting in his opinion no great honour on his patron.

---

* *Natus*, 1030; *ſcripſit*, 1091; *obit*, 1109. Tanner.

† *Obit*, *Anno* 1142. Tanner.

‡ (See above, p. lxviii.) Both Ingulph. and Will. of Malmeſb. had been very converſant among the Normans; who appear not to have had ſuch prejudices againſt the Minſtrels as the Anglo-Saxons had.

The

The learned Editor of Alfred's life in Latin, after having examined the ſcene of action in perſon, and weighed all the circumſtances of the event, determines from the whole collective evidence, that Alfred could never have gained the victory he did, if he had not with his own eyes previouſly ſeen the diſpoſition of the enemy by ſuch a ſtratagem as is here deſcribed. *Vid. Annot. in Ælfr. Mag. Vitam, p.* 33. *Oxon.* 1678. *fol.*

(M) "Alfred . . . aſſumed the dreſs and character of a Min-"ſtrel."] *Fingens ſe* JOCULATOREM, *aſſumpta citbara, &c.* Ingulphi Hiſt. p. 869.—*Sub ſpecie* MIMI . . . *ut* JOCULATORIÆ *profeſſor artis.* Gul. Malmeſb. l. 2. c. 4. p. 43. That both *Joculator* and *Mimus* ſignify literally, a MINSTREL, ſee proved in notes B K. N. Q. &c. See alſo Note G g.

Malmeſbury adds, *Unius tantum fideliſſimi fruebatur conſcientiâ.* As this Confidant does not appear to have aſſumed the diſguiſe of a Minſtrel himſelf, I conclude that he only appeared as the Minſtrel's attendant. Now that the Minſtrel had ſometimes his ſervant or attendant to carry his harp, and even to ſing to his muſic, we have many inſtances in the old Metrical Romances, and even ſome in this preſent collection: See Vol. I. Song VI. Vol. III. Song VII. &c. Among the French and Provençal bards, the *Trouverre*, or Inventor, was generally attended with his ſinger, who ſometimes alſo played on the Harp, or other muſical inſtrument. "*Quelque fois durant le repas d'un prince on voyoit arriver un* "*Trouverre inconnu avec ſes Meneſtrels ou Jongleours, et il leur faiſoit* "*chanter ſur leurs Harpes ou Vielles les Vers qu'il avoit compoſes. Ceux* "*qui faiſoient les* SONS *auſſi bien qui les* MOTS *etoient les plus eſtimes.*" Fontenelle Hiſt. du Theatr.

That ALFRED excelled in Muſic is poſitively aſſerted by BALE, who doubtleſs had it from ſome ancient MS. many of which ſubſiſted in his time, that are now loſt: as alſo by Sir J. Spelman, who we may conclude had good authority for this anecdote, as he is known to have compiled his life of Alfred from authentic materials collected by his learned father: this writer informs us that that Alfred "provided himſelf of "muſitians, not common, or ſuch as knew but the practick part, "but men ſkilful in the art itſelf, whoſe ſkill and ſervice he yet "further improved with his own inſtruction." p. 199. This proves Alfred at leaſt to have underſtood the Theory of Muſic; and how could this have been acquired without practiſing on ſome inſtrument? Which, we have ſeen above, Note (H), was ſo extremely common with the Anglo-Saxons, even in much ruder times, that Alfred himſelf plainly tells us, it was SHAMEFUL to be ig-

ignorant of it. And this commonneſs might be one reaſon, why ASSER did not think it of conſequence enough to be particularly mentioned in his ſhort life of that great monarch. This rigid monk may alſo have eſteemed it a ſlight and frivolous accompliſhment ſavouring only of worldly vanity. He has however particularly recorded Alfred's fondneſs for the oral Anglo-Saxon poems and ſongs [*Saxonica poemata die noctesque . . . audiens . . . memoriter retinebat.* p. 16. *Carmina Saxonica memoriter diſcere*, &c. p. 43. & ib.] Now the Poems learnt by rote, among all ancient unpoliſhed nations, are ever Songs chanted by the reciter, and accompanied with inſtrumental melody *.

(N) "With his harp in his hand, and dreſſed like a MIN-"STREL." *Aſſumptâ manu citharâ . . . profeſſus* MIMUM, *qui hujuſmodi arte ſtipem quotidianam mercaretur . . . . Juſſus abire pretium* CANTUS *accepit.* Malmeſb. l. 2. c. 6. We ſee here that which was rewarded was (NOT any mimicry or tricks, but) his SINGING (*Cantus*); this proves, beyond diſpute, what was the nature of the entertainment Aulaff afforded them. Perhaps it is needleſs by this time to prove to the reader, that *Mimus* in Middle Latinity ſignifies a Minſtrel, and *Mimia*, Minſtrelſy, or the Minſtrel-art. Should he doubt it, let him caſt his eye over the two following extracts from Du Cange.

"MIMUS: Muſicus, qui inſtrumentis muſicis canit. Leges Pa-"latinæ Jacobi II. Reg. Majoric. *In domibus principum, ut tradit* "*antiquitas*, MIMI *ſeu Joculatores licitè poſſunt eſſe. Nam illorum offi-*"*cium tribuit lætitiam. . . . . Quapropter volumus & ordinamus,* "*quod in noſtra curia* MIMI *debeant eſſe quinque, quorum duo ſint tubici-*"*natores, & tertius ſit tabelerius:* [i. e. a player on the tabor †.] "Lit. remiſſ. ann. 1374. *Ad* MIMOS *cornicitantes, ſeu bucinantes ac-*"*ceſſerunt.*"

MIMIA, Ludus Mimicus, Inſtrumentum. [potius, Ars Joculatoria.] Ann. 1482. . . . . "MIMIA *& cantu victum acquiro.*"

Du Cange, Gloſs. Tom. iv. 1762. Supp. c. 1225.

(O) "To

---

* Thus Leob, the Saxon word for a Poem, is properly a Song, and its derivative *Lied* ſignifies a Ballad to this day in the German tongue: And *Cantare* we have ſeen above is by Alfred himſelf rendered, Be heappan ꝛingan.

† The TABOUR or TABOURIN was a common inſtrument with the French Minſtrels, as it had alſo been with the Anglo-Saxon

(*vid.*

(O) "To have been a Dane."] The northern hiſtorians produce ſuch inſtances of the great reſpect ſhewn to the Daniſh SCALDS in the courts of our Anglo-Saxon kings, on account of their Muſical and Poetic talents, (notwithſtanding they were of ſo hateful a nation) that, if a ſimilar order of men had not exiſted here before, we cannot doubt but the profeſſion would have been taken up by ſuch of the natives as had a genius for poetry and muſic.

"*Extant Rhythmi hoc ipſo* [*Iſlandico*] *idiomate* ANGLIÆ, *Hyberniæque Regibus oblati & liberaliter compenſati, &c. Itaque hinc colligi poteſt linguam Danicam in aulis victorum regum, principumque familiarem fuiſſe, non ſecus ac hodie in aulis principum peregrina idiomata in deliciis haberi cernimus. Imprimis Vita Egilli Skallagrimii id invicto argumento adſtruit. Quippe qui interrogatus ab* ADALSTEINO, *Angliæ rege, quomodo manus Eirici Blodoxii, Northumbriæ regis, poſtquam in ejus poteſtatem venerat, evaſiſſet, cujus filium propinquoſque occiderat, . . rei ſtatim ordinem metro, nunc ſatis obſcuro, expoſuit. nequaquam ita narraturus non intelligenti.*" [Vid. plura apud Torfæii Præfat. ad Orcad. Hiſt. fol.]

This ſame EGILL was no leſs diſtinguiſhed for his valour and ſkill as a ſoldier, than for his poetic and ſinging talents as a SCALD; and he was ſuch a favourite with our king ATHELSTAN, that he at one time preſented him with "*duobus annulis & ſcriniis duobus bene*

(vid. p. lxvii.) : thus in an ancient Fr. MS. in the Harl. collection (2253. 75.) a Minſtrel is deſcribed as riding on horſeback, and bearing his TABOUR.

Entour ſon col porta ſon TABOUR,
Depeynt de Or, e riche Açour.

See alſo a paſſage in Menage's Diction. Etym. [v. MENESTRIERS.] where *Tabours* is uſed as ſynonymous to *Menestriers.*

Another frequent inſtrument with them was the VIELE. This, I am told, is the name of an inſtrument at this day, which differs from a Guitar, in that the player turns round a handle at the top of the inſtrument, and, with his other hand, plays on ſome keys, that touch the chords and produce the ſound.

See Dr. Burney's account of the Vielle, Vol. II. p. 263. who thinks it the ſame with the *Rote*, or wheel. See p. 270 in the note.

Il ot un Jougleor a Sens,
Qui navoit pas ſovent robe entiere;
Sovent eſtoit ſans ſa VIELE. Fabliaux & Cont. II. 184, 5.

"*magnit*

" *magnis argento repletis. . . . Quinetiam hoc addidit, ut Egillus* " *quidvis præterea a se petens, obtineret; bona mobilia, sive immobilia,* " *præbendam vel præfecturas. Egillus porro regiam munificentiam* " *gratus excipiens, Carmen Encomiasticon, à se, linguâ Norvegicâ, (quæ* " *tum his regnis communis) compositum, regi dicat; ac pro eo, duas Mar-* " *cas auri puri (pondus Marcæ . . 8 uncias æquabat) honorarii loco re-* " *tulit.*" [Arngr. Jon. Rer. Islandic. Lib. 2. p. 129.]

See more of Egill, in "The Five Pieces of Runic Poetry," p. 45. whose Poem, there translated, is the most ancient piece all in rhime, that is, I conceive, now to be found in any European language, except Latin. See Egil's Islandic original, printed at the end of the English Version in the said Five Pieces, &c.

(P) "If the Saxons had not been accustomed to have Min-" strels of their own . . . . and to shew favour and respect to " the Danish Scalds,"] If this had not been the case, we may be assured, at least, that the stories given in the text could never have been recorded by writers who lived so near the Anglo-Saxon times as Malmesbury and Ingulphus, who, though they might be deceived as to particular Facts, could not be so as to the general Manners and Customs, which prevailed so near their own times among their ancestors.

(Q) " In Doomesday Book," &c.] *Extract. ex Libro Domesday:* Et vid. Anstis Ord. Gart. ii. 304.

Glowecesterscire.

Fol. 162. *Col.* 1. Berdic Joculator Regis habet iii villas, et ibi v. car. nil redd.

That *Joculator* is properly a Minstrel might be inferred from the two foregoing passages of Geoffery of Monmouth, (v. Note K.) where the word is used as equivalent to *Citharista* in one place, and to *Cantor* in the other: this union forms the precise idea of the character.

But more positive proofs have already offered, *vid. supra, p.* lviii. See also Du Cange's Gloss. Vol. III. c. 1541. " Jogulator pro " *Joculator.*—Consilium Masil. an. 1381. *Nullus Ministreys, seu Jo-* " *gulator, audeat pinsare vel sonare instrumentum cujuscumque generis.*" &c. &c.

As the Minstrel was termed in French *Jongleur* and *Jugleur*; so he was called in Spanish *Jutglar* and *Juglar*. " *Tenemos canciones y* " *versos para recitar muy antiguos y memorias ciertas de los* Juglares, " *que*

" *que aſſiſtian en los banquetes, como los que pinta Homero.*" Prolog. a las Comed. de Cervantes, 1749. 4to.

" *El anno* 1328. *en las fieſtas de la Coronacion del Rey, Don Alonſo el* " IV. *de Aragon,* . . . * *el* JUGLAR RAMASET *cantò una Villaneſca* " *de la Compoſicion del* . . . *infante* [*Don Pedro*]: *y otro* JUGLAR, *lla-* " *mado* NOVELLET, *recitò y repreſentò en voz y ſin cantar mas de* 600 " *verſos, que hizo el Infante en el metro, que llamaban* RIMA VUL- " GAR." Ibid.

" *Los* TROBADORES *inventaron la* GAYA *Ciencia* . . . *eſtos* TRO- " BADORES, *eran caſi todos de la primera Nobleza.*——*Es verdad, que* " *ya entonces ſe havian entrometido entre las diverſiones Corteſanos, los* " Contadores, *los* Cantores, *los* JUGLARES, *los* Truanes, *y los* Bu- " fones." Ibid.

In England THE KING'S JUGLAR continued to have an eſtabliſhment in the royal houſhold down to the reign of Henry VIII. [vid. Note (C c)] But in what ſenſe the title was there applied does not appear. In Barklay's EGLOGES written circ. 1514, *Jugglers* and *Pipers* are mentioned together. EGL. iv. (vid. T. Warton's Hiſt. II. 254.)

(R) " A valliant warrior, named TAILLEFER, &c."] See Du Cange, who produces this as an inſtance, " *Quod Miniſtellorum* " *munus interdum præſtabant milites probatiſſimi. Le Roman* DE " VACCE, *MS.*

" Quant il virent Normanz venir
" Mout veiſſiez Engleiz fremir. . . .
" TAILLEFER qui mout bien chantoit,
" Sur un cheval, qui toſt alloit,
" Devant euls aloit chantant
" De Kallemaigne & de Roullant,
" Et d' Olivier de Vaſſaux,
" Qui moururent en Rainſchevaux.

" *Qui quidem* TAILLEFER *a Gulielmo obtinuit ut primus in hoſtes ir-* " *rueret, inter quos fortiter dimicando occubuit.*"
Gloſſ. Tom. iv. 769, 770, 771.

---

* ROMANSET JUTGLAR *canta alt veux . . . devant lo ſenyor Rey.* Chron. d'Aragon. apud Du Cange. IV. 771.

" Les

" Les anciennes chroniques nous apprennent, qu'en premier " rang de l'Armée Normande, un ecuyer nommé *Taillefer*, monté " ſur un cheval armé, chanta la *Chanſon De Roland*, qui fut ſi long " tems dans les bouches des François, ſans qu'il ſoit reſté le moindre " fragment. Le *Taillefer* après avoir ENTONNE le chanſon que " les ſoldats repetoient, ſe jetta le premier parmi les Anglois, et " fut tue." [Voltaire. Add. Hiſt. Univ. p. 69.]

The reader will ſee an attempt to reſtore the *Chanſon de Roland*, with muſical notes in Dr. Burney's Hiſt. II. p. 276.—See more concerning the Song of Roland, vol. III. p. xxi. Note (m.)

(S) " An eminent French writer." &c.] " M. *l'Eveque de la* " *Ravaliere*, qui avoit fait beaucoup de recherches ſur nos anciennes " Chanſons, pretend que c'eſt à la Normandie que nous devons nos " premiers Chanſoniers, non a la Provence, et qu'il y avoit parmi nous des Chanſons en langue vulgaire avant celles des Provençaus, mais poſterieurement au Regne de Philippe I, ou à l'an " 1100."[v. Revolutions de la Langue Françoiſe, à la ſuite des POESIES DU ROI DE NAVARRE.] " Ce ſeroit une antériorité de plus " d'un demi ſiecle à l' epoque des premiers Troubadours, que leur " hiſtorien Jean de Noſtredame fixe à l'an 1162, &c." *Pref. a l'Antbologie Franç.* 8vo. 1765.

This ſubject hath been ſince taken up and proſecuted at length in the Prefaces, &c. to M. LE GRAND's " Fabliaux ou Contes du " XIIe & du XIIIe Siecle Paris. 1788." 5 Tom. 12mo. who ſeems pretty clearly to have eſtabliſhed the priority and ſuperior excellence of the old *Rimeurs* of the North of France, over the *Troubadours* of Provence, &c.

(S. 2.) " Their own native Gleemen or Minſtrels muſt be allowed to exiſt."] Of this we have proof poſitive in the old metrical Romance of Horn-Child (Vol. III. No. 1. p. xxxii) which, although from the mention of Sarazens, &c. it muſt have been written at leaſt after the firſt cruſade in 1096, yet from its Anglo-Saxon language or idiom, can ſcarce be dated later than within a century after the Conqueſt. This, as appears from its very exordium, was intended to be ſung to a popular audience, whether it was compoſed by, or for, a Gleeman, or Minſtrel. But it carries all the internal marks of being the production of ſuch a compoſer. It appears of genuine Engliſh growth, for after a careful examination, I cannot diſcover any alluſion to French or Norman cuſtoms, manners, compoſition or phraſeology: no quotation " As the Romance ſayth :" Not a name or local reference, which was likely to occur to a French RIMEUR. The proper names are all of Northern extraction.

traction. Child *Horn* is the ſon of *Allef* (i. e. Olaf or Olave) king of *Sudenne* (I ſuppoſe Sweden) by his queen *Godylde*, or *Godylt*. *Athulf* and *Fykenyld* are the names of ſubjects. *Eylmer* or *Aylmere* is king of *Weſtneſſe*, (a part of Ireland,) *Rymenyld* is his daughter; as *Erminyld* is of another king *Thurſtan*; whoſe ſons are *Athyld* and *Beryld*. *Athelbrus* is ſteward of K. Aylmer, &c. &c. All theſe favour only of a Northern origin, and the whole piece is exactly ſuch a performance, as one would expect from a Gleeman or Minſtrel of the North of England, who had derived his art and his ideas from his Scaldic predeceſſors there. So that this probably is the original, from which was tranſlated the old French fragment of *Dan Horn*, in the Harleyan MS. 527. mentioned by Tyrwhitt (Chaucer, IV. 68.) and by T. Warton (Hiſt. I. 38.) whoſe extract from Horn-Child is extremely incorrect.

Compare the ſtile of Child-Horn with the Anglo-Saxon ſpecimens in ſhort verſes and rhime, which are aſſigned to the century ſucceeding the Conqueſt, in Hickes's Theſaurus, Tom. I. cap. 24. p. 224, and 231.

(T) "The different production of the ſedentary compoſer and the rambling Minſtrel."] Among the old metrical romances, a very few are addreſſed to Readers, or mention Reading: theſe appear to have been compoſed by writers at their deſk, and exhibit marks of more elaborate ſtructure and invention. Such is *Eglamour of Artas* (No. 20. Vol. III. p. xl.) of which I find in a MS. copy in the Cotton Library A. 2. folio. 3. the II Fitte thus concludes,

. . . . thus ferr have I red.

Such is *Ipomydon* (No. 23. III. p. xli.) of which one of the diviſions (Sign. E. ii. b. in pr. copy) ends thus

Let hym go, God him ſpede
Tyll efte-ſoone we of him reed. [i. e. read.]

So in *Amys and Amylion* *, (No. 31. III. p. xliii.) in ſta. 3d. we have

In Geſte as we rede,

and ſimilar phraſes occur in ſtanzas, 34, 125, 140, 196, &c.

Theſe

* It ought to have been obſerved in its proper place in No. 31. Vol. III. p. xlii, that *Amys* and *Amylion* were no otherwiſe "Brothers" than as being faſt friends; as was ſuggeſted by the learned Dr. Samuel Pegge, who was ſo obliging as to favour the Eſſayiſt formerly with a curious tranſcript of this poem accompanied with valuable illuſtrations, &c.: and that it was his opinion that both the

T

Theſe are all ſtudied compoſitions, in which the ſtory is invented with more ſkill and ingenuity, and the ſtyle and colouring are of ſuperior caſt, to ſuch as can with ſufficient probability be attributed to the Minſtrels themſelves.

Of this claſs I conceive the Romance of *Horn Child* (mentioned in the laſt note (S. 2.) and in No. 1. Vol. III. p. xxxii.) which, from the naked unadorned ſimplicity of the ſtory, I would attribute to ſuch an origin.

But more evidently is ſuch the *Squire of Lowe Degree* (No. 24. III. p. xlii.) in which is no reference to any French original, nothing like the phraſe, which ſo frequently occurs in others, "As the Romance ſayth *," or the like. And it is juſt ſuch a rambling performance, as one would expect from an itinerant Bard. And

Such alſo is *A lytell Geſte of Robyn Hode*, &c. in 8 Tytles, of which are extant 2 editions, 4to, in black letter, deſcribed more fully in page 83 of this volume.——This is not only of undoubted Engliſh growth, but, from the conſtant ſatire aimed at Abbots and their Convents, &c. could not poſſibly have been compoſed by any Monk in his cell.

Other inſtances might be produced; but eſpecially of the former kind is *Syr Launfal* (No. 11. III. p. xxxviii.) the 1211ſt ſt. of which has

In Romances as we rede

---

the fragment of the *Lady Belleſent* mentioned in the ſame No. 31 and alſo the mutilated Tale, No. 37, (p. xlv.) were only imperfect copies of the above Romance of *Amys and Amylion*, which contains the 2 lines quoted in No. 37.

* Wherever the word *Romance* occurs in theſe metrical narratives, it hath been thought to afford deciſive proof of a tranſlation from the *Romance* or French language. Accordingly it is ſo urged by T. Warton, (I. 146. Note.) from two paſſages in the pr. copy of *Sir Eglamour*. viz. Sign. E. i.

In Romaunce as we rede.

Again in fol. ult.

In Romaunce this cronycle is.

But in the Cotton MS. of the original the firſt paſſage is

As I herd a Clerke rede.

And the other thus,

In Rome this Geſt cronycled ys.

So that I believe references to "the Romaunce," or the like, were often meer expletive phraſes inſerted by the oral Reciters; one of whom I conceive had altered or corrupted the old Syr Eglamour in the manner that the copy was printed.

This

This is one of the beſt invented ſtories of that kind, and I believe the only one, in which is inſerted the name of the author.

(T. 2.) "Royer or Raherus the king's Minſtrel."] He is recorded by Leland under both theſe names, in his Collectanea, ſcil. Vol. I. p. 61.

"*Hoſpitale S. Barthtolomæi in Weſt-Smithfelde in London.*

"Royer Mimus Regis fundator."

"*Hoſp. Sti. Barthol. Londini.*

"Raherus Mimus Regis H. 1. primus fundator, an. 1102. 3. H. 1. qui fundavit etiam Priorat. Sti. Barthol." Ibid. pag. 99.

That *Mimus* is properly a Minſtrel in the ſenſe affixed to the word in this eſſay, one extract from the accounts [Lat. *Computis.*] of the priory of Maxtock near Coventry, in 1441, will ſufficiently ſhow.—Scil. "*Dat. Sex.* MIMIS *Dni. Clynton cantantibus, citharizantibus, ludentibus,* &c. *illi. s.* (T. Warton. II. 106. Note q.) The ſame year, the Prior gave to a *doctor prædicans* for a ſermon preached to them only 6d.

In the Monaſticon, Tom. II. p. 166, 167, is a curious hiſtory of the founder of this priory, and the cauſe of its erection: which ſeems exactly ſuch a compoſition, as one of thoſe, which were manufactured by Dr. Stone, the famous Legend-maker, in 1380; (ſee T. Warton's curious account of him, in Vol. II. p. 190. Note.) Who required no materials to aſſiſt him in compoſing his Narratives, &c. For in this Legend are no particulars given of the Founder, but a recital of miraculous viſions exciting him to this pious work, of its having been before revealed to K. Edward the Confeſſor, and predicted by 3 Grecians, &c. Even his Minſtrel profeſſion is not mentioned, whether from ignorance, or deſign, as the profeſſion was perhaps falling into diſcredit when this Legend was written. There is only a general indiſtinct account that he frequented royal and noble houſes, where he ingratiated himſelf *ſuavitate joculari*. (This laſt is the only word that ſeems to have any appropriated meaning.) This will account for the indiſtinct incoherent account given by Stow. "Rahere, a pleaſant-witted "gentleman, and therefore in his time called the King's Minſtrel." Survey of Lond. Ed. 1598, p. 308.

(U.) "In the early times every Harper was expected to ſing."] See on this ſubject K. Alfred's verſion of Cædman, above in Note (G.) pag. lxiv.

So in Horn-Child, K. Allof orders his ſteward Athelbrus to

—teche him of harpe and of ſong.

In the Squire of Lowe Degree the king offers to his daughter,

Ye ſhall have harpe, ſautry *, and ſong.

And Chaucer in his deſcription of the Limitour or Mendicant Friar ſpeaks of harping as inſeparable from ſinging (I. p. 11. ver. 268.)

—in his harping, whan that he hadde ſonge.

(U. 2.) "As the moſt accompliſhed" &c.] See Hoveden, p. 103, in the following paſſage, which had erroneouſly been applied to K. Richard himſelf, till Mr. TYRWHITT (Chaucer, IV. p. 62.) ſhewed it to belong to his Chancelor. "*Hic ad augmentum et famam ſui nominis, emendicata carmina, et rhythmos adulatorios comparabat; et de regno Francorum* CANTORES *et* JOCULATORES *muneribus allexerat, ut de illo canerent in plateis: et jam dicebatur ubique, quod non erat talis in orbe.*" For other particulars relating to this Chancelor, ſee T. Warton's Hiſt. Vol. II. Addit. to p. 113 of Vol. I.

(U. 3.) "Both the Norman and Engliſh languages would be heard at the houſes of the great."] A remarkable proof of this is, that the moſt diligent inquirers after ancient Engliſh rhimes find the earlieſt they can diſcover in the mouths of the Norman nobles. Such as that of Robert Earl of Leiceſter, and his Flemings in 1173. temp. Hen. 2. (little more than a century after the conqueſt) recorded by Lambarde in his Dictionary of England, p. 36.

Hoppe Wyliken, hoppe Wyliken

Ingland is thine and myne, &c.

And that noted boaſt of Hugh Bigot Earl of Norfolk in the ſame reign of K. Henry II. vid. Camdeni Britannia (art. Suffolk) 1607. folio.

Were I in my caſtle of Bungey

Vpon the riuer of Waueney

I would ne care for the king of Cockeney.

---

* The Harp. (Lat. *Citbara*) differed from the Sautry, or Pſaltry (Lat. *Pſalterium*) in that the former was a ſtringed inſtrument, and the latter was mounted with wire: there was alſo ſome difference in the conſtruction of the bellies, &c. See "Bartholomæus de proprietatibus rerum," as Engliſhed by Treviſa & Batman. Ed. 1584, in Sir J. Hawkins's Hiſt. II. p. 285.

In-

Indeed many of our old metrical romances, whether originally Engliſh, or tranſlated from the French to be ſung to an Engliſh audience, are addreſſed to perſons of high rank, as appears from their beginning thus—"Liſten, Lordings," and the like——Theſe were prior to the time of Chaucer, as appears from Vol. III. p. xxiii. & ſeqq. And yet to his time our Norman nobles are ſuppoſed to have adhered to their French language.

(V.) "that intercommunity &c. between the French and Engliſh Minſtrels," &c.] This might perhaps, in a great meaſure, be referred even to the Norman Conqueſt, when the victors brought with them all their original opinions and fables; which could not fail to be adopted by the Engliſh Minſtrels and others, who ſolicited their favour. This interchange, &c. between the Minſtrels of the two nations, would be afterwards promoted by the great intercourſe produced among all the nations of Chriſtendom in the general cruſades, and by that ſpirit of chivalry, which led knights, and their attendants the heralds, and Minſtrels, &c. to ramble about continually from one court to another, in order to be preſent at ſolemn turnaments, and other feats of arms.

(V. 2.) "is not the only inſtance," &c.] The conſtant admiſſion granted to Minſtrels was ſo eſtabliſhed a privilege, that it became a ready expedient to writers of fiction. Thus in the old Romance of Horn-Child, the Princeſs Rymenyld being confined in an inacceſſible caſtle, the prince her lover and ſome aſſiſtant knights with concealed arms aſſume the Minſtrel character, and approaching the caſtle with their "Gleyinge" or Minſtrelſy, are heard by the lord of it, who being informed they were "harpeirs, jogelers, and fythelers *," has them admitted, when

Horn ſette him abenche [i. e. on a bench.]
Is [i. e. his] harpe he gan clenche
He made Rymenild a lay.

This ſets the princeſs a weeping and leads to the cataſtrophe, for he immediately advances to "the Borde" or table, kills the raviſher, and releaſes the lady.

(V. 3.)

---

* JOGELER, (Lat. Joculator) was a very ancient name for a Minſtrel. Of what nature the performance of the *Joculator* was, we may learn from the Regiſter of St. Swithin's Priory at Winchester (T. Warton. I. 69.) "*Et cantabat* JOCULATOR *quidam*

(V. 3.) . . " aſſumed the dreſs and character of a Harper," &c.] We have this curious *Hiſtoriette* in the records of Lacock Nunnery in Wiltſhire, which had been founded by this Counteſs of Saliſbury. See Vincent's Diſcovery of Errors in Brooke's Catalogue of Nobility, &c. folio. pag. 445, 6, &c. Take the following Extract (and ſee Dugdale's Baron. I. p. 175.)

" *Ela uxor Gullielmi Longeſpee primi, nata fuit apud Ambreſbiriam, patre et matre Normannis.*

Pater itaque ejus defectus ſenio migravit ad Chriſtum, A. D. 1196. *Mater ejus ante biennium obiit . . . . . Interea Domina chariſſima clam per cognatos adducta fuit in Normanniam, & ibidem ſub tutâ et arctâ cuſtodiâ nutrita. Eodem tempore in Anglia fuit quidam miles nomine Gulielmus Talbot, qui induit ſe habitum* PEREGRINI [Anglice, a Pilgrim] *in Normanniam transfretavit & moratus per duos annos, huc atque illuc vagans, ad explorandam dominam Elam Sarum. Et illâ inventâ, exuit habitum Peregrini, & induit ſe quaſi* CYTHARISATOR *& curiam ubi morabatur intravit. Et ut erat homo* JOCOSUS, *in* GESTIS ANTIQUORUM *valde peritus, ibidem gratanter fuit acceptus quaſi familiaris. Et quando tempus aptum invenit, in Angliam repatriavit, habens ſecum iſtam venerabilem dominam Elam & hæredem Comitatus Sarum; & eam Regi Richardo præſentavit. Ac ille lætiſſime eam ſuſcepit, &* FRATRI *ſuo Guillelmo Longeſpee maritavit . . . .*

A. D. 1226 *Dominus Guill. Longeſpee primus nonas Martii obiit. Ela vero uxor ejus 7 annis ſupervixit . . . . . Una die* DUO *monaſteria fundavit primo mane xvi Kal. Maii. A. D.* 1232. *apud Lacock, in quo ſanctæ degunt Canoniſſæ . . . Et Henton poſt nonam, Anno vero ætatis ſuæ, xlv. &c.*"

(W.) For the preceding account Dugdale refers to *Monaſt. Angl.* I, [f. II.] p. 185. but gives it as enlarged by D. Powel, in his Hiſt. of Cambria, p. 196, who is known to have followed ancient Welſh MSS. The words in the Monaſticon are—*Qui accerſitis* SUTORIBUS *Ceſtriæ et* HISTRIONIBUS, *feſtinanter cum exercitu ſuo*

---

nomine Herebertus Canticum Colbrondi, *necnon* Geſtum Emme *regine a judicio ignis liberate, in aula Prioris.*" His inſtrument was ſometimes the FYTHELE, or Fiddle, Lat. *Fidicula:* which occurs in the Anglo-Saxon Lexicon. On this ſubject we have a curious paſſage from a MS. of the Lives of the Saints in metre, ſuppoſed to be earlier than the year 1200, (T. Warton's Hiſt I. p. 17.) viz.

Chriſtofre him ſerved longe
The kynge loved melodye much of fithele and of ſonge:
So that his Jogeler on a day beforen him gon to pleye faſte,
And in a tyme he nemped in his ſong the devil at laſte.

venit

venit domino ſuo facere ſuccurſum. Walenſes vero videntes multitudinem magnam venientem, relictâ obſidione fugerunt . . . . . Et propter hoc dedit comes antedictus . . . . Conſtabulario dominationem Sutorum et Hiſtrionum. Conſtabularius vero retinuit ſibi et hæredibus ſuis dominationem Sutorum: et Hiſtrionum dedit vero Seneſchallo. (So the paſſage ſhould apparently be pointed; but either *et* or *vero* ſeems redundant.)

We ſhall ſee below in note (Z) the proper import of the word *Hiſtriones*: but it is very remarkable that this is not the word uſed in the grant of the conſtable De Lacy to Dutton, but *Magiſterium omnium* LECCATORUM *et* MERETRICIUM *totius Ceſtreſhire, ſicut liberius illum* [ſic] *Magiſterium teneo de comite.* (vid. Blount's Ancient Tenures, p. 156.) Now, as under this grant the heirs of Dutton confeſſedly held for many ages a *magiſterial* juriſdiction over all the Minſtrels and Muſicians of that county, and as it could not be conveyed by the word *Meretrices*, the natural inference is, that the Minſtrels were expreſſed by the term *Leccatores*. It is true, Du Cange compiling his Gloſſary could only find in the writers, he conſulted, this word uſed in the abuſive ſenſe, often applied to every ſynonyme of the ſportive and diſſolute Minſtrel, viz. *Scurra, vaniloquus, paraſitus, epulo, &c.* (This, I conceive, to be the proper arrangement of theſe explanations, which only expreſs the character given to the Minſtrel elſewhere: See Du Cange *paſſim* and notes, C. E. F. I. iii. 2. &c.) But he quotes an ancient MS. in French metre, wherein the LECCOUR (*Lat. Leccator.*) and the MINSTREL are joined together, as receiving from Charlemagne a grant of the Territory of Provence, and from whom the Provençal Troubadours were derived, &c. See the paſſage above in note C. pag. lx.

The exception in favour of the family of Dutton, is thus expreſſed in the Statute, Anno 39. Eliz. Chap. IV. intitled, "An "Act for puniſhment of Rogues, Vagabonds, and Sturdy Beggars."

§ II. . . . 'All Fencers, Bearwards, Common Players of 'Enterludes, and MINSTRELS, wandering abroad, (other than 'Players of Enterludes belonging to any Baron of this Realm, or 'any other honourable Perſonage of greater degree, to be author-'iſed to play under the hand and ſeal of arms of ſuch Baron or 'Perſonage:) all Juglers, Tinkers, Pedlers, &c. . . . ſhall be ad-'judged and deemed Rogues, Vagabonds, and Sturdy Beggars, &c.

'§ X. Provided always that this Act, or any thing therein con-'tained, or any authority thereby given, ſhall not in any wiſe ex-'tend to diſinherit, prejudice, or hinder JOHN DUTTON of DUT-'TON in the County of Cheſter, Eſquire, his heirs or aſſigns, for, 'touching or concerning any liberty, preheminence, authority, 'juriſdiction, or inheritance, which the ſaid John Dutton now 'lawfully uſeth, or hath, or lawfully may or ought to uſe within 'the County-Palatine of Cheſter, and the County of the City of 'Cheſter, or either of them, by reaſon of any ancient Charters of

'any Kings of this Land, or by reaſon of any preſcription, uſage, 'or title whatſoever.'

The ſame Clauſes are renewed in the laſt Act on this Subject, paſſed in the preſent Reign of GEO. III.

(X) "Edward I. . . . . at the knighting of his ſon," &c.] See Nic. Triveti Annales, Oxon. 1719. 8vo. p. 342.

"*In feſto Penteceſtes Rex filium ſuum armis militaribus cinxit, & cum eo Comites Warenniæ & Arundeliæ, alioſque, quorum numerus ducentos & quadraginta dicitur exceſſiſſe. Eodem die cum ſediſſet Rex in menſa, novis militibus circumdatus, ingreſſa* MINISTRELLORUM MULTITUDO, *portantium multiplici ornatu amictum, ut milites præcipue novos invitarent, & inducerent, ad vovendum factum armorum aliquod coram ſigno.*"

(Y) "By an expreſs regulation, &c."] See in Hearne's Append. ad Lelandi Collectan. Vol. VI. p. 36. "A DIETARIE, "Writtes publiſhed after the Ordinance of Earles and Barons, "Anno Dom. 1315."

'EDWARD by the grace of God, &c. to Sheriffes, &c. greetyng. 'Foraſmuch as . . . . many idle perſons, under colour of MYN-'STRELSIE, and going in meſſages, and other faigned buſines, 'have ben and yet be receaved in other mens houſes to meate and 'drynke, and be not therwith contented yf they be not largely 'conſydered with gyftes of the Lordes of the houſes: &c. . . . We 'wyllyng to reſtrayne ſuche outrageous enterpriſes and idlenes, '&c. have ordeyned . . . . that to the houſes of Prelates, Earles 'and Barons none reſort to meate and drynke, unleſſe he be a 'MYNSTREL, and of theſe MINSTRELS that there come none 'except it be three or four MINSTRELS OF HONOUR at the moſt 'in one day, unleſſe he be deſired of the Lorde of the Houſe. And 'to the houſes of meaner men that none come unleſſe he be de-'ſired, and that ſuch as ſhall come ſo, holde themſelves contented 'with meate and drynke, and with ſuch curteſie as the Maiſter of 'the Houſe wyl ſhewe unto them of his owne good wyll, without 'their aſkyng of any thyng. And yf any one do agaynſt this Or-'dinaunce, at the firſte tyme he to loſe his MINSTRELSIE, and at 'the ſecond tyme to forſweare his craft, and never to be receaved 'for a MINSTRELL in any houſe. . . . . Yeven at Langley the 'vi. day of Auguſt, in the ix yere of our reigne.'

Theſe abuſes aroſe again to as great a height as ever in little more than a century after; in conſequence, I ſuppoſe, of the licentiouſneſs that crept in during the civil wars of York and Lancaſter. This appears from the Charter, 9 E. 4. referred to in p. xlv. "*Ex querulosâ inſinuatione . . .* MINISTRALLORUM *noſtrorum accepimus qualiter nonnulli rudes agricolæ & artifices diverſarum miſterarum*

regni

regni nostri Angliæ, finxerunt se fore MINISTRALLOS, *quorum aliqui Liberatam nostram eis minime datam portarent, seipsos etiam fingentes esse* MINSTRALLOS NOSTROS PROPRIOS, *cujus quidem Liberatæ ac dictæ artis sive occupationis* MINISTRALLORUM *colore, in diversis partibus regni nostri prædicti grandes pecuniarum exactiones de ligeis nostris deceptive colligunt*, &c."

Abuses of this kind prevailed much later in Wales, as appears from the famous Commission issued out in 9 Eliz. (1567.) for bestowing the SILVER HARP on the best *Minstrel*, *Rythmer*, or *Bard*, in the principality of North Wales: of which a fuller account will be given below in note (Bb. 3.)

(Z) "It is thus related by Stow."] See his Survey of London, &c. fol. 1633. p. 521. [Acc. of Westm. Hall.] Stow had this passage from Walsingham's *Hist. Ang.* . . . "*Intravit quædam mulier ornata* HISTRIONALI *habitu, equum bonum insidens* HISTRIONALITER *phaleratum, quæ mensas more* HISTRIONUM *circuivit; & tandem ad Regis mensam per gradus ascendit, & quandam literam coram rege posuit, & retracto fræno (salutatis ubique discumbentibus) prout venerat ita recessit*," &c. Anglic. Norm. Script. &c. Franc. 1603. fol. p. 109.

It may be observed here, that MINSTRELS and others often rode on horseback up to the royal table, when the Kings were feasting in their Great Halls. See in this Vol. p. 72. &c.

The Answer of the Porters (when they were afterwards blamed for admitting her) also deserves attention. "*Non esse moris domus regiæ* HISTRIONES *ab ingressu quomodolibet prohibere*, &c. Walsingh.

That Stow rightly translated the Latin word *Histrio* here by *Minstrel*, meaning a musician that sung, and whose subjects were stories of chivalry, admits of easy proof: for in the GESTA ROMANORUM, chap. cxi. Mercury is represented as coming to Argus in the character of a Minstrel; when he *incepit, more* HISTRIONICO, *fabulas dicere, et plerumque cantare.* (T. Warton, III. p. li.) And Muratori cites a passage, in an old Italian chronicle, wherein mention is made of a stage erected at Milan.——*Super quo* HISTRIONES CANTABANT, *sicut modo cantatur de Rolando et Oliverio.* Antich. Ital. II. p. 6. (Observ. on the the Statutes, 4th Edit. p. 362.)

See also (E.) pag. lxi. (F.) p. lxii. &c.

(A a) "There should seem to have been women of this profession."] This may be inferred from the variety of names appropriated to them in the middle ages, viz. Anglo-Sax. Glip-meden [Glee-maiden], &c. glýpiendemaden, glýphýdenestra. (vid. supra, p. lxvii.) Fr. *Jenglerresse*, Med. Lat. *Joculatrix*, *Ministralissa*, *Fæmina Ministerialis*, &c. (vid. Du Cange Gloss. & Suppl.)

See what is ſaid in pag. xlv, concerning the "ſiſters of the fra-"ternity of Minſtrels;" ſee alſo a paſſage quoted by Dr. Burney (II. 315.) from Muratori, of the Chorus of women ſinging thro' the ſtreets accompanied with muſical inſtruments in 1268.

Had the female deſcribed by Walſingham been a *Tombeſtere*, or dancing-woman, (ſee Tyrwhitt's Chaucer IV. 307. and V. gloſſ.) that hiſtorian would probably have uſed the word *Saltatrix*. (ſee T. Warton I. 240. note *m*.)

Theſe *ſaltatrices* were prohibited from exhibiting in churches and church-yards along with *joculatores*, *hiſtriones*, with whom they were ſometimes claſſed, eſpecially by the rigid eccleſiaſtics, who cenſured, in the ſevereſt terms, all theſe ſportive characters. (vid. T. Warton, in loco citato, & vide ſupra Not. E. F. &c.)

And here I would obſerve, that although Fauchet, and other ſubſequent writers affect to arrange the ſeveral members of the minſtrel profeſſion under the different claſſes of *troverres* (or *troubadours*), *chanterres*, *conteours*, and *jugleurs*, &c. (vid. pag. lviij.) as if they were diſtinct and ſeparate orders of men, clearly diſtinguiſhed from each other by theſe appropriate terms, we find no ſufficient grounds for this in the oldeſt writers; but the general names in Latin, *hiſtrio*, *mimus*, *joculator*, *miniſtrallus*, &c. in French, *meneſtrier*, *meneſtrel*, *jongleur*, *jugleur*, &c. and in Engliſh, *Jogeleur*, *jugler*, *minſtrel*, and the like, ſeem to be given them indiſcriminately. And one or other of theſe names ſeem to have been ſometimes applied to every ſpecies of men, whoſe buſineſs it was to entertain or divert (*joculari*) whether with Poeſy, Singing, Muſic, or Geſticulation, ſingly or with a mixture of all theſe. Yet as all men of this ſort were conſidered as belonging to one Claſs, Order or Community, (many of the above arts being ſometimes exerciſed by the ſame perſon) they had all of them doubtleſs the ſame privileges, and it equally throws light upon the general Hiſtory of the Profeſſion to ſhew what favour or encouragement was given, at any particular period of time, to any one branch of it. I have not therefore thought it needful to inquire, whether, in the various paſſages quoted in theſe pages, the word *Minſtrel*, &c. is always to be underſtood in its exact and proper meaning of a Singer to the Harp, &c.

That men of very different arts and talents were included under the common name of MINSTRELS, &c. appears from a variety of authorities. Thus we have *Meneſtrels de Trompes* and *Meneſtrels de Bouche* in the Suppl. to Du Cange, c. 1227. and it appears ſtill more evident from an old French Rhymer, whom I ſhall quote at large.

"Le

" Le Quens * manda les MENESTRELS; * *Le Compte.*
" Et si a fet † crier entre els, † *fait*
" Qui la meillor truffe ‖ sauroit ‖ *Sornette,* [a gibe, a jest,
" Dire, ne faire, qu'il auroit (or flouting.]
" Sa robe d' escarlate nueve.
" L'uns Menestrels à l' autre reuve
" Fere son mestier, tel qu'il sot,
" Li uns set l'yvre, l' autre sot;
" Li uns chante, li autre note;
" Et li autres dit la riote;
" Et li autres la jenglerie ‡; ‡ *Janglerie, babillage, raillerie.*
" Cil qui sevent de jonglerie
" Vielent par devant le Conte;
" Aucuns ja qui fabliaus conte
" Il i ot dit mainte risée." &c.

Fabliaux et Contes, 12mo. Tom. 2. p. 161.

And what species of entertainment was afforded by the ancient *Juggleurs* we learn from the following citation from an old romance, written in 1230.

" Quand les tables ostees furent
" C'il *juggleurs* in pies esturent
" S'ont vielles, et harpes prisees
" Chanfons, sons, vers, et reprises
" Et *gestes* chantè nos ont."

Sir J. Hawkins, II. 44. from Andr. du Chene. See also Tyrwhitt's Chaucer, IV. p. 299.

All the before mentioned Sports went by the general name of *Ministralcia, Ministellorum Ludicra, &c.*——" Charta an. 1377. apud Rymer. VII. p. 160, *Peracto autem prandio, ascendebat D. Rex in cameram suam cum Prælatis, Magnatibus & Proceribus prædictis: & deinceps Magnates, Milites & Domini, aliique Generosi diem illum, usque ad tempus cœnæ, in* TRIPUDIIS, COREIS & SOLEMPNIBUS MINISTRALCIIS, *præ gaudio solempnitatis illius continuarunt.*" (Du Cange. Gloss. 773.) [This was at the Coronation of K. Richard II.]

It

It was common for the Minſtrels to dance, as well as to harp and ſing, (ſee above, note E. p. lxii.) thus in the old Romance of Tirante el Blanco; Val. 1511. The 14th Cap. Lib. 2. begins thus, *Deſpues que las Meſas fueron alçadas vinieron los Miniſtriles; y delante del rey, y de la Reyna dançaron un rato: y deſpues truxeron colacion.*

They alſo probably, among their other feats, played tricks of ſlight of hand, hence the word JUGLER came to ſignify a Performer of Legerdemain; and it was ſometimes uſed in this ſenſe (to which it is now appropriated) even ſo early as the time of Chaucer, who in his Squire's Tale, (II. 108.) ſpeaks of the horſe of braſs, as

——— like
An apparence ymade by ſom magike,
As JOGELOURS plaien at thiſe feſtes grete.

See alſo the Frere's Tale. I. p. 279. v. 7049.

(A a. 2.) "Females playing on the Harp."] Thus in the old Romance of "Syr Degore (or Degree," No. 22. III. p. xli.) we have, [Sign. D. i.]

The lady, that was ſo faire and bright,
Upon her bed ſhe ſate down ryght;
She harped notes ſwete and fine.
[Her mayds filled a piece of wine.]
And Syr Degore, ſate him downe,
For to hear the harpes ſowne.

The 4th line being omitted in the pr. copy is ſupplied from the folio MS.

In the "Squyr of lowe Degree" (No. 24. III. p. xlii.) the king ſays to his daughter [Sign. D. i.]

Ye were wont to harpe and ſyng,
And be the meryeſt in chamber comyng.

In the "Carle of Carliſle," (No. 10. III. p. xxxvii.) we have the following paſſage. [Folio MS. p. 451. v. 217.]

Downe came a lady faire and free,
And ſett her on the Carles knee:
One whiles ſhee harped another whiles ſong,
Both of paramours and louinge amonge.

An

And in the Romance of "Eger and Grime" (No. 12. III. p. xxxviii.) we have [Ibid. p. 127. col. 2.] in Part I. v. 293.

The ladye fayre of hew and hyde
Shee ſate downe by the bed ſide
Shee laid a ſouter [pſaltry] vpon her knee
Theron ſhee plaid full loveſomelye.
. . . And her 2 maydens ſweetlye ſange.

A ſimilar paſſage occurs in Part. IV. v. 129. (pag. 136.)——But theſe inſtances are ſufficient.

(B b.) "A charter . . . . to appoint a king of the Minſtrels."] Intitled *Carta Le Roy de Miniſtraulx.* (in Latin *Hiſtriones.* vid. Plott. p. 437.) A copy of this charter is printed in Monaſt. Anglic. I. 355, and in Blount's Law Diction. 1717. (art. KING.)

That this was a moſt reſpectable officer both here, and on the Continent, will appear from the paſſages quoted below, and therefore it could only have been in modern times, when the proper meaning of the original terms *Miniſtraulx*, and *Hiſtriones*, was forgot, that he was called KING OF THE FIDLERS; on which ſubject ſee below Note (E e. 2.)

Concerning the KING OF THE MINSTRELS we have the following curious paſſages collected by Du Cange, Gloſs. IV. 773.

"REX MINISTELLORUM; ſupremus inter *Miniſtellos*: de "cujus munere, poteſtate in cæteros *Miniſtellos* agit Charta "Henrici IV. Regis Angliæ in Monaſt. Anglicano, tom. I. "pag. 355.——Charta originalis an. 1338. *Je Robert Caveron* "*Roy des Meneſtreuls du Royaume de France.* Aliæ ann. 1357. & 1362. "*Copin de Brequin Roy des Meneſtres du Royaume de France.* Compu- "tum de auxiliis pro redemptione Regis Johannis, ann. 1367. "*Pour une* COURONNE D'ARGENT *qu'il donna le jour de la Tiphaine* "*au Roy des Meneſtrels.*

"Regeſtum Magnorum Dierum Trecenſium an. 1296. *Super* "*quod Joannes dictus Charmillons Juglator, cui dominus Rex per ſuas li-* "*teras tanquam* REGEM JUGLATORUM *in civitate Trecenſi Magiſte-* "*rium Juglatorum, quemadmodum ſuæ placeret voluntati, conceſſerat.*" Gloſs. c. 1587.

There is a very curious paſſage in Paſquier's "Recherches de la France" Paris, 1633, folio. liv. 7. ch. 5. p. 611, wherein he appears to be at a loſs how to account for the title of LE ROY aſſumed by the old compoſers of metrical Romances; in one of which the author expreſſly declares himſelf to have been a MINSTREL. The ſolution of the difficulty, that he had been *Le Roy des Meneſtrels*, will be eſteemed more probable that what Paſquier here advances; for I have never ſeen the title of *Prince* given to a Minſtrel, &c.

ſcil.—" A nos vieux Poetes . . . comme . . fuſt qu'ils euſſent cer-
" tain jeux de prix en leurs Poeſies, ils . . . honoroient du nome,
" tantot de ROY, tantot de PRINCE, celuy qui avoit le mieux faict
" comme nous voyons entre les Archers, Arbaleſtiers, & Harque-
" buſiers eſtre fait le ſemblable. Ainſi l'Autheur du Roman
" d'Oger le Danois, s'appelle Roy.

" *Icy endroict eſt cil Livre finez*
" *Qui des enfans Oger eſt appellez*
" *Or vueille Diex qu'il ſoit parachevez*
" *En tel maniere keſtre n'en puiſt blamez*
" *Le Roy Adams* [r. *Adenes*] *ki il'eſt rimez.*

" Et en celuy de Cleomades,

" *Ce Livre de Cleomades*
" *Rimé-je le Roy Adenes*
" *Meneſtre au bon Duc Henry*

" Mot de ROY, qui ſeroit tres-mal approprié à un MENESTRIER,
" ſi d'ailleurs on ne le rapportoit a un jeu du priz : Et de faict il
" ſemble que de noſtre temps, il y en euſt encores quelque remar-
" ques, en ce que le mot de JOUINGLEUR s'eſtant par ſucceſſion
" de temps tourné en batelage nous avons veu en noſtre jeuneſſe
" les Jouingleurs ſe trouver à certain jour tous les ans en la ville
" de Chauny en Picardie, pour faire monſtre de leur meſtrier de-
" vant le monde, à qui mieux. Et ce que j'en dis icy n'eſt pas
" pour vilipender ces anciens Rimeurs, ainſi pour monſtrer qu'il n'y
" a choſe ſi belle qui ne s'aneantiſſe avec le temps."

We ſee here that in the time of Paſquier the poor MINSTREL was ſunk into as low eſtimation in France, as he was then or afterwards in England: but by his apology for comparing the JOUINGLEURS, who aſſembled to exerciſe their faculty, in his youth, to the ancient *Rimeurs*, it is plain they exerted their ſkill in rhyme.

As for king *Adenes*, or *Adenez*, (whoſe name in the firſt paſſage above is corruptly printed *Adams*,) he is recorded in the "Bibliotheque des Romans, Amſt. 1734." 12mo. Vol. I. p. 232. to have compoſed the two Romances in verſe above-mentioned, and a third intitled *Le Roman de Bertin*: all three being preſerved in a MS. written about 1270. His *Bon Duc Henry*, I conceive to have been Henry Duke of Brabant.

(B b. 2.) "king of the Minſtrels," &c.] See Anſtis's Regiſter of the Order of the Garter, II. p. 303, who tells us "The Preſident " or Governour of the *Minſtrels* had the like denomination of *Roy*

" in France, and Burgundy: and in England, John of Gaunt conſti-
" tuted ſuch an Officer by a Patent; and long before his time
" payments were made by the crown, to [a] King of the Min-
" ſtrels by Edw. I. *Regi Roberto Miniſtrallo ſcutifero ad arma commo-*
" *ranti ad vadia Regis anno 5to.* [Bibl. Cotton. Veſpaſ. c. 16. f. 3.]
" as likewiſe [Libro Garderob. 25. E. 1.] *Miniſtrallis in die nuptia-*
" *rum comitiſſæ Holland filiæ Regis, Regi Pago, Johanni Vidulatori &c.*
" *Morello Regi, &c. Druetto Monthaut, and Jacketto de Scot. Regibus,*
" *cuilibet eorum xls. Regi Pagio de Hollandia, &c.* under Ed. II.
" We likewiſe find other entries, *Regi Roberto et aliis Miniſtrallis fa-*
" *cientibus Meniſtrallias* [*Miniſtralcias.* qu.] *ſuas coram Rege.* [Bibl.
" Cotton. Nero. C. 8. p. 84. b. Comp. Garderob.] That King
" granted, *Willielmo de Morlee dicto Roy de North, Miniſtrallo Regis,*
" *domos quæ fuerunt Johannis le Boteler dicti Roy Brunbaud.* [Pat. de
" terr. forisfact. 16. E. 3.]." He adds below, (p. 304) a ſimilar inſtance of a *Rex Juglatorum*, and that the "King of the Minſtrels" at length was ſtyled in France *Roy des Violons*, (Furitiere Diction. Univerſ.) as with us "King of the Fidlers," on which ſubject ſee below, note (Ee. 2.)

(Bb. 3.) The Statute 4 Hen. IV. (1402) c. 27. runs in theſe terms, *Item, pur eſchuir pluſieurs diſeaſes et miſchiefs qont advenuz devaunt ces heures en la terre de Gales par pluſieurs Weſtours Rymours, Miniſtralx et autres Vacabondes, ordeignez eſt et eſtablix qe nul Weſtour, Rymour Miniſtral ne Vacabond ſoit aucunement ſuſtenuz en la terre de Gales pur faire kymorthas ou coillage ſur la commune poeple illoeques.* This is among the ſevere laws againſt the Welſh, paſſed during the reſentment occaſioned by the outrages committed under Owen Glendour; and as the Welſh Bards had excited their countrymen to rebellion againſt the Engliſh Government, it is not to be wondered, that the act is conceived in terms of the utmoſt indignation and contempt againſt this claſs of men, who are deſcribed as *Rymours, Miniſtralx*, which are apparently here uſed as only ſynonymous terms to expreſs the Welſh Bards with the uſual exuberance of our Acts of Parliament: for if their *Miniſtralx* had been mere muſicians, they would not have required the vigilance of the Engliſh legiſlature to ſuppreſs them. It was their ſongs exciting their countrymen to inſurrection which produced *les diſeaſes & miſchiefs en la Terre de Gales.*

It is alſo ſubmitted to the reader, whether the ſame application of the terms does not ſtill more clearly appear in the commiſſion iſſued in 1567, and printed in Evan Evans's Specimens of Welſh Poetry, 1764, 4to. p. v. for beſtowing the SILVER HARP on "the chief of
" that faculty." For after ſetting forth "that vagrant and idle
" perſons, naming themſelves *Miniſtrels, Rythmers*, and *Bards*," had
" lately grown into ſuch intolerable multitude within the Principa-
" lity in North Wales, that not only gentlemen and others by their
" ſhameleſs

" ſhameleſs diſorders are oftentimes diſquieted in their habitations, " but alſo expert *Minſtrels* and *Muſicians in tonge and cunynge* thereby " much diſcouraged, &c." and " hindred [of] livings and preferment," &c. it appoints a time and place, wherein all " perſons that " intend to maintain their living by name or colour of *Minſtrels*, " *Rythmers*, or *Bards*" within 5 ſhires of N. Wales, ſhall appear " to ſhow their learnings accordingly, &c." And the commiſſioners are required to admit ſuch as ſhall be found worthy, into and under the degrees heretofore in uſe, ſo that they may " uſe, exer- " ciſe, and follow the ſciences and faculties of their profeſſions in " ſuch decent order as ſhall appertain to each of their degrees." And the reſt are to return to ſome honeſt labour, &c. upon pain to be taken as ſturdy and idle vagabonds, &c.

(Bb. 4.) Holingſhed tranſlated this paſſage from Tho. de Elmham's " Vita et Geſta Henrici V." ſcil. *Soli Omnipotenti Deo ſe velle victoriam imputari . . . in tantum, quod cantus de ſuo triumpho fieri, ſeu per Cithariſtas vel alios quoſcunque cantari penitus prohibebat.* [Edit. Hearnii. 1727. p. 72.] As in his verſion Holingſhed attributes the MAKING, as well as SINGING Ditties to MINTSRELS, it is plain, he knew that men of this profeſſion had been accuſtomed to do both.

(C c.) " the Houſhold Book," &c.] See Section V.

" Of the Noumbre of all my lords Servaunts."

" Item, MYNSTRALS in Houſhold iii. viz. A Taberet, a Luyte, " and a Rebecc." [The Rebeck was a kind of Fiddle with 3 ſtrings.]

Sect. XLIV. 3.

" Rewardes to his lordſhip's Servaunts, &c."

" Item, My lord uſith ande accuſtomyth to gyf yerly, when his " lordſchipp is at home, to his MINSTRALLIS that be daily in his " houſhold, as his Tabret, Lute, ande Rebeke, upon New Yereſday " in the mornynge when they do play at my lordis chamber dour " for his Lordſchip and my Lady, xx. s. Viz. xiii. s. iiii. d. for my " Lord; and vi. s. viii. d. for my Lady, if ſche be at my lords fyn- " dynge, and not at hir owen; And for playing at my lordis Sone " and Heire's chamber doure, the lord Percy, ii. s. And for playinge " at the chamber doures of my lords Yonger Sonnes, my yonge " maſters, after viii. d. the pece for every of them.——xxiii. s. " iiii. d."

Sect. XLIV. 2.

" Rewards to be geven to ſtrangers, as Players,

" Mynſtralls, or any other, &c.

" Furſt, my lorde uſith and accuſtomyth to gif to the KINGS " JUGLER; . . . . when they cuſtome to come unto hym yerly, " vi. s. viii. d.

" Item,

" Item, my lorde uſith and accuſtomyth to gif yerely to the kings " or queenes Bearwarde, if they have one, when they cuſtom to " come unto hym yerly,—vi. s. viii. d.

" Item, my lorde uſith and accuſtomyth to gyfe yerely to every " Erles MYNSTRELLIS, when they cuſtome to come to hym " yerely, iii. s. iiii. d. And if they come to my lorde ſeldome, ones " in ii or iii yeres, than vi. s. viii. d.

" Item, my lorde uſith and accuſtomedeth to gife yerely to an " Erls MYNSTRALLS, if he be his ſpeciall lorde, friende, or kynſ- " man, if they come yerely to his lordſchip . . . . And, if they " come to my 'lord' ſeldome, ones in ii or iii years . . . ."

* * * * * *

" Item, my lorde uſith and accuſtomyth to gyf yerely a Dookes " or Erlis TRUMPETTS, if they come vi together to his lordſchipp, " viz. if they come yerly, vi. s. viii. d. And, if they come but in ii " or iii yeres, than x. s.

" Item, my lorde uſith and accuſtometh to gife yerly, when his " lordſchip is at home, to gyf to the Kyngs SHAWMES, when they " com to my lorde yerely, x. s."

* * * * *

I cannot conclude this note without obſerving that in this enumeration, the family MINSTRELS ſeem to have been Muſicians only, and yet both the earl's TRUMPETS and the king's SHAWMES, are evidently diſtinguiſhed from the earl's MINSTRELS, and the king's JUGLER: Now we find *Jugglers* ſtill coupled with *Pipers* in Barkley's Egloges, circ. 1514. (Warton II. 254.)

(Cc. 2.) The honours and Rewards conferred on Minſtrels, &c. in the middle ages, were exceſſive, as will be ſeen by many inſtances in theſe Volumes; v. Note E. F. &c. But more particularly with regard to Engliſh Minſtrels, &c. See T. Warton's Hiſt. of Eng. Poetry. I. p. 89—92. 116. &c. II. 105, 106. 254. &c. Dr. Burney's Hiſt. of Muſic. II. p. 316—319. 397.—399. 417. 428.—

On this head, it may be ſufficient to add the following paſſage from the FLETA. Lib. 2. c. 23. OFFICIUM ELEMOSINARIJ *eſt . . . Equos relictos, Robas, Pecuniam, et alia ad Elemoſinam largiter recipere et fidelitur diſtribuere; debet etiam Regem ſæpe Elemoſinæ largitione crebris ſummonitionibus ſtimulare & præcipue diebus ſanctorum, et rogare ne Robas ſuas quæ magni ſunt precij* HISTRIONIBUS, *Blanditoribus, Adulatoribus, Accuſatoribus, vel* MENESTRALLIS, *ſed ad Elemoſinæ ſuæ incrementum jubeat largiri.* Et in c. 72. " *Miniſtralli, vel Adulatoris.*"

(D d) " A ſpecies of men who did not ſing, &c."] It appears from the paſſage of Eraſmus here referred to, that there ſtill exiſted in England of that ſpecies of *Jongleurs* or MINSTRELS, whom the French

French called by the peculiar name of *Conteours*, or Reciters in proſe: It is in his *Eccleſiaſtes*, where he is ſpeaking of ſuch Preachers, as imitated the Tone of Beggars or Mountebanks:—"*Apud Anglos eſt ſimile genus hominum, quales apud Italos ſunt Circulatores* [Mountebanks] *de quibus modo dictum eſt; qui irrumpunt in convivia* MAGNATUM, *aut in* CAUPONAS VINARIAS; *et argumentum aliquod, quod edidicerunt, recitant; puta mortem omnibus dominari, aut laudem matrimonii. Sed quoniam ea lingua monoſyllabis fere conſtat, quemadmodum Germanica; atque illi* [ſc. this peculiar ſpecies of Reciters] *ſtudio vitant cantum, nobis* (ſc. Eraſmus, who did not underſtand a word of Engliſh) *latrare videntur verius quam loqui.*" Opera, Tom. V. c. 958. (Jortin. Vol. 2. p. 193.) As Eraſmus was correcting the vice of preachers, it was more to his point to bring an inſtance from the Moral Reciters of Proſe, than from Chanters of Rhime; though the latter would probably be more popular, and therefore more common.

(Ee.) This Character is ſuppoſed to have been ſuggeſted by deſcriptions of Minſtrels in the romance of *Morte Arthur*; but none, it ſeems, have been found, which come nearer to it than the following, which I ſhall produce, not only that the reader may judge of the reſemblance, but to ſhew, how nearly the idea of the MINSTREL character given in this Eſſay correſponds with that of our old writers.

Sir Lancelot having been affronted by a threatening abuſive letter, which Mark king of Cornwal had ſent to Queen Guenever, wherein he "ſpake ſhame by her, and Sir Lancelot" is comforted by a knight, named Sir Dinadan, who tells him "I will make a "LAY for him, and when it is made, I ſhall make an HARPER to "ſing it before him. So anon he went and made it, and taught it "an Harper, that hyght Elyot; and when hee could it, Hee "taught it to many Harpers. And ſo . . . the Harpers went "ſtraight unto Wales and Cornwaile to ſing the Lay . . . which "was the worſt Lay that ever Harper ſung with Harpe, or with "any other inſtrument. And [at a] great feaſt that king Marke "made for joy of [a] victorie which hee had, . . . came Eliot the "Harper; . . . and becauſe he was a curious Harper, men heard "him ſing the ſame Lay that Sir Dinadan had made, the which "ſpake the moſt vilanie by king Marke of his treaſon, that ever "man heard. When the Harper had ſung his ſong to the end, "king Marke was wonderous wroth with him, and ſaid, Thou "Harper, how durſt thou be ſo bold to ſing this Song before me? "Sir, ſaid Eliot, wit you well I am a MINSTRELL, and I muſt "doe, as I am commanded of theſe Lords that *I bear the armes of.* "And Sir king, wit you well that Sir Dinadan a knight of the "Round Table made this Song, and he made me to ſing it before

"you

" you. Thou ſaieſt well, ſaid king Marke, I charge thee that " thou hie thee faſt out of my ſight. So the Harper departed, &c." [Part II. c. 113. Ed. 1634. See alſo Part III. c. 5.]

(E e 2). " This art ſeems to have put an end to the profeſſion," &c.] Although I conceive that the character ceaſed to exiſt, yet the appellation might be continued, and applied to Fidlers, or other common Muſicians: which will account for the miſtakes of Sir Peter Leiceſter, or other modern writers. (See his Hiſtorical Antiquities of Cheſhire, 1673. p. 141.)

In this ſenſe it is uſed in an ordinance in the times of Cromwell (1656). Wherein it is enacted that if any of the " perſons com- " monly called FIDLERS or MINSTRELS ſhall at any time be taken " playing, fidling, and making muſic in any Inn, Ale-houſe, or " Tavern or ſhall be taken proffering themſelves, or deſiring, or " intreating any ... to hear them play or make muſic in any of the " places aforeſaid;" they are to be " adjudged and declared to be " rogues, vagabonds, and ſturdy beggars."

This will alſo account why John of Gaunt's KING OF THE MINSTRELS, at length come to be called, like *Le Roy des Violons* in France (v. Note B b. 2.) KING OF THE FIDLERS. See the common ballad intitled " The Pedigree, Education, and Marriage of Robinhood " with Clorinda, queen of Tutbury Feaſt:" which though prefixed to the modern collection on that ſubject * ſeems of much later date than moſt of the others; for the writer appears to be totally ignorant of all the old traditions concerning this celebrated Outlaw, and has given him a very elegant bride inſtead of his old noted Lemman " Maid MARIAN:" Who together with his chaplain " Frier Tuck," were his favourite companions, and probably on that account figured in the old Morice Dance, as may be ſeen

* Of the 24 ſongs in what is now called " Robin Hood's Garland," many are ſo modern as not to be found in Pepys's collection completed only in 1700. In the folio MS. (deſcribed in p. xiii.) are ancient fragments of the following, viz.—Robin Hood and the Beggar.—Robin Hood and the Butcher.—Robin Hood and Fryer Tucke.—Robin Hood and the Pindar.—Robin Hood and Queen Catharine, in 2 parts.—Little John and the four Beggars, and " Robine Hoode his Death." This laſt, which is very curious, has no reſemblance to any that have been publiſhed; and the others are extremely different from the printed copies; but they unfortunately are in the beginning of the MS. where half of every leaf hath been torn away.

by the engraving in Mr. Steevens's and Mr. Malone's Editions of Shakeſpeare: by whom ſhe is mentioned, I. Hen. 4. Act 3. ſc. 3. (See alſo Warton I. 245. II. 237.) Whereas from this ballad's concluding with an exhortation to "pray for the king," and "that he may get children," &c. it is evidently poſterior to the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and can ſcarce be older than the reign of K. Charles I. for K. James I. had no iſſue after his acceſſion to the throne of England. It may even have been written ſince the reſtoration, and only expreſs the wiſhes of the nation for iſſue on the marriage of their favourite K. Charles II, on his marriage with the Infanta of Portugal. I think it is not found in the Pepys collection.

(F f.) "Hiſtorical Song, or Ballad."] The Engliſh word BALLAD is evidently from the French *Balade*, as the latter is from the Italian *Ballata*; which the Cruſca Dictionary defines, *Canzone, che ſi canta Ballando*, "A Song, which is ſung during a Dance." So Dr. Burney, [II. 342.] who refers to a collection of *Ballette* publiſhed by Gaſtaldi, and printed at Antwerp in 1596. [III. 226.]

But the word appears to have had an earlier origin: for in the decline of the Roman Empire, theſe trivial ſongs were called *Balliſtea* and *Saltatiunculæ*. *Balliſteum*, Salmaſius ſays, is properly *Balliſtium*. Gr. Βαλλιστῖον. "ἀπὸ τοῦ Βαλλίζω . . . Βαλλιστία *ſaltatio* . . . Balliſtium *igitur eſt quod vulgo vocamus* Ballet; *nam inde deducta vox noſtra*." Salmaſ. Not. in Hiſt. Aug. Scriptores VI. p. 349.

In the life of the Emperor Aurelian by Fl. Vopiſcus may be ſeen two of theſe *Balliſtea*, as ſung by the boys ſkipping and dancing, on account of a great ſlaughter made by the Emperor with his own hand in the Sarmatic War. The firſt is,

Mille, mille, mille decollavimus,
Unus homo mille decollavimus,
Mille vivat, qui mille occidit.
Tantum vini habet nemo
Quantum fudit ſanguinis.

The other was

Mille Sarmatas, mille Francos
Semel & ſemel occidimus.
Mille Perſas quærimus.

Salmaſius (in Loc.) ſhows that the trivial Poets of that time were wont to form their metre of Trochaic Tetrametre Catalectics, di-

vided into diſticks. [Ibid. p. 350.] This becoming the Metre of the Hymns in the church ſervice, to which the monks at length ſuperadded rhyming terminations, was the origin of the common Trochaic Metre in the modern languages. This obſervation I owe to the learned author of Iriſh Antiquities, 4to.

(F f. 2.) "Little Miſcellanies named GARLANDS, &c."] In the Pepyſian and other libraries, are preſerved a great number of theſe in black letter, 12mo. under the following quaint and affected titles, viz.

1. A Crowne Garland of Goulden Roſes gathered out of England's Royal Garden, &c. by Richard Johnſon, 1612. [In the Bodleyan Library.]—2. The Golden Garland of Princely Delight.——3. The Garland of Good-will, by T. D. 1631.—4. The Royal Garland of Love and delight, by T. D.—5. The Garland of Delight, &c. by Tho. Delone.—6. The Garland of Love and mirth, by Thomas Lanfier.—7. Cupid's Garland ſet round with Guilded Roſes.—8. The Garland of Withered Roſes, by Martin Parker, 1656.—9. The Shepherd's Garland of Love, Loyalty, &c.—10. The Country Garland.—11. The Golden Garland of Mirth and Merriment.—12. The Lover's Garland.—13. Neptune's fair Garland.—14. England's fair Garland.—15. Robin Hood's Garland.—16. The Maiden's Garland.—17. A Loyal Garland of Mirth and Paſtime.——18. A Royal Garland of New Songs.—19. The Jovial Garland, 8th. Edit. 1691.—&c. &c. &c.

This ſort of petty publications had anciently the name of PENNY-MERRIMENTS: as little religious tracts of the ſame ſize were called PENNY GODLINESSES: In the Pepyſian Library are multitudes of both kinds.

(G g.) "The term MINSTREL was not confined to a meer Muſician in this country any more than on the Continent."] The diſcuſſion of the queſtion, Whether the term MINSTREL was applied in England to Singers and Compoſers of Songs, &c. or confined to the performers on muſical inſtruments, was properly reſerved for this place, becauſe much light hath already been thrown upon the ſubject in the preceding Notes, to which it will be ſufficient to refer the Reader.

That on the Continent the MINSTREL was underſtood not to be a meer Muſician but a Singer of Verſes, hath been ſhown in Notes B. C. R. A a. &c. *. And that he was alſo a Maker of them is evident from

* That the French Minſtrel was a Singer and Compoſer, &c. appears from many paſſages tranſlated by M. LE GRAND, in "Fabliaux ou Contes," &c. ſee Tom. I. p. 37. 47. II. 306. 313. & ſeqq.

from the paſſage in (C. p. lix.) where the moſt noted Romances are ſaid to be of the compoſition of theſe men. And in (B b.) p. xcii, we have the Titles of ſome of which a Minſtrel was the author, who has himſelf left his name upon record.

The old Engliſh names for one of this profeſſion were GLEEMAN*, JOGELER †, and latterly MINSTREL; not to mention HARPER, &c. In French he was called *Jongleur* or *Jugleur*, *Meneſtrel* or *Meneſtrier* ‡. The writers of the middle ages, expreſſed the character in Latin by the words *Joculator*, *Mimus*, *Hiſtrio*, *Miniſtrellus*, &c. Theſe terms, however modern critics may endeavour to diſtinguiſh, and apply them to different claſſes, and although they may be ſometimes mentioned as if they were diſtinct, I cannot find after a very ſtrict reſearch to have had any ſettled appropriate difference, but they appear to have been uſed indiſcriminately by the oldeſt writers, eſpecially in England; where the moſt general and comprehenſive name was latterly MINSTREL, Lat. *Miniſtrellus*, &c.

Thus *Joculator* (Eng. Jogeler, or Juglar) is uſed as ſynonymous to *Cithariſta* (Note K. p. lxxi.) and to *Cantor* (p. lxxii.) and to MINSTREL (vid. infra p. ci.) We have alſo poſitive proof of that the ſubject of his ſongs were Geſtes and Romantic Tales (V 2. Note.)

So *Mimus* is uſed as ſynonymous to *Joculator* (M. p. lxxiii.) He was rewarded for his ſinging (N. p. lxxiv.) and he both ſang, harped, and dealt in that ſport (T. 2.) which is elſewhere called *Ars Joculatoria* (M. ubi ſupra.)

Again *Hiſtrio* is alſo proved to have been a ſinger (Z. p. lxxxvii.) and to have gained rewards by his *Verba Joculatoria* (E. p. lxi.) And *Hiſtriones* is the term by which the Fr. word *Miniſtraulx* is moſt frequently rendered into Latin. (W. p. lxxxiv. B b. p. xci. &c.)

The fact therefore is ſufficiently eſtabliſhed that this order of men were in England, as well as on the Continent, SINGERS: ſo that it only becomes a diſpute about words, whether here under the more general name of MINSTRELS, they are deſcribed as having SUNG.

But in proof of this we have only to turn to ſo common a book, as T. WARTON's Hiſtory of Eng. Poetry: where we ſhall find extracted from Records the following inſtances.

ſeqq. III. 266. &c. Yet this writer, like other French Critics, endeavours to reduce to diſtinct and ſeparate claſſes the men of this profeſſion, under the preciſe names of *Fablier*, *Conteur*, *Menetrier*, *Meneſtrel*, and *Jongleur*, (Tom. I. Pref. p. xcviii.) whereas his own Tales confute all theſe nice diſtinctions, or prove at leaſt that the title of *Menetrier* or Minſtrel was applied to them all.

* See pag. lxvi. † See pag. lxxxiii. ‡ See p. xxxiii, Note.

Ex Regiſtr. Priorat. S. Swithin Winton. (ſub anno 1374.) *In feſto Alwyni Epi. - - - Et durante pietancia in Aula Conventus ſex* MINISTRALLI, *cum quatuor* CITHARISATORIBUS, *faciebant* Miniſtralcias *ſuas. Et poſt cenam, in magna camera arcuata dom. prioris* cantabant *idem* Geſtum *in qua Camera ſuſpendebatur, ut moris eſt, magnum dorſale Prioris habens picturas trium Regum Colein. Veniebant autem dicti* JOCULATORES *a Caſtello domini Regis & ex familia Epi.* (vol. II. p. 174). Here the Minſtrels and Harpers are expreſſly called *Joculatores*, and as the Harpers had Muſical Inſtruments, the Singing muſt have been by the Minſtrels, or by both conjointly.

For that Minſtrels ſang we have undeniable proof in the following entry in the Accompt Roll of the Priory of Biceſter, in Oxfordſhire. (under the year 1432.) *Dat. Sex*[MINISTRALLIS de *Bokyngham* cantantibus *in refectorio Martyrium Septem Domientium in feſto Epiphanie, iv. s.* (Vol. II p. 175.)

In like manner our old Engliſh writers abound with paſſages wherein the MINSTREL is repreſented as Singing. To mention only a few:

In the old Romance of *Emaré* (No. 15. vol. iii. p. xxxix) which from the obſoleteneſs of the ſtile, the nakedneſs of the ſtory, the barrenneſs of incidents, and ſome other particulars I ſhould judge to be next in point of time to *Hornchild*, we have,

—"I have herd Menſtrelles ſyng yn ſawe."

Stanza 27.

In a Poem of Adam Davie, (who flouriſhed about 1312) we have this Diſtich,

"Merry it is in halle to here the harpe,
"The Minſtrelles ſynge, the Jogelours carpe."

T. Warton. I. p. 225.

So William of Naſſyngton (circ. 1480) as quoted by Mr. Tyrwhitt, (Chaucer IV. 319.)

—"I will make no vain carpinge
"Of dedes of armys ne of amours
"As dus Mynſtrelles and Jeſtours [Geſtours]
"That makys carpinge in many a place
"Of Octaviane and Iſembraſe,
"And of many other Jeſtes [Geſtes]
"And namely whan they come to feſtes *;

See

* The fondneſs of the Engliſh, (even the moſt illiterate) to hear Tales and Rimes, is much dwelt on by Rob. de Brunne, in

See alſo the Deſcription of the Minſtrel in Note E. from *Morte Arthur*, which appears to have been compiled about the time of this laſt writer. (See T. Warton. II. 235.)

By proving that Minſtrels were Singers of the old Romantic Songs and Geſtes, &c. we have in effect proved them to have been the Makers at leaſt of ſome of them. For the Names of their Authors being not preſerved, to whom can we ſo probably aſcribe the compoſition of many of theſe old popular rhimes, as to the men, who devoted all their time and talents to the recitation of them: eſpecially as in the rhimes themſelves Minſtrels are often repreſented, as the Makers or Compoſers.

Thus in the oldeſt of all, *Horn-Child* having aſſumed the character of a Harper or Jogeler, is in conſequence ſaid (fo. 92.) to have

"made Rymenild [his miſtreſs] a lay."

In the old Romance of *Emare*, we have this exhortation to Minſtrels, as compoſers, otherwiſe they could not have been at liberty to chuſe their ſubjects. (ſt. 2.)

"Menſtrelles that walken fer and wyde
"Her and ther in every a ſyde
"In mony a dyverſe londe
"Sholde ut her bygynnyng
"Speke of that ryghtwes kyng
"That made both ſee and ſonde." &c.

And in the old Song or Geſte of Guy and Colbronde (No. 4. vol. iii. p. xxxiv.) the Minſtrel thus ſpeaks of himſelf in the firſt perſon.

"When meate and drinke is great plentye
"Then lords and ladyes ſtill wil be
"And ſitt and ſolace lythe
"Then itt is time for MEE to ſpeake
"Of keene knights and kempes great
"Such carping for to kythe."

We have ſeen already that the Welſh *Bards*, who were undoubtedly compoſers of the ſongs they chanted to the Harp, could not be diſtinguiſhed by our legiſlators from our own *Rimers, Minſtrels*: (vid. Note B. b. 3. p. xliii.)

1330. (Warton. I. p. 59. 65. 76.) All Rimes were then ſung to the harp: even Troilus and Creſſeide, though almoſt as long as the Æneid, was to be "redde . . . or elſe ſonge." l. ult. (Warton. I. 388.

And

And that the Provençal *Troubadour* of our King Richard, who is called by M. Favine *Jongleur*, and by M. Fauchet *Meneſtrel*, is by the old Engliſh Tranſlator termed a RIMER or MINSTREL, when he is mentioning the fact of his compoſing ſome verſes: (p. xxxiii.)

And laſtly that Holinſhed, tranſlating the prohibition of K. Henry V., forbidding any ſongs to be compoſed on his Victory, or to be ſung by Harpers or others, roundly gives it, he would not permit "any ditties to be made and ſung by Minſtrels on his glorious Victory" &c. (vid. p. xliv. and Note B b. 4.)

Now that this order of Men at firſt called GLEEMEN, then JUGLERS, and afterwards more generally MINSTRELS, exiſted here from the Conqueſt, who entertained their hearers with chanting to the harp or other inſtruments Songs and Tales of Chivalry, or as they were called GESTS * and Romances in verſe in the Engliſh Language, is proved by the exiſtence of the very compoſitions, they ſo chanted, which are ſtill preſerved in great abundance and exhibit a regular ſeries from the time our language was almoſt Saxon, till after its improvements in the age of Chaucer, who enumerates many of them. And as the Norman French was in the time of this Bard ſtill the Courtly language, it ſhows that the Engliſh was not thereby excluded from affording entertainment to our Nobility, who are ſo often addreſſed therein by the title of *Lordings:* and ſometimes more poſitively "Lords and Ladies." (p. cii.)

And tho' many of theſe were tranſlated from the French, others are evidently of Engliſh origin † which appear in their turns to have afforded Verſions into that language; a ſufficient proof of that intercommunity between the French and Engliſh Minſtrels, which

---

* GESTS at length came to ſignify Adventures or Incidents in general. So in a narrative of the Journey into Scotland, of Queen Margaret and her attendants, or her marriage with K. James IV, in 1503 [in Appendix to Leland. Collect. IV. p. 265.] we are promiſed an account "of their Geſtys and manners during the ſaid "Voyage."

† The Romance of *Richard Cœur de Lion* (No. 25.) I ſhould judge to be of Engliſh origin from the names *Wardrewe* and *Eldrede*, &c. III. p. xxv. xxvi. As is alſo *Eger and Grime*, (No. 12.) wherein a knight is named *Sir Gray Steel*, and a lady, who excells in ſurgery is called *Looſpaine*, or *Loſe-pain*; theſe ſurely are not derived from France.

hath been mentioned in a preceding page. Even the abundance of ſuch Tranſlations into Engliſh, being all adapted for popular recitation, ſufficiently eſtabliſhes the fact, that the Engliſh Minſtrels had a great demand for ſuch compoſitions, which they were glad to ſupply whether from their own native ſtores, or from other languages.

We have ſeen above that the *Joculator*, *Mimus*, *Hiſtrio*, whether theſe characters were the ſame, or had any real difference, were all called MINSTRELS; as was alſo the HARPER *, when the term implied a Singer, if not a compoſer of Songs, &c. By degrees the name of Minſtrel was extended to Vocal and Inſtrumental MUSICIANS of every kind: and as in the eſtabliſhment of Royal and Noble houſes, the latter would neceſſarily be moſt numerous, ſo we are not to wonder that the Band of Muſic (entered under the general name of Minſtrels) ſhould conſiſt of inſtrumental Performers chiefly, if not altogether: for as the Compoſer or Singer of heroic Tales to the harp would neceſſarily be a ſolitary performer, we muſt not expect to find him in the Band along with the Trumpeters, Fluters, &c.

However, as we ſometimes find mention of "Minſtrels of Muſic: †" ſo at other times we hear of "expert Minſtrels and Muſicians of Tongue and Cunning" (B b. 3. p. xciv ‡.) meaning doubtleſs

---

* See the Romance of *Sir Iſenbras* (No. 14.) ſign. a.

Harpers loved him in Hall
With other Minſtrels all.

† T. Warton. II. 258. note (a) from Leland's Collect. (Vol. 4.) Append. edit. 1774. p. 267.

‡ The curious author of the "Tour in Wales, 1773." 4to. p. 435, I find to have read theſe words "in toune and contrey;" which I can ſcarce imagine to have been applicable to Wales at that time. Nor can I agree with him in the repreſentation he has given (p. 367.) concerning the *Cymmorth* or meeting, wherein the BARDS exerted their powers to excite their countrymen to war; as if it were by a deduction of the particulars, he enumerates, and, as it ſhould ſeem, in the way of harangue, &c. After which, "the band of Minſtrels . . : . ſtruck up; the harp, the *crwth*, "and the pipe filled the meaſures of enthuſiaſm, which the others "had begun to inſpire." Whereas it is well known, that the Bard chanted his enthuſiaſtic effuſions to the Harp; and as for the Term MINSTREL, it was not, I conceive, at all uſed by the Welſh; and in Engliſh it comprehended both the Bard, and the Muſician.

by

by the former Singers, and probably by the latter phraſe Compoſers of Songs. Even "Minſtrels Muſic" ſeems to be applied to the ſpecies of Verſe uſed by Minſtrels in the paſſage quoted below *.

But although from the predominancy of inſtrumental Muſic, Minſtralſy was at length chiefly to be underſtood in this ſenſe, yet it was ſtill applied to the Poetry of Minſtrels ſo late as the time of Queen Elizabeth, as appears in the following extract from Puttenham's "Arte of Eng. Poeſie." p. 9. Who, ſpeaking of the firſt compoſers of Latin Verſes in ryme, ſays, "all that they wrote to "the favor or prayſe of princes, they did it in ſuch manner of "MINSTRALSIE; and thought themſelves no ſmall fooles, when "they could make their verſes go all in RYME."

I ſhall conclude this ſubject with the following deſcription of MINSTRELCY given by John Lidgate at the beginning of the 15th century, as it ſhows what a variety of entertainments were then comprehended under this term, together with every kind of inſtrumental Muſic then in uſe.

—"Al maner MYNSTRALCYE,
"That any man kan ſpecifye.
"Ffor there were Rotys of Almayne,
"And eke of Arragon, and Spayne:
"SONGES, Stampes, and eke Daunces;
"Divers plente of pleſaunces:
"And many unkouth NOTYS NEW
"OF SWICHE FOLKE AS LOVID TREUE †.
"And inſtrumentys that did excelle,
"Many moo than I kan telle.
"Harpys, Fythales, and eke Rotys
"Well according to her [i. e. their] notys,

* "Your ordinarie rimers uſe very much their meaſures in the "odde, as nine and eleven, and the ſharpe accent upon the laſt "ſillable, which therefore makes him go ill favouredly and like a "MINSTRELS MUSICKE." (Puttenham's Arte of Eng. Poeſie 1589. p. 59.) This muſt mean his Vocal Muſic, otherwiſe it appears not applicable to the ſubject.

† By this phraſe I underſtand, New Tales or Narrative Rymes compoſed by the Minſtrels on the ſubject of True and faithful Lovers, &c.

"Lutys,

"Lutys, Ribibles, and Geternes,
"More for eſtatys, than tavernes:
"Orgay[n]s, Cytolis, Monacordys.—
"There were Trumpes, and Trumpettes,
"Lowde Shall[m]ys, and Doucettes.

T. Warton. II. 225. Note (*)

THE END OF THE ESSAY.

☞ *The foregoing Eſſay on the Ancient Minſtrels, has been very much enlarged and improved ſince the firſt Edition, with reſpect to the Anglo-Saxon Minſtrels, in conſequence of ſome Objections propoſed by the reverend and learned Mr.* PEGGE, *which the Reader may find in the ſecond Volume of the* ARCHÆOLOGIA, *printed by the Antiquarian Society: but which that Gentleman has ſince retracted in the moſt liberal and candid manner in the Third Volume of the* ARCHÆOLOGIA, *No. xxxiv. p.* 310.

And in conſequence of ſimilar Objections reſpecting the Engliſh Minſtrels after the Conqueſt, the ſubſequent part hath been much enlarged, and additional light thrown upon the ſubject: which, to prevent cavil, hath been extended to MINSTRELSY *in all its branches, as it was eſtabliſhed in England, whether by natives, or foreigners.*

ERRATA

Errata et Corrigenda, &c.

Vol. I.

Page xi. *l.* 8. *for* 191. *read* 195.
xxix. *l.* 29. *for* Conqueror *r.* conquerors.
xxx. *l.* 13. *for* diſtinctions *r.* diſtinction.
Ibid. l. 21. *for* inferior *r.* ſubordinate.
xxxi. *l.* 1. *for* Bard *r.* Harper.
xxxii. *l.* 22. *r.* in the firſt.
lv. *l.* 25. *r.* their duty to pray (*exorare:* which it is preſumed they did by aſſiſting in the chant, and muſical accompaniment, &c.)
Ibid. Note *. *l.* 6. *r.* p. xxviii.
lvii. *l.* 1. *r.* itinerant.
lx. *l.* 19. *r. Leccour. l.* 29. *r.* Leccours.
66. *v.* 50. *for* 'leeve thou *r.* 'leeveth on.
Ibid. v. 64. *r.* bring her from bowre.
75. *verſe* 273. *read* byte.
77. *line* 18. *r. Wife or Siſter* *.
82. *l.* 15. for *earles* r. *carles.*
84. *The ſecond note ſhould begin thus, Ver.* 1. *for* Shaws *the MS. has* Shales: *and* Shradds *ſhould perhaps be* Swards: . . .
153. *for* 1775 *r.* 1774.
194. *l.* 4. for *Jeil* r. *Scil.*
Ibid. l. 22. r. *in the tune.*
224. *l.* 6. *r.* Pepys,
236, *ver.* 12, *for* In *r.* Is.
267, *l.* 21. *r.* bydys.
Ibid. l. 30, *add a comma after* " field,"

* *See Lyſons'* " *Environs of London,*" 4to. *Vol. I.*

Page

Page 279, *at the end of the first note* (*) *add—to which the modernifer apparently alludes, instead of the* "*Evensong Bell*" *or Bell for Vespers of the original author, before the Reformation. vide supra pag.* 13. *v.* 97.

303, *v.* 142, *r.* in his heart.

311, *v.* 66, *r.* ſo as well as I.

Ibid. preface, l. 2. *r.* Μιμψιγαμος.

348, *for* 1667 *r.* 1767.

Ibid. l. antepenult. r. "*publiſhed by Meſſeurs Wood and Dawkins.*"

351. 353. Rio Verde *is ſaid to be the name of a River in Spain: which ought to have been attended to by the Tranſlator had he known it.*

360, *v.* 5, *for* place *r.* palace.

381, *l. ult. for* ȝean *r.* ȝeanꝺ.

VOL. II.

Page 20, *v.* 144, *r.* Io forth.

21, *v.* 154, *r.* chylder.

22, *v.* 169, *r.* fyzt.

Ibid. ſubjoin this note, ver. 190.——*the PC. reads* ilk throng.

35, *v.* 158, *r.* to fyght.

38, *v.* 231, *for* ſhote *r.* ſhorte.

61, *v.* 6, *r.* azont.

64, *l.* 12, r. *one of the angry partiſans.*

111, *l.* 22, r. *Tragic Ballads, and of.*

128, *l.* 4, for *concluſion* r. *completion.*

146, *l.* 32, *r.* 1153.

175, *l.* 28, r. *Romance on Guy and Colbronde, p.* 349.

187, *Note,* r. *Schefferi.*

238, *v.* 86. *to* her laws * *add the note below.*

* *So the folio MS. Other editions read* his laws.

367, *preface, l.* 4, r. *ſullenly mad.*

369, *preface, l.* 7, r. *effected.*

372, *v.* 13, *for* anger *r.* angel.

Vol. III.

Page xiv, *note*, *l.* 4, *r.* every thing muſt be derived.
xvi. *l.* 33, *for* peculiar reſpect *r.* diſtinguiſhed reſpect.
xviii. l. 10, *r.* fabulous Songs and Romances in verſe.
xxii. *l.* 6, *for* abandoned *r.* abounded.
Ibid. note (p) l. 8, *ſtrike out what follows the word* "Termagant."
xxxvi. *l.* 14. *r. Diſcomus.*
xlv. No. 39. *l.* 2. *for* 37. *r.* 38.
8, *v.* 135, *after* ſelf, *add* ſoe.
11, *v.* 195, *r.* ſuch a lovely.
Ibid. preface, l. 6, dele "*at firſt.*"
30, *v.* 40, 41, *the folio MS. reads* father . . . ſonne.
33, *note* (*) *for* Eſcaliberd *r.* Eſcalberd.
83, *l.* 5, *r. that play.*
162, *l.* 6, *for* "*have*" *r.* "*having.*"
198, *The marginal line ſhould have been in Roman types.*
203, *l.* 3, *r.* "*Ben Jonſon, (tho'*"
210, *r. caſtles high, and toures.*
217, *l.* 14, *r. page* 101.
240, *at the end ſhould follow this mark* ***
246, *v.* 118, *r.* be neare.
264, *v.* 3, *for* wounds *r.* words.
269, *v.* 39, *for* moſt *r.* modeſt.
294, *v.* 155, *for* cloud *r.* cold.
303, *v.* 76, *r.* Beſpeak.
307, *l.* 9, *r.* monaſtery.
308, at the end add this,—*N. B. The "Two days and a night," mentioned in ver.* 125, *as the duration of the combat, was probably that of the trial at law.*
315, *v.* 3, *for* To *r.* Tu.
318, *v.* 83, *r.* Frewin's.
327, *v.* 295, *r.* cylindric.
332, *l.* 21, *r.* præcipuam.

Page

Page 340. *l.* 13. *Since this Volume was printed off, the* "FABLIAUX OU CONTES" 1781. 5 Tom. 12mo. *of* M. Le Grand, *have come to hand: and in Tom. I. p.* 54. *he hath printed a modern Verſion of the Old Tale* Le Court Mantel, *under a new Title* Le Manteau maltaillé; *which contains the ſtory of this Ballad much enlarged, ſo far as regards the* MANTLE; *but without any mention of the* KNIFE, *or the* HORN.

348, *v.* 184, *r.* prize.
354, *l.* 19, *r.* theefe get.
355, *l.* 21, *r.* then ſaid.
356, *l.* 8, *r.* haue me in.
Ibid. l. 26, *r.* bleſed.
Ibid. l. ult. r. henceforth.
357, *l.* 13, *r.* Gawaine.
Ibid. l. 14, *r.* liffe.
Ibid. l. 15, *r.* ſweare.
Ibid. l. 19, *r.* ſayes.

☞ *In the Fac Simile Copies after all the care which has been taken, it is very poſſible that a redundant e, &c. may have been added or omitted.*

CONTENTS

CONTENTS OF VOLUME THE FIRST.

ESSAY on the ancient Minſtrels in England, p. xxii
Notes and Illuſtrations — — lv

BOOK THE FIRST.

1. *The ancient Ballad of Chevy-chaſe* — 1
2. *The battle of Otterbourne* — — 18
Illuſtration of the Names in the foregoing Ballads 34
3. *The Jew's Daughter. A Scottiſh Ballad* — 38
4. *Sir Cauline* — — 41
5. *Edward, Edward. A Scottiſh Ballad* — 59
6. *King Eſtmere* — — 62
On the word Termagant — — 76
7. *Sir Patrick Spence. A Scottiſh Ballad* — 78
8. *Robin Hood and Guy of Giſborne* — 81
9. *An Elegy on Henry 4th, earl of Northumberland, by Skelton* — — — 95
10. *The Tower of Doctrine, by Stephen Hawes* — 105
11. *The Child of Elle* — — 109
12. *Edom [Adam] o' Gordon. A Scottiſh Ballad* 118

BOOK THE SECOND.

(Containing Ballads that illuſtrate Shakeſpeare.)

Eſſay on the Origin of the Engliſh Stage — 128
1. *Adam Bell, Clym o' the Clough, and William of Cloudeſly.* — — 154

2. The

2. *The aged Lover renounceth Love* — 186
3. *Jephthah judge of Israel* — 189
4. *A Robyn Jolly Robyn* — 193
5. *A Song to the lute in musicke* — 196
6. *King Cophetua and the Beggar-maid* — 198
7. *Take thy old cloak about thee* — 204
8. *Willow, Willow, Willow* — 208
9. *Sir Lancelot du Lake* — 214
10. *Corydon's Farewell to Phillis* — 220
11. *Gernutus, the Jew of Venice* — 222
The Ballad of constant Susannah — *ibid.*
12. *The passionate Shepherd to his Love, by Marlow* 232
The Nymph's Reply, by Sir W. Raleigh — 235
13. *Titus Andronicus's Complaint* — 236
14. *Take those lips away* — 243
15. *King Leir and his three daughters* — 244
16. *Youth and Age, by Shakespeare* — 253
17. *The Frolicksome Duke, or the Tinker's good Fortune* 254
18. *The Friar of Orders gray* — 259

BOOK THE THIRD.

1. *The more modern ballad of Chevy-chase* — 265
Illustration of the Northern Names — 282
2. *Death's final conquest, by James Shirley* — 284
3. *The Rising in the North* — 285
4. *Northumberland betrayed by Douglas* — 295
5. *My Mind to me a kingdome is* — 307
6. *The Patient Countess, by W. Warner* — 311

7. *Dowſabell, by Drayton* —— —— 320
8. *The Farewell to Love, from Beaumont and Fletcher* 327
9. *Ulyſſes and the Syren, by S. Daniel* —— 328
10. *Cupid's Poſtime, by Daviſon* — 332
11. *The character of a happy life, by Sir H. Wotton* 335
12. *Gilderoy. A Scottiſh Ballad* —— 337
13. *Winifreda* —— — — 342
14. *The Witch of Wokey* —— — 344
15. *Bryan and Pereene. A Weſt India Ballad, by Dr. Grainger* —— —— 348
16. *Gentle River, Gentle River. Tranſlated from the Spaniſh* —— —— 351
17. *Alcanzar and Zayda, a Mooriſh Tale* — 359
The Gloſſary —— —— 365

ERRATA OMITTED.

Page xxxiii. *line* 1. *for* (V. 3.) *read* (U. 3.)
lxx. *l.* 16. *for* ſes. *read* ſees.
Ibid. l. 36. *for* Note V. *r.* marginal Note ſubjoined to V. 2.
lxxi. *Note. l.* 10. *r.* northern people.
lxxvi. *Note* Q. *l.* 11. *to* lviii, *add* lxxiii. ſee alſo lxxxiii. Note.
lxxx. *l.* 14. *r.* in 8 Fyttes.
lxxxi. 3d *line from bottom for* (G.) *r.* (H.)
xci. *l.* 2. *for* 293. *r.* 263.
ci. *l.* 14. *r. Dormientium.*
cii. *l.* 1. *for* Note E. *r.* Note E e.
ciii. *in Note* *. *l.* 3. r. on her marriage.

I never heard the old ſong of Percie and Douglas, that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet: and yet 'it' is ſung but by ſome blinde crowder, with no rougher voice, than rude ſtyle; which beeing ſo evill appatelled in the duſt and cobweb of that uncivill age, what would it work, trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindare!

SIR PHILIP SYDNEY'S DEFENCE OF POETRY.

RELIQUES

OF ANCIENT POETRY,

&c.

SERIES THE FIRST.

BOOK I.

I.

THE ANCIENT BALLAD OF CHEVY-CHASE.

THE fine heroic ſong of CHEVY-CHASE *has ever been admired by competent judges. Thoſe genuine ſtrokes of nature and artleſs paſſion, which have endeared it to the moſt ſimple readers, have recommended it to the moſt refined: and it has equally been the amuſement of our childhood, and the favourite of our riper years.*

*Mr. Addiſon has given an excellent critique * on this very popular ballad, but is miſtaken with regard to the antiquity of the common-received copy; for this, if one may judge from the ſtyle, cannot be older than the time of Elizabeth, and was probably written after the elogium of Sir Philip Sidney: perhaps in conſequence of it. I flatter myſelf, I have here recovered the genuine antique poem; the true original ſong, which appeared rude even in the time of Sir Philip, and cauſed him to lament, that it was ſo evil-apparelled in the rugged garb of antiquity.*

This curioſity is printed, from an old manuſcript, at the end of Hearne's preface to Gul. Newbrigienſis Hiſt. 1719, 8vo. *vol. I. To the MS. copy is ſubjoined the name of the author,* RYCHARD SHEALE †; *whom Hearne had ſo little judgement as to ſuppoſe to be the ſame with a R. Sheale, who was living in* 1588. *But whoever examines the gradation of language and idiom in the following volumes, will be convinced that this is the production of an earlier poet. It is indeed expreſſly mentioned among ſome very ancient ſongs in an old book intituled, The Complaint of Scotland ‡ (fol.* 42.), *under the title of the* HUNTIS OF CHEVET, *where the two following lines are alſo quoted:*

The Perſſee and the Mongumrye mette §,
That day, that day, that gentil day ‖:

Which, tho' not quite the ſame as they ſtand in the ballad, yet differ not more than might be owing to the author's quoting from memory. Indeed whoever conſiders the ſtyle and orthography of this old poem will not be inclined to place it lower than the time of Henry VI: as on the other hand the mention of **James the Scottiſh King** ¶, *with one or two anachroniſms, forbids us to aſſign it an earlier date. King*

* *Spectator,* N° 70. 74.

† *Subſcribed, after the uſual manner of our old poets,* **explicteth** [*explicit*] **quoth Rychard Sheale.**

‡ *One of the earlieſt productions of the Scottiſh preſs, now to be found. The title-page was wanting in the copy here quoted; but it is ſuppoſed to have been printed in* 1540. *See Ames.*

§ *See Pt.* 2. *v.* 25. ‖ *See Pt.* 1. *v.* 104. ¶ *Pt.* 2. *v.* 36. 140.

James

James I. who was priſoner in this kingdom at the death of his father, did not wear the crown of Scotland till the ſecond year of onr Henry VI. †, but before the end of that long reign a third James had mounted the throne ‡. A ſucceſſion of two or three Jameſes, and the long detention of one of them in England, would render the name familiar to the Engliſh, and diſpoſe a poet in thoſe rude times to give it to any Scottiſh king he happened to mention.*

So much for the date of this old ballad: with regard to its ſubject, altho' it has no countenance from hiſtory, there is room to think it had originally ſome foundation in fact. It was one of the Laws of the Marches frequently renewed between the two nations, that neither party ſhould hunt in the other's borders, without leave from the proprietors or their deputies §. There had long been a rivalſhip between the two martial families of Percy and Douglas, which, heightened by the national quarrel, muſt have produced frequent challenges and ſtruggles for ſuperiority, petty invaſions of their reſpective domains, and ſharp conteſts for the point of honour; which would not always be recorded in hiſtory. Something of this kind, we may ſuppoſe, gave riſe to the ancient ballad of the HUNTING A' THE CHEVIAT ‖. *Percy earl of Northumberland had vowed to hunt for three days in the Scottiſh border without condeſcending to aſk leave from earl Douglas, who was either lord of the ſoil, or lord warden of the marches. Douglas would not fail to reſent the inſult, and endeavour to repel the intruders by force: this would natu-*

* *Who died Aug.* 5, 1406, *in the 7th year of our Hen. IV.*

† *James I. was crowned May* 22, 1424; *murdered Feb.* 21, 1436-7.

‡ *In* 1460.—*Hen. VI. was depoſed* 1461: *reſtored and ſlain*, 1471.

§ *Item*... Concordatum eſt, quod, ... NULLUS unius partis vel alterius ingrediatur terras, boſchas, forreſtas, warrenas, loca, dominia quæcunque alicujus partis alterius ſubditi, cauſa venandi, piſcandi, aucupandi, diſportum aut ſolatium in eiſdem, aliave quacunque de cauſa, ABSQUE LICENTIA ejus .... ad quem ... loca .... .. pertinent, aut de deputatis ſuis prius capt. & obtent. *Vid. Bp. Nicolſon's Leges Marchiarum*, 1705, 8vo. *pp.* 27. 51.

‖ *This was the original title. See the ballad. Pt.* 1. *v.* 106. *Pt.* 2. *v.* 165.

rally produce a ſharp conflict between the two parties: ſomething of which, it is probable, did really happen, tho' not attended with the tragical circumſtances recorded in the ballad: for theſe are evidently borrowed from the BATTLE OF OTTERBOURN *, *a very different event, but which after-times would eaſily confound with it. That battle might be owing to ſome ſuch previous affront as this of* CHEVY CHASE, *though it has eſcaped the notice of hiſtorians. Our poet has evidently jumbled the two ſubjects together: if indeed the lines †, in which this miſtake is made, are not rather ſpurious, and the after-inſertion of ſome perſon, who did not diſtinguiſh between the two ſtories.*

Hearne has printed this ballad without any diviſion of ſtanzas, in long lines, as he found it in the old written copy: but it is uſual to find the diſtinction of ſtanzas neglected in ancient MSS; where, to ſave room, two or three verſes are frequently given in one line undivided. See flagrant inſtances in the Harleian Catalog. No. 2253. f. 29. 34. 61. 70. & paſſim.

THE FIRST FIT ‡.

THE Perſé owt of Northombarlande,
And a vowe to God mayd he,
That he wolde hunte in the mountayns
Off Chyviat within dayes thre,
In the mauger of doughtè Dogles,
And all that ever with him be.

The fattiſte hartes in all Cheviat
He ſayd he wold kill, and cary them away:
Be my feth, ſayd the dougheti Doglas agayn,
I wyll let that hontyng yf that I may.

* *See the next ballad.* † *Vid. Pt.* 2. *v.* 167. ‡ FIT. *ſee ver.* 100.
V. 5. magger *in Hearne's PC.* [*Printed Copy.*]

Then

Then the Perſé owt of Banborowe cam,
With him a myghtye meany;
With fifteen hondrith archares bold;
The wear choſen out of ſhyars thre *.

This begane on a monday at morn
In Cheviat the hillys ſo he;
The chyld may rue that ys un-born,
It was the mor pitté.

The dryvars thorowe the woodes went
For to reas the dear;
Bomen bickarte uppone the bent
With ther browd aras cleare.

Then the wyld thorowe the woodes went
On every ſyde ſhear;
Grea-hondes thorowe the greves glent
For to kyll thear dear.

The begane in Chyviat the hyls above
Yerly on a monnyn day;

Ver 11. The the Perſé. *PC.* *V.* 13. archardes bolde off blood and bone. *PC.* *V.* 19. throrowe. *PC.*

* *By theſe* "ſhyars thre" *is probably meant three diſtricts in Northumberland, which ſtill go by the name of* ſhires, *and are all in the neighbourhood of* Cheviot. *Theſe are* Iſland-ſhire, *being the diſtrict ſo named from Holy-Iſland:* Norehamſhire, *ſo called from the town and caſtle of Noreham (or Norham): and* Bamboroughſhire, *the ward or hundred belonging to Bamborough-caſtle and town.*

Be that it drewe to the oware off none
A hondrith fat hartes ded ther lay.

The blewe a mort uppone the bent,
The ſemblyd on ſydis ſhear;
To the quyrry then the Perſè went
To ſe the bryttlynge off the deare.

He ſayd, It was the Duglas promys
This day to meet me hear;
But I wyſſe he wold faylle verament:
A gret oth the Perſè ſwear.

At the laſte a ſquyar of Northombelonde
Lokyde at his hand full ny,
He was war ath the doughetie Doglas comynge:
With him a myghtè meany,

Both with ſpear, 'byll,' and brande:
Yt was a myghti ſight to ſe.
Hardyar men both off hart nar hande
Wear not in Chriſtiantè.

The wear twenty hondrith ſpear-men good
Withouten any fayle;
The wear borne a-long be the watter a Twyde,
Yth bowndes of Tividale.

V. 31. blwe a mot. *RC.* *V.* 42. myghtte. *PC. paſſim.* *V.* 43. brylly. *PC.* *V.* 48. withowte . . . ſeale. *PC.*

Leave

Leave off the brytlyng of the dear, he ſayde,
And to your bowys look ye tayk good heed;
For never ſithe ye wear on your mothars borne
Had ye never ſo mickle need.

The dougheti Dogglas on a ſtede
He rode att his men beforne;
His armor glytteryde as dyd a glede;
A bolder barne was never born.

Tell me 'what' men ye ar, he ſays,
Or whos men that ye be:
Who gave youe leave to hunte in this
Chyviat chays in the ſpyt of me?

The firſt mane that ever him an anſwear mayd,
Yt was the good lord Perſè:
We wyll not tell the 'what' men we ar, he ſays,
Nor whos men that we be;
But we wyll hount hear in this chays
In the ſpyte of thyne, and of the.

The fattiſte hartes in all Chyviat
We have kyld, and caſt to carry them a-way.
Be my troth, ſayd the doughtè Dogglas agayn,
Ther-for the ton of us ſhall de this day.

V. 52. boys. *PC.* *V.* 54. ned. *PC.* *V.* 59. whos. *PC.* *V.* 65. whoys. *PC.* *V.* 71. agay. *PC.*

Then ſayd the doughtè Doglas
Unto the lord Perſè:
To kyll all thes giltleſs men,
A-las! it wear great pittè.

But, Perſè, thowe art a lord of lande,
I am a yerle callyd within my contre;
Let all our men uppone a parti ſtande;
And do the battell off the and of me.

Nowe Criſtes cors on his crowne, ſayd the lord Perſè,
Who-ſoever ther-to ſays nay.
Be my troth, doughtè Doglas, he ſays,
Thow ſhalt never ſe that day;

Nethar in Ynglonde, Skottlonde, nar France,
Nor for no man of a woman born,
But and fortune be my chance,
I dar met him on man for on.

Then beſpayke a ſquyar off Northombarlonde,
Ric. Wytharynton * was his nam,
It ſhall never be told in Sothe-Ynglonde, he ſays,
To kyng Herry the fourth for ſham.

V. 81. ſayd the the. *PC.* *V.* 88. on. *i. e. one.*

* *This is probably corrupted in the MS. for* Rog. Widdrington, *who was at the head of the family in the reign of K. Edw. III. There were ſeveral ſucceſſively of the names of* Roger *and* Ralph, *but none of the name of* Richard, *as appears from the genealogies in the Heralds' office.*

I wat

I wat youe byn great lordes twaw,
I am a poor ſquyar of lande;
I wyll never ſe my captayne fyght on a fylde,
And ſtande my-ſelffe, and looke on,
But whyll I may my weppone welde,
I wyll not 'fayl' both harte and hande.

That day, that day, that dredfull day:
The firſt FIT * here I fynde.
And youe wyll here any mor athe hountyng athe
Yet ys ther mor behynde. [Chyviat,

THE SECOND FIT.

THE Yngliſhe men hade ther bowys yebent,
Ther hartes were good yenoughe;
The firſt of arros that the ſhote off,
Seven ſkore ſpear-men the ſloughe.

Yet bydys the yerle Doglas uppon the bent,
A captayne good yenoughe,
And that was ſene verament,
For he wrought hom both woo and wouche.

The Dogglas pertyd his oſt in thre,
Lyk a cheffe cheften off pryde,

V. 3. firſt, *i. e. flight.* *V.* 5. byddys. *PC.*
* FIT. *Vid. Gloſſ.*

With ſuar ſpeares off myghttè tre
The cum in on every ſyde.

Thrughe our Yngliſhe archery
Gave many a wounde full wyde;
Many a doughete the garde to dy,
Which ganyde them no pryde.

The Yngglyſhe men let thear bowys be,
And pulde owt brandes that wer bright;
It was a hevy ſyght to ſe
Bryght ſwordes on baſnites lyght.

Thorowe ryche male, and myne-ye-ple
Many ſterne the ſtroke downe ſtreght:
Many a freyke, that was full free,
Ther ųndar foot dyd lyght.

At laſt the Duglas and the Perſè met,
Lyk to captayns of myght and mayne;
The ſwapte togethar tyll the both ſwat
With ſwordes, that wear of fyn myllàn.

Thes worthè freckys for to fyght
Ther-to the wear full fayne,
Tyll the bloode owte off thear baſnetes ſprente,
As ever dyd heal or rayne.

V. 17. boys. *PC.* *V.* 18. briggt. *PC.* *V.* 21. throrowe. *PC.*
V. 22. done. *PC.* *V.* 26. to, *i. e. two.* *Ibid.* and of. *PC.*
V. 32. ran. *PC.*

Holde

Holde the, Perſe, ſayd the Doglas,
And i' feth I ſhall the brynge
Wher thowe ſhalte have a yerls wagis
Of Jamy our Scottiſh kynge.

Thoue ſhalte have thy ranſom fre,
I hight the hear this thinge,
For the manfullyſte man yet art thowe,
That ever I conqueryd in filde fightyng.

Nay 'then' ſayd the lord Perſe,
I tolde it the beforne,
That I wolde never yeldyde be
To no man of a woman born.

With that ther cam an arrowe haſtely
Forthe off a mightie wane *,
Hit hathe ſtrekene the yerle Duglas
In at the breſt bane.

Thoroue lyvar and longs bathe
The ſharp arrowe ys gane,
That never after in all his lyffe days,
He ſpayke mo wordes but ane,
That was †, Fyghte ye, my merry men, whyllys ye may,
For my lyff days ben gan.

V. 33. helde. *PC.* *V.* 49. throroue. *PC.*

* Wane, *i. e.* ane, *one, ſc. man. an arrow came from a mighty one: from a mighty man.* † *This ſeems to have been a Gloſs added.*

The

The Perſe leanyde on his brande,
And ſawe the Duglas de;
He tooke the dede man be the hande,
And ſayd, Wo ys me for the!

To have ſavyde thy lyffe I wold have pertyd with
My landes for years thre,
For a better man of hart, nare of hande
Was not in all the north countrè.

Off all that ſe a Skottiſhe knyght,
Was callyd Sir Hewe the Mongon-byrry,
He ſawe the Duglas to the deth was dyght;
He ſpendyd a ſpear a truſti tre:

He rod uppon a corſiare
Throughe a hondrith archery;
He never ſtyntyde, nar never blane,
Tyll he came to the good lord Perſe.

He ſet uppone the lord Perſe
A dynte, that was full ſoare;
With a ſuar ſpear of a myghtè tre
Clean thorow the body he the Perſe bore,

Athe tothar ſyde, that a man myght ſe,
A large cloth yard and mare:
Towe bettar captayns wear nat in Chriſtiantè,
Then that day ſlain wear ther.

V. 74. ber. *PC.*

An

An archar off Northomberlonde
Say ſlean was the lord Perſè,
He bar a bende-bow in his hande,
Was made off truſti tre:

An arow, that a cloth yarde was lang,
To th' hard ſtele halyde he;
A dynt, that was both ſad and ſoar,
He ſat on Sir Hewe the Mongon-byrry.

The dynt yt was both ſad and ſar,
That he of Mongon-byrry ſete;
The ſwane-fethars, that his arrowe bar,
With his hart blood the wear wete *.

Ther was never a freake wone foot wolde fle,
But ſtill in ſtour dyd ſtand,
Heawyng on yche othar, whyll the myght dre,
With many a bal-ful brande.

This battell begane in Chyviat
An owar befor the none,
And when even-ſong bell was rang
The battell was nat half done.

The tooke 'on' on ethar hand
Be the lyght off the mone;

V. 80. Say, *i. e. Saw.* *V.* 84. havlde. *PC.* *V.* 87. ſar. *PC.*

* *This incident is taken from the battle of Otterbourn; in which Sir Hugh Montgomery, Knt. (ſon of John Lord Montgomery) was ſlain with an arrow. Vid. Crawford's Peerage.*

Many

Many hade no ſtrenght for to ſtande,
In Chyviat the hyllys aboun.

Of fifteen hondrith archars of Ynglonde
Went away but fifti and thre;
Of twenty hondrith ſpear-men of Skotlonde,
But even five and fifti:

But all wear ſlayne Cheviat within:
The hade no ſtrengthe to ſtand on hie;
The chylde may rue that ys un-borne,
It was the mor pittè.

Thear was ſlayne with the lord Perſè
Sir John of Agerſtone,
Sir Roger the hinde Hartly,
Sir Wyllyam the bolde Hearone.

Sir Jorg the worthè Lovele
A knyght of great renowen,
Sir Raff the ryche Rugbè
With dyntes wear beaten dowene.

For Wetharryngton my harte was wo,
That ever he ſlayne ſhulde be;
For when both his leggis wear hewyne in to,
Yet he knyled and fought on hys kne.

V. 102. abou. *PC.* *V.* 108. ſtrenge.... hy. *PC.* *V.* 115. lóule. *PC.* *V.* 121. in to, *i. e. in two.* *V.* 122. kny. *PC.*

Ther

Ther was ſlayne with the dougheti Douglas
Sir Hewe the Mongon-byrry,
Sir Davye Lwdale, that worthè was,
His ſiſtars ſon was he:

Sir Charles a Murrè, in that place,
That never a foot wolde fle;
Sir Hewe Maxwell, a lorde he was,
With the Duglas dyd he dey.

So on the morrowe the mayde them byears
Off byrch, and haſell ſo 'gray';
Many wedous with wepyng tears *,
Cam to fach ther makys a-way.

Tivydale may carpe off care,
Northombarlond may mayk grat mone,
For towe ſuch captayns, as ſlayne wear theat,
On the march perti ſhall never be none.

Word ys commen to Edden-burrowe,
To Jamy the Skottiſhe kyng,

V. 132. gay. *PC.* *V.* 136. mon *PC.* *V* 138. non. *PC.*

For the Names in this and the foregoing page, ſee the Remarks at the end of the next Ballad.

* *A common pleonaſm, ſee the next poem. Fit. 2d. V.* 155. *ſo Harding in his Chroniele, chap.* 140. *fol.* 148. *deſcribing the death of Richard I. ſays,*

He ſhrove him then unto Abbots thre
With great ſobbyng .... and wepyng teares.

So likewiſe Cavendiſh in his Life of Cardinal Wolſey, chap. 12. *p.* 31. *4to.* "When the Duke heard this, he replied with weeping "teares," *&c.*

That dougheti Duglas, lyff-tenant of the Merches,
He lay ſlean Chyviot with-in.

His handdes dyd he weal and wryng,
He ſayd, Alas, and woe ys me!
Such another captayn Skotland within,
He ſayd, y-feth ſhuld never be.

Worde ys commyn to lovly Londone
Till the fourth Harry our kyng,
That lord Perſè, leyff-tennante of the Merchis,
He lay ſlayne Chyviat within.

God have merci on his ſoll, ſayd kyng Harry,
Good lord, yf thy will it be!
I have a hondrith captayns in Ynglonde, he ſayd,
As good as ever was hee:
But Perſè, and I brook my lyffe,
Thy deth well quyte ſhall be.

As our noble kyng made his a-vowe,
Lyke a noble prince of renowen,
For the deth of the lord Perſè,
He dyd the battel of Hombyll-down:

Wher ſyx and thritte Skottiſh knyghtes
On a day wear beaten down:
Glendale glytteryde on ther armor bryght,
Over caſtill, towar, and town.

V. 146. ye ſeth. *PC.* *V.* 149. cheyff tennante. *PC.*

This

This was the hontynge off the Cheviat;
That tear begane this ſpurn:
Old men that knowen the grownde well yenoughe,
Call it the Battell of Otterburn.

At Otterburn began this ſpurne
Uppon a monnyn day:
Ther was the dougghté Doglas ſlean,
The Perſe never went away.

Ther was never a tym on the march partes
Sen the Doglas and the Perſe met,
But yt was marvele, and the redde blude ronne not,
As the reane doys in the ſtret.

Jheſue Chriſt our balys bete,
And to the blys us brynge!
Thus was the hountynge of the Chevyat:
God ſend us all good ending!

*** *The ſtyle of this and the following ballad is uncommonly rugged and uncouth, owing to their being writ in the very coarſeſt and broadeſt northern Dialect.*

The battle of Hombyll-down, or Humbledon, was fought Sept. 14, 1402 *(anno* 3 *Hen. IV.), wherein the Engliſh, under the command of the E. of Northumberland, and his ſon Hotſpur, gained a compleat victory over the Scots. The village of* HUMBLEDON *is one mile north-weſt from Wooler, in Northumberland. The battle was fought in the field below the village, near the preſent Turnpike Road, in a ſpot called ever ſince* Red-Riggs.—*Humbledon is in* GLENDALE WARD, *a diſtrict ſo named in this county, and mentioned above in ver.* 163.

II.

THE BATTLE OF OTTERBOURNE.

The only battle, wherein an Earl of Douglas was ſlain fighting with a Percy, was that of Otterbourn, which is the ſubject of this ballad. It is here related with the allowable partiality of an Engliſh poet, and much in the ſame manner as it is recorded in the Engliſh Chronicles. The Scottiſh writers have, with a partiality at leaſt as excuſable, related it no leſs in their own favour. Luckily we have a very circumſtantial narrative of the whole affair from Froiſſart, a French hiſtorian, who appears to be unbiaſſed. Froiſſart's relation is prolix; I ſhall therefore give it, with a few corrections, as abridged by Carte, who has however had recourſe to other authorities, and differs from Froiſſart in ſome things, which I ſhall note in the margin.

In the twelfth year of Richard II. 1388, "*The Scots taking advantage of the confuſions of this nation, and falling with a party into the Weſt-marches, ravaged the country about Carliſle, and carried off* 300 *priſoners. It was with a much greater force, headed by ſome of the principal nobility, that, in the beginning of Auguſt* *, *they invaded Northumberland; and, having waſted part of the county of Durham* †, *advanced to the gates of Newcaſtle; where, in a ſkirmiſh, they took a 'penon' or colours* ‡ *belonging to Henry lord Percy, ſurnamed Hotſpur, ſon to the earl of*

* *Froiſſart ſpeaks of both parties (conſiſting in all of more than* 40,000 *men) as entering England at the ſame time: but the greater part by way of Carliſle.*

† *And, according to the ballad, that part of Northumberland called Bamboroughſhire; a large tract of land ſo named from the town and caſtle of Bamborough; formerly the reſidence of the Northumbrian Kings.*

‡ *This circumſtance is omitted in the ballad. Hotſpur and Douglas were two young warriors much of the ſame age.*

"*North-*

"*Northumberland. In their retreat home, they attacked a*
"*caſtle near Otterbourn: and, in the evening of Aug. 9. (as*
"*the Engliſh writers ſay, or rather, according to Froiſſart,*
"*Aug. 15) after an unſucceſsful aſſault were ſuprized in*
"*their camp, which was very ſtrong, by Henry, who at*
"*the firſt onſet put them into a good deal of confuſion. But*
"*James earl of Douglas rallying his men, there enſued one*
"*of the beſt-fought actions that happened in that age; both*
"*armies ſhewing the utmoſt bravery*: the earl Douglas*
"*himſelf being ſlain on the ſpot †; the earl of Murrey mor-*
"*tally wounded; and Hotſpur ‡, with his brother Ralph*
"*Percy, taken priſoners. Theſe diſaſters on both ſides have*
"*given occaſion to the event of the engagement's being diſ-*
"*puted; Froiſſart (who derives his relation from a Scotch*
"*knight, two gentlemen of the ſame country, and as many*
"*of Foix §) affirming that the Scots remained maſters of the*
"*field; and the Engliſh writers inſinuating the contrary.*
"*Theſe laſt maintain that the Engliſh had the better of the*
"*day: but night coming on, ſome of the northern lords,*
"*coming with the biſhop of Durham to their aſſiſtance, kil-*
"*led many of them by miſtake, ſuppoſing them to be Scots;*
"*and the earl of Dunbar, at the ſame time falling on an-*
"*other ſide upon Hotſpur, took him and his brother priſon-*
"*ers, and carried them off while both parties were fight-*
"*ing. It is at leaſt certain, that immediately after this*
"*battle the Scots engaged in it made the beſt of their way*

* *Froiſſart ſays the Engliſh exceeded the Scots in number three to one, but that theſe had the advantage of the ground, and were alſo freſh from ſleep, while the Engliſh were greatly fatigued with their previous march.*

† *By Henry L. Percy, according to this ballad, and our old Engliſh hiſtorians, as Stow, Speed, &c. but borne down by numbers, if we may believe Froiſſart.*

‡ *Hotſpur (after a very ſharp conflict) was taken priſoner by John lord Montgomery, whoſe eldeſt ſon, Sir Hugh, was ſlain in the ſame action with an arrow, according to Crawfurd's Peerage (and ſeems alſo to be alluded to in the foregoing ballad, p. 13.), but taken priſoner and exchanged for Hotſpur, according to this ballad.*

§ *Froiſſart (according to the Eng. Tranſlation) ſays he had his account from two ſquires of England, and from a knight and ſquire of Scotland, ſoon after the battle.*

"*home: and the ſame party was taken by the other corps*
"*about Carliſle.*"

Such is the account collected by Carte, in which he ſeems not to be free from partiality: for prejudice muſt own that Froiſſart's circumſtantial account carries a great appearance of truth, and he gives the victory to the Scots. He however does juſtice to the courage of both parties; and repreſents their mutual generoſity in ſuch a light, that the preſent age might edify by the example. "*The Englyſſhmen on the one partye,*
"*and Scottes on the other party, are good men of warre,*
"*for whan they mete, there is a hard fighte without ſpa-*
"*rynge. There is no boo* betwene them as long as ſpeares,*
"*ſwordes, axes, or dagers wyll endure; but lay on eche*
"*upon other: and whan they be well beaten, and that the*
"*one party hath obtayned the victory, they than glorifye ſo*
"*in their dedes of armes, and are ſo joyfull, that ſuche as*
"*be taken, they ſhall be ranſomed or they go out of the felde †;*
"*ſo that ſhortely* ECHE OF THEM IS SO CONTENTE
"WITH OTHER, THAT AT THEIR DEPARTYNGE
"CURTOYSLY THEY WILL SAYE, GOD THANKE YOU.
"*But in fyghtynge one with another there is no playe, nor*
"*ſparynge.*" *Froiſſart's Cronycle (as tranſlated by Sir Johan Bourchier Lord Berners), Cap. cxlij.*

The following Ballad is (in this preſent edition) printed from an old MS. in the Cotton Library ‡ (Cleopatra, c. iv.) and contains many ſtanzas more than were in the former copy, which was tranſcribed from a MS. in the Harleian Collection [*No.* 293. *fol.* 52.] *In the Cotton MS. this poem has no title, but in the Harleian copy it is thus inſcribed,*
"*A ſonge made in R.* 2. *his tyme of the battele of Otter-*
"*burne, betweene Lord Henry Percye earle of Northom-*

* *So in Langham's letter concerning Q. Elizabeth's entertainment at Killingworth Caſtle,* 1575, 12° *p.* 61. "*Heer was no ho in devout drinkyng.*"

† *i. e. They ſcorn to take the advantage, or to keep them lingering in long captivity.*

‡ *The notice of this MS. I muſt acknowledge with many other obligations, owing to the friendſhip of* Thomas Tyrwhitt, *Eſq. late Clerk of the Houſe of Commons.*

"*berlande*

" berlande and the earle Douglas of Scotlande, Anno " 1388."—— *But this title is erroneous, and added by ſome ignorant tranſcriber of after-times: for,* 1. *The battle was not fought by the earl of Northumberland, who was abſent, but by his ſon* SIR HENRY PERCY, *Knt. ſurnamed* HOTSPUR, *(in thoſe times they did not uſually give the title of* LORD *to an earl's eldeſt ſon.)* 2. *Altho' the battle was fought in Richard IId's time, the ſong is evidently of later date, as appears from the poet's quoting the chronicles in Pt. II. ver.* 26; *and ſpeaking of Percy in the laſt ſtanza as dead. It was however written in all likelihood as early as the foregoing ſong, if not earlier. This perhaps may be inferred from the minute circumſtances with which the ſtory is related, many of which are recorded in no chronicle, and were probably preſerved in the memory of old people. It will be obſerved that the authors of theſe two poems have ſome lines in common; but which of them was the original proprietor muſt depend upon their priority; and this the ſagacity of the reader muſt determine.*

YT felle abowght the Lamaſſe tyde,
Whan huſbonds wynn ther haye,
The dowghtye Dowglaſſe bowynd hym to ryde,
In Ynglond to take a praye:

The yerlle of Fyffe *, withowghten ſtryffe,
He bowynd hym over Sulway †:
The grete wolde ever together ryde;
That race they may rue for aye.

Ver. 2. winn their heaye. *Harl MS. This is the Northumberland phraſe to this day: by which they always expreſs " getting in their hay."*

* Robert Stuart, *ſecond ſon of K.* Robert II.

† *i. e. " over Solway frith." This evidently refers to the other diviſion of the Scottiſh army, which came in by way of Carliſle.*——Bowynd, *or* Bounde him; *i. e. hied him. Vid. Gloſſ.*

Over '' Ottercap' hyll they * came in,
And ſo dowyn by Rodelyffe cragge,
Upon Grene ' Leyton' they lyghted dowyn,
Styrande many a ſtagge †:

And boldely brente Northomberlonde,
And haryed many a towyn;
They dyd owr Ynglyſh men grete wrange,
To battell that were not bowyn.

Than ſpake a berne upon the bent,
Of comforte that was not colde,
And ſayd, We have brent Northomberlond,
We have all welth in holde.

Now we have haryed all Bamboroweſhyre,
All the welth in the worlde have wee;
I rede we ryde to Newe Caſtell,
So ſtyll and ſtalwurthlye.

* They: *ſc. the earl of Douglas and his party.*——*The ſeveral ſtations here mentioned are well-known places in Northumberland.* Ottercap-hill *is in the pariſh of Kirk-Whelpington, in Tynedale-ward.* Rodeliffe- *(or as it is more uſually pronounced* Rodeley-) Cragge *is a noted cliff near* Rodeley, *a ſmall village in the pariſh of Hartburn, in Morpeth-ward: It lies ſouth-eaſt of Ottercap, and has, within theſe few years, been diſtinguiſhed by a ſmall tower erected by Sir Walter Blacket, Bart. which, in* Armſtrong's *map of Northumberland, is pompouſly called* Rodeley-caſtle. Green Leyton *is another ſmall village in the ſame pariſh of Hartburn, and is ſouth-eaſt of Rodeley.*——*Both the orig. MSS. read here corruptly,* Hoppertop *and* Lynton.

† *Ver.* 12. *This line is corrupt in both the MSS. viz.* ' Many a ſtyrande ſtage.'—*Stags have been killed within the preſent century on ſome of the large waſtes in Northumberlan* .

Uppon

Uppon the morowe, when it was daye,
The ſtandards ſchone fulle bryght;
To the Newe Caſtelle the toke the waye,
And thether they cam fulle ryght.

Sir Henry Percy laye at the Newe Caſtelle,
I telle yow withowtten drede;
He had byn a march-man * all hys dayes,
And kepte Barwyke upon Twede.

To the Newe Caſtell when they cam,
The Skottes they cryde on hyght,
Syr Harye Percy, and thow byſte within,
Com to the fylde, and fyght:

For we have brente Northomberlonde,
Thy eritage good and ryght;
And ſyne my logeyng I have take,
With my brande dubbyd many a knyght.

Sir Harry Percy cam to the walles,
The Skottyſsh oſte for to ſe;
"And thow haſt brente Northomberlond,
Full ſore it rewyth me.

Yf thou haſt haryed all Bambarowe ſhyre,
Thow haſt done me grete envye;

* Marche-man, *i. e. a ſcowrer of the marches.*
Ver. 39. ſyne *ſeems here to mean* ſince.

For the treſpaſſe thow haſt me done,
The tone of us ſchall dye."

Where ſchall I byde the, ſayd the Dowglas?
Or where wylte thow come to me?
"At Otterborne in the hygh way *,
Ther maiſt thow well logeed be.

The roo full rekeles ther ſche rinnes,
To make the game and glee:
The fawkon and the feſaunt both,
Amonge the holtes on 'hee."

Ther maiſt thow have thy welth at wyll,
Well looged ther maiſt be.
Yt ſchall not be long, or I com the tyll,"
Sayd Syr Harry Percye.

Ther ſchall I byde the, ſayd the Dowglas,
By the fayth of my bodye.
Thether ſchall I com, ſayd Syr Harry Percy;
My trowth I plyght to the.

A pype of wyne he gave them over the walles,
For ſoth, as I yow ſaye:

* Otterbourn *is near the old Watling-ſtreet road, in the pariſh of Elſdon. The Scots were encamped in a graſſy plain near the River* Read. *The place where the Scots and Engliſh fought, is ſtill called* Battle Riggs.

Ver. 53. Roe-bucks *were to be found upon the waſtes not far from Hexham in the reign of Geo. I.——Whitfield, Eſq. of Whitfield, is ſaid to have deſtroyed the laſt of them.*

V. 56. hye, *MSS.*

Ther

Ther he mayd the Douglas drynke,
And all hys oſte that daye.

The Dowglas turnyd him homewarde agayne,
For ſoth withowghten naye,
He tooke his logeyng at Oterborne
Uppon a Wedyns-day:

And ther he pyght hys ſtanderd dowyn,
Hys gettyng more and leſſe,
And ſyne he warned hys men to goo
To choſe ther geldyngs greſſe.

A Skottyſshe knyght hoved upon the bent,
A wache I dare well ſaye:
So was he ware on the noble Percy
In the dawnynge of the daye.

He prycked to his pavyleon dore,
As faſte as he myght ronne,
Awaken, Dowglas, cryed the knyght,
For hys love, that ſyttes yn trone.

Awaken, Dowglas, cryed the knyght,
For thow maiſte waken wyth wynne:
Yender have I ſpyed the prowde Percy,
And ſeven ſtandardes wyth hym.

Nay by my trowth, the Douglas ſayed,
It ys but a fayned taylle:

V. 77, upon the beſt bent. *MS.*

He durſte not loke on my bred banner,
For all Ynglonde ſo haylle.

Was I not yeſterdaye at the Newe Caſtell,
That ſtonds ſo fayre on Tyne?
For all the men the Percy hade,
He cowde not garre me ones to dyne.

He ſtepped owt at hys pavelyon dore,
To loke and it were leſſe;
Araye yow, lordyngs, one and all,
For here bygynnes no peyſſe.

The yerle of Mentaye *, thow arte my eme,
The forwarde I gyve to the:
The yerlle of Huntlay cawte and kene,
He ſchall wyth the be.

The lorde of Bowghan † in armure bryght
On the other hand he ſchall be:
Lorde Jhonſtone, and lorde Maxwell,
They to ſchall be with me.

Swynton fayre fylde upon your pryde
To batell make yow bowen:
Syr Davy Scotte, Syr Walter Stewarde,
Syr Jhon of Agurſtone.

A FYTTE.

* *The carl of Menteith.* † *The lord Buchan.*

THE

THE Perſſy came byfore hys oſte,
Wych was ever a gentyll knyght,
Upon the Dowglas lowde can he crye,
I wyll holde that I have hyght:

For thow haſte brente Northumberlonde,
And done me grete envye;
For thys treſpaſſe thou haſt me done,
The tone of us ſchall dye.

The Dowglas anſwerde hym agayne
With grete wurds up on 'hee',
And ſayd, I have twenty agaynſt 'thy' one *,
Byholde and thow maiſte ſee.

Wyth that the Percye was grevyd ſore,
For ſothe as I yow ſaye:
[†He lyghted dowyn upon his fote,
And ſchoote his horſſe clene away.

Every man ſawe that he dyd ſoo,
That ryall was ever in rowght;
Every man ſchoote hys horſſe him froo,
And lyght hym rowynde abowght.

V. 1. 13. Pearcy. *al. MS.* *V.* 4. *I will hold to what I have promiſed.*
Ver. 10. hye *MSS.* *Ver* 11. the one. *MS.*
* *He probably magnifies his ſtrength to induce him to ſurrender.*
† *All that follows, included in Brackets, was not in the firſt Edition.*

Thus

Thus Syr Hary Percye toke the fylde,
For ſoth, as I yow ſaye:
Jeſu Cryſte in hevyn on hyght
Dyd helpe hym well that daye.

But nyne thowzand, ther was no moo;
The cronykle wyll not layne:
Forty thowſande Skottes and fowre
That day fowght them agayne.

But when the batell byganne to joyne,
In haſt ther came a knyght,
'Then' letters fayre furth hath he tayne
And thus he ſayd full ryght:

My lorde, your father he gretes yow well,
Wyth many a noble knyght;
He deſyres yow to byde
That he may ſee thys fygbt.

The Baron of Graſtoke ys com owt of the weſt,
Wyth hym a noble companye;
All they loge at your fathers thys nyght,
And the Battel fayne wold they ſee.

For Jeſu's love, ſayd Syr Harye Percy,
That dyed for yow and me,
Wende to my lorde my Father agayne,
And ſaye thow ſaw me not with yee:

My trowth ys plyght to yonne Skottyſh knyght,
It nedes me not to layne,
That I ſchulde byde hym upon thys bent,
And I have hys trowth agayne:

And if that I wende off thys grownde
For ſoth unfoughten awaye,
He wolde me call but a kowarde knyght
In hys londe another daye.

Yet had I lever to be rynde and rente,
By Mary that mykel maye;
Then ever my manhod ſchulde be reprovyd
Wyth a Skotte another daye.

Wherfore ſchote, archars, for my ſake,
And let ſcharpe arowes flee:
Mynſtrells, playe up for your waryſon,
And well quyt it ſchall be.

Every man thynke on hys trewe love,
And marke hym to the Trenite:
For to God I make myne avowe
Thys day wyll I not fle.

The blodye Harte in the Dowglas armes,
Hys ſtanderde ſtode on hye;
That every man myght full well knowe:
By ſyde ſtode Starres thre.

The whyte Lyon on the Ynglyſh parte,
  Forſoth as I yow ſayne;
The Lucetts and the Creſſawnts both:
  The Skotts faught them agayne *.]

Uppon ſent Andrewe lowde cane they crye,
  And thryſſe they ſchowte on hyght,
And ſyne marked them one owr Ynglyſshe men,
  As I have tolde yow ryght.

Sent George the bryght owr ladyes knyght,
  To name they † were full fayne,
Owr Ynglyſshe men they cryde on hyght,
  And thryſſe the ſchowtte agayne.

Wyth that ſcharpe arowes bygan to flee,
  I tell yow in ſertayne;
Men of armes byganne to joyne;
  Many a dowghty man was ther ſlayne.

The Percy and the Dowglas mette,
  That ether of other was fayne;
They ſchapped together, whyll that the ſwette,
  With ſwords of fyne Collayne;

* *The ancient Arms of* DOUGLAS *are pretty accurately emblazoned in the former ſtanza and if the readings were,* The crowned harte, *and* Above ſtode ſtarres thre, *it would be minutely exact at this day.——At for the* PERCY *family, one of their ancient Badges or Cognizances, was* a white Lyon *Statant, and the* Silver Creſcent *continues to be uſed by them to this day: They alſo give* three Luces Argent *for one of their quarters.*

† *i. e. The Engliſh.*

Tyll

Tyll the bloode from ther baſſonetts ranne,
As the roke doth in the rayne.
Yelde the to me, ſayd the Dowglàs,
Or ells thow ſchalt be ſlayne:

For I ſee, by thy bryght baſſonet,
Thow arte ſum man of myght;
And ſo I do by thy burnyſshed brande,
Thow art an yerle, or ells a knyght *.

By my good faythe, ſayd the noble Percy,
Now haſte thou rede full ryght,
Yet wyll I never yelde me to the,
Whyll I may ſtonde and fyght.

They ſwapped together, whyll that they ſwette,
Wyth ſwordes ſcharpe and long;
Ych on other ſo faſte they beette,
Tyll ther helmes cam in peyſes dowyn.

The Percy was a man of ſtrenghth,
I tell yow in thys ſtounde,
He ſmote the Dowglas at the ſwordes length,
That he felle to the growynde.

The ſworde was ſcharpe and ſore can byte,
I tell yow in ſertayne;
To the harte, he cowde hym ſmyte,
Thus was the Dowglas ſlayne.

* *Being all in armour he could not know him.*

The ſtonderds ſtode ſtyll on eke ſyde,
With many a grevous grone;
Ther the fowght the day, and all the nyght,
And many a dowghty man was 'ſlone.'

Ther was no freke, that ther wolde flye,
But ſtyffly in ſtowre can ſtond,
Ychone hewyng on other whyll they myght drye,
Wyth many a baylleſull bronde.

Ther was ſlayne upon the Skottes ſyde,
For ſoth and ſertenly,
Syr James a Dowglas ther was ſlayne,
That daye that he cowde dye.

The yerlle Mentaye of he was ſlayne,
Gryſely groned uppon the growynd;
Syr Davy Scotte, Syr Walter Steward,
Syr 'John' of Agurſtonne *.

Syr Charlles Morrey in that place,
That never a fote wold flye;
Sir Hughe Maxwell, a lorde he was,
With the Dowglas dyd he dye.

V. 116. ſlayne. *MSS.* *V.* 124. *i. e. He died that day.*

* *Our old Minſtrel repeats theſe names, as Homer and Virgil do thoſe of their Heroes:*
—— fortemque Gyam, fortemque Cloanthum, &c. &c.
Both the MSS. read here, "Sir James," *but ſee above, Pt. I. ver.* 112.

Ther

Ther was ſlayne upon the Skottes ſyde,
For ſoth as I yow ſaye,
Of fowre and forty thowſande Scotts
Went but eyghtene awaye.

Ther was ſlayne upon the Ynglyſshe ſyde,
For ſoth and ſertenlye,
A gentell knyght, Sir John Fitz-hughe,
Yt was the more petye.

Syr James Harebotell ther was ſlayne,
For hym ther hartes were ſore,
The gentyll 'Lovelle' ther was ſlayne,
That the Percyes ſtanderd bore.

Ther was ſlayne uppon the Ynglyſsſh perte,
For ſoth as I yow ſaye;
Of nyne thowſand Ynglyſsh men
Fyve hondert cam awaye;

The other were ſlayne in the fylde,
Cryſte kepe ther ſowles from wo,
Seyng ther was ſo fewe fryndes
Agaynſt ſo many a foo.

Then one the morne they mayd them beeres
Of byrch, and hayſell graye;
Many a wydowe with wepyng teyres
Ther makes they fette awaye.

V. 143. Covelle. *MS.*—*For the names in this page, ſee the Remarks at the end of this Ballad.* *V.* 153. one. *i. e.* on.

Thys fraye bygan at Otterborne,
  Bytwene the nyghte and the day:
Ther the Dowglas loſt hys lyfe,
  And the Percy was lede awaye *.

Then was ther a Scottyſhe priſoner tayne,
  Syr Hughe Mongomery was hys name,
For ſoth as I yow ſaye,
  He borowed the Percy home agayne †.

Now let us all for the Percy praye
  To Jeſu moſt of myght,
To bryng hys ſowle to the blyſſe of heven,
  For he was a gentyll knyght.

*** *Moſt of the names in the two preceding ballads are found to have belonged to families of diſtinction in the North, as may be made appear from authentic records. Thus in*

THE ANCIENT BALLAD OF CHEVY CHASE.

Pag. 14.

Ver. 112. Agerſtone.] *The family of* Haggerſton *of* Haggerſton, *near Berwick, has been ſeated there for many centuries, and ſtill remains.* Thomas Haggerſton *was among the commiſſioners returned for Northumberland in* 12 *Hen.* 6, 1433. *(Fuller's Worthies, p.* 310.*) The head of this family at preſent is Sir* Thomas Haggerſton, *Bart. of* Haggerſton *abovementioned.*

N. B. The name is ſpelt Agerſtone, *as in the text, in Leland's Itinerary, Vol. VII. p.* 54.

* *ſc. captive.*

† *In the Cotton MS. is the following Note on ver.* 164, *in an ancient hand.*

"Syr Hewe Mongomery takyn prizonar, was delyvered for the reſtorynge of Perſſy."

V. 165. Percyes. *Harl. MS.*

Ver. 113.

Ver. 113. Hartly.] HARTLEY *is a village near the ſea in the barony of Tinemouth, about* 7 *m. from North-Shields. It probably gave name to a family of note at that time.*

Ver. 114. Hearone.] *This family, one of the moſt ancient, was long of great conſideration, in Northumberland.* Haddeſton, *the Caput Baroniæ of* Heron, *was their ancient Reſidence. It deſcended* 25 *Edw. I. to the Heir General* Emiline Heron *afterwards Baroneſs* Darcy.—Ford, *&c. and* Bockenfield *(in com. eodem) went at the ſame time to* Roger Heron *the Heir Male; whoſe deſcendants were ſummoned to Parliament: Sir* William Heron *of Ford Caſtle being ſummoned* 44 *Edw. III.—Ford Caſtle hath deſcended by Heirs General to the family of Delaval (mentioned in the next article.)*—Robert Heron, *Eſq. who died at Newark in* 1753, *(Father of the Right Hon. Sir* Richard Heron, *Bart.) was Heir Male of the* Herons *of Bockenfield, a younger branch of this family.—Sir* Thomas Heron Middleton, *Bart. is Heir Male of the* Herons *of Chip-Chaſe another branch of the Herons of Ford Caſtle.*

Ver. 115. Lovele.] Joh. de Lavale, miles, *was ſheriff of Northumberland* 34 *Hen. VII.*—Joh. de Lavele, mil. *in the* 1 *Edw. VI. and afterwards. (Fuller.* 313.) *In Nicholſon this name is ſpelt* Da Lovel, *p.* 304. *This ſeems to be the ancient family of* Delaval, *of* Seaton Delaval, *in Northumberland, whoſe Anceſtor was one of the* 25 BARONS *appointed to be Guardians of* Magna Charta.

Ver. 117. Rugbè.] *The ancient family of* ROKEBY, *in Yorkſhire, ſeems to be here intended. In Thoreſby's Ducat. Leod. p.* 253, *fol. is a genealogy of this houſe, by which it appears that the head of the family, about the time when this ballad was written, was Sir* Ralph Rokeby, *Knt.* RALPH *being a common name of the* ROKEBYS.

Ver. 119. Wetharrington.] Rog. de Widrington *was ſheriff of Northumberland in* 36 *of Edw. III. (Fuller, p.*

311.)—Joh. de Widrington *in* 11 *of Hen. IV. and many others of the ſame name afterwards.*—*See alſo Nicholſon, p.* 331.—*Of this family was the late Lord Witherington.*

Ver. 124. Mongonberry.] *Sir* Hugh Montgomery *was ſon of* John *Lord* Montgomery, *the lineal anceſtor of the preſent Earl of Eglington.*

Ver. 125. Lwdale.] *The ancient family of the* LIDDELS *were originally from Scotland, where they were Lords of* LIDDEL Caſtle, *and of the Barony of* Buff. *(Vid. Collins's Peerage.) The head of this family is the preſent Lord Ravenſworth, of Ravenſworth Caſtle, in the county of Durham.*

In THE BATTLE OF OTTERBOURNE.

Pag. 26. *ver.* 101. Mentaye.] *At the time of this battle the Earldom of* Menteith *was poſſeſſed by* Robert Stewart, *Earl of Fife, third ſon of K. Robert II. who, according to Buchanan, commanded the Scots that entered by Carliſle. But our Minſtrel had probably an eye to the family of* Graham, *who had this Earldom when the ballad was written. See Douglas's Peerage of Scotland,* 1764, *fol.*

Ver. 103. Huntleye.] *This ſhews this ballad was not compoſed before* 1449; *for in that year Alexander Lord of Gordon and Huntley, was created Earl of* Huntley *by K. James II.*

Ver. 105. Bowghan.] *The Earl of* Buchan *at that time was* Alexander Stewart, *fourth ſon of K. Robert II.*

Ver. 107. Jhonſtone—Maxwell.] *Theſe two families of* Johnſtone *Lord of* Johnſton, *and* Maxwell *Lord of* Maxwell, *were always very powerful on the borders. Of the former family was* Johnſton *Marquis of Annandale: of the latter was* Maxwell *Earl of Nithſdale. I cannot find that any chief of this family was named Sir* Hugh; *but Sir* Herbert Maxwell *was about this time much diſtinguiſhed. (See Doug.) This might have been originally written*

written Sir H. Maxwell, *and by tranſcribers converted into Sir* Hugh. *So above, in* N° I. v. 90. Richard *is contracted into* Ric.

Ver. 109. Swintone.] *i. e. The Laird of* SWINTONE; *a ſmall village within the Scottiſh border,* 3 *miles from Norham. This family ſtill ſubſiſts, and is very ancient.*

Ver. 111. Scotte.] *The illuſtrious family of* Scot, *anceſtors of the Duke of Buccleugh, always made a great figure on the borders. Sir* Walter Scot *was at the head of this family when the battle was fought; but his great-grandſon, Sir* David Scot, *was the hero of that houſe, when the Ballad was written.*

Ibid. Stewarde.] *The perſon here deſigned was probably Sir* Walter Stewart, *Lord of Dalſwinton and Gairlies, who was eminent at that time. (See Doug.) From him is deſcended the preſent Earl of Galloway.*

Ver. 112. Agurſtonne.] *The ſeat of this family was ſometimes ſubject to the Kings of Scotland. Thus* Richarddus Hagerſtoun, miles, *is one of the Scottiſh knights who ſigned a treaty with the Engliſh in* 1249. *temp. Hen. III. (Nicholſon, p.* 2. *note.)—It was the fate of many parts of Northumberland often to change their maſters, according as the Scottiſh or Engliſh arms prevailed.*

Pag. 32. *ver.* 129. Murrey.] *The perſon here meant was probably Sir* Charles Murray *of Cockpoole, who flouriſhed at that time, and was anceſtor of the* Murrays *ſometime Earls of Annandale. See Doug. Peerage.*

Pag. 33. *ver.* 139. Fitz-hughe.] *Dugdale (in his Baron. V. I. p.* 483.) *informs us, that* John, *ſon of Henry Lord* Fitzhugh, *was killed at the battle of Otterbourne. This was a Northumberland family. Vid. Dugd. p.* 403. *col.* 1. *and Nicholſon, pp.* 33. 60.

Ver. 141. Harbotle.] HARBOTTLE *is a village upon the river Coquet, about* 10 *m. weſt of Rothbury. The fa-*

mily of Harbottle *was once conſiderable in Northumberland.* (*See Fuller, pp.* 312, 313.) *A daughter of* Guiſchard Harbottle, *Eſq. married Sir* Thomas Percy, *Knt. ſon of* Henry *the Fifth,—and father of* Thomas *ſeventh, Earls of Northumberland.*

III.

THE JEW'S DAUGHTER,

A SCOTTISH BALLAD,

—— *Is founded upon the ſuppoſed practice of the Jews in crucifying or otherwiſe murthering Chriſtian children, out of hatred to the religion of their parents: a practice which hath been always alledged in excuſe for the cruelties exerciſed upon that wretched people, but which probably never happened in a ſingle inſtance. For, if we conſider, on the one hand, the ignorance and ſuperſtition of the times when ſuch ſtories took their riſe, the virulent prejudices of the monks who record them, and the eagerneſs with which they would be catched up by the barbarous populace as a pretence for plunder; on the other hand, the great danger incurred by the perpetrators, and the inadequate motives they could have to excite them to a crime of ſo much horror; we may reaſonably conclude the whole charge to be groundleſs and malicious*

The following ballad is probably built upon ſome Italian Legend, and bears a great reſemblance to the Prioreſſe's Tale in Chaucer: the poet ſeems alſo to have had an eye to the known ſtory of HUGH OF LINCOLN, *a child ſaid to have been there murthered by the Jews in the reign of Henry III. The concluſion of this ballad appears to be wanting: what it probably contained may be ſeen in Chaucer. As for* MIRRYLAND TOUN, *it is probably a corruption of* MILAN (*called by the Dutch* MEYLANDT) TOWN: *the* PA *is evidently the river* PO; *altho' the Adige, not the Po, runs thro' Milan.*

Printed from a MS. copy ſent from Scotland.

THE

THE rain rins doun through Mirry-land toune,
Sae dois it doune the Pa:
Sae dois the lads of Mirry-land toune,
Quhan they play at the ba'.

Than out and cam the Jewis dochtèr,
Said, Will ye cum in and dine?
"I winnae cum in, I cannae cum in,
Without my play-feres nine."

Scho powd an apple reid and white
To intice the zong thing in:
Scho powd an apple white and reid,
And that the ſweit bairne did win.

And ſcho has taine out a little pen-knife,
And low down by her gair,
Scho has twin'd the zong thing and his life;
A word he nevir ſpak mair.

And out and cam the thick thick bluid,
And out and cam the thin;
And out and cam the bonny herts bluid:
Thair was nae life left in.

Scho laid him on a dreſſing borde,
And dreſt him like a ſwine,
And laughing ſaid, Gae nou and pley
With zour ſweit play-feres nine.

Scho rowd him in a cake of lead,
Bade him lie ſtil and ſleip.
Scho caſt him in a deip draw-well,
Was fifty fadom deip.

Quhan bells wer rung, and maſs was ſung,
And every lady went hame:
Than ilka lady had her zong ſonne,
Bot lady Helen had nane.

Scho rowd hir mantil hir about,
And ſair ſair gan ſhe weip:
And ſhe ran into the Jewis caſtèl,
Quhan they wer all aſleip.

My bonny ſir Hew, my pretty ſir Hew,
I pray thee to me ſpeik.
"O lady, rinn to the deip draw-well,
Gin ze zour ſonne wad ſeik."

Lady Helen ran to the deip draw-well,
And knelt upon her kne:
My bonny ſir Hew, an ze be here,
I pray thee ſpeik to me.

"The lead is wondrous heavy, mither,
The well is wondrous deip,
A keen pen-knife ſticks in my hert,
A word I dounae ſpeik.

Gae hame, gae hame, my mither deir,
Fetch me my windling ſheet,
And at the back o' Mirry-land toun,
Its thair we twa ſall meet."

* * * * *

IV.
SIR CAULINE.

This old romantic tale was preſerved in the Editor's folio MS. but in ſo very defective and mutilated a condition (not from any chaſm in the MS. but from great omiſſion in the tranſcript, probably copied from the faulty recitation of ſome illiterate minſtrell), and the whole appeared ſo far ſhort of the perfection it ſeemed to deſerve, that the Editor was tempted to add ſeveral ſtanzas in the firſt part, and ſtill more in the ſecond, to connect and compleat the ſtory in the manner which appeared to him moſt intereſting and affecting.

There is ſomething peculiar in the metre of this old ballad: it is not unuſual to meet with redundant ſtanzas of ſix lines; but the occaſional inſertion of a double third or fourth line, as ver. 31, &c. is an irregularity I do not remember to have ſeen elſewhere.

It may be proper to inform the reader before he comes to Pt. 2, v. 110, 111, *that the* ROUND TABLE *was not peculiar to the reign of K. Arthur, but was common in all the ages of Chivalry. The proclaiming a great turnament (probably with ſome peculiar ſolemnities) was called "holding a Round Table." Dugdale tells us, that the great baron Roger de Mortimer "having procured the honour of "knighthood to be conferred 'on his three ſons' by K. "Edw. I. he, at his own coſts, cauſed a tourneament to "be held at Kenilworth; where he ſumptuouſly entertained "an hundred knights, and as many ladies, for three days; "the like whereof was never before in England, and there*

" *began the* ROUND TABLE, *(ſo called by reaſon that the* " *place wherein they practiſed thoſe feats was environed* " *with a ſtrong wall made in a round form:) And upon* " *the fourth day, the golden lion, in ſign of triumph, being* " *yielded to him; he carried it (with all the company) to* " *Warwick.*"—*It may further be added, that Matthew Paris frequently calls juſts and turnaments* Haſtiludia Menſæ Rotundæ.

As to what will be obſerved in this ballad of the art of healing being practiſed by a young princeſs; it is no more than what is uſual in all the old romances, and was conformable to real manners: it being a practice derived from the earlieſt times among all the Gothic and Celtic nations, for women, even of the higheſt rank, to exerciſe the art of ſurgery. In the Northern Chronicles we always find the young damſels ſtanching the wounds of their lovers, and the wives thoſe of their huſbands *. *And even ſo late as the time of Q. Elizabeth, it is mentioned among the accompliſhments of the ladies of her court, that the* " *eldeſt of them are* SKILFUL IN SURGERY." *See Harriſon's Deſcription of England, prefixed to Hollingſhed's Chronicle, &c.*

THE FIRST PART.

IN Ireland, ferr over the ſea,
There dwelleth a bonnye kinge;
And with him a yong and comlye knighte,
Men call him ſyr Cauline.

The kinge had a ladye to his daughter,
In faſhyon ſhe hath no peere;
And princely wightes that ladye wooed
To be theyr wedded feere.

* *See Northern Antiquities, &c. vol. I. p.* 318. *vol. II. p.* 100. *Memoires de la Chevalerie. Tom. I. p.* 44.

Syr

Syr Cauline loveth her beſt of all,
But nothing durſt he ſaye;
Ne deſcreeve his counſayl to no man,
But deerlye he lovde this may.

Till on a daye it ſo beffell,
Great dill to him was dight;
The maydens love removde his mynd,
To care-bed went the knighte.

One while he ſpred his armes him fro,
One while he ſpred them nye:
And aye! but I winne that ladyes love,
For dole now I mun dye.

And whan our pariſh-maſſe was done,
Our kinge was bowne to dyne:
He ſayes, Where is ſyr Cauline,
That is wont to ſerve the wyne?

Then aunſwerde him a courteous knighte,
And faſt his handes gan wringe:
Sir Cauline is ſicke, and like to dye
Without a good leechinge.

Fetche me downe my daughter deere,
She is a leeche fulle fine:
Goe take him doughe, and the baken bread,
And ſerve him with the wyne ſoe red;
Lothe I were him to tine.

Fair

Fair Chriſtabelle to his chaumber goes,
Her maydens followyng nye:.
O well, ſhe ſayth, how doth my lord?
O ſicke, thou fayr ladyè.

Nowe ryſe up wightlye, man, for ſhame,
Never lye ſoe cowardlee;
For it is told in my fathers halle,
You dye for love of mee.

Fayre ladye, it is for your love
That all this dill I drye:
For if you wold comfort me with a kiſſe,
Then were I brought from bale to bliſſe,
No lenger wold I lye.

Sir knighte, my father is a kinge,
I am his onlye heire;
Alas! and well you knowe, ſyr knighte,
I never can be youre fere.

O ladye, thou art a kinges daughtèr,
And I am not thy peere,
But let me doe ſome deedes of armes
To be your bacheleere.

Some deedes of armes if thou wilt doe,
My bacheleere to bee,
(But ever and aye my heart wold rue,
Giff harm ſhold happe to thee,)

Upon

Upon Eldridge hill there groweth a thorne,
  Upon the mores brodinge;
And dare ye, syr knighte, wake there all nighte
  Untill the fayre morninge?

For the Eldridge knighte, so mickle of mighte,
  Will examine you beforne:
And never man bare life awaye,
  But he did him scath and scorne.

That knighte he is a foul paynim,
  And large of limb and bone;
And but if heaven may be thy speede,
  Thy life it is but gone.

Nowe on the Eldridge hilles Ile walke *,
  For thy sake, fair ladie;
And Ile either bring you a ready token,
  Or Ile never more you see.

The lady is gone to her own chaumbère,
  Her maydens following bright:
Syr Cauline lope from care-bed soone,
And to the Eldridge hills is gone,
  For to wake there all night.

Unto midnight, that the moone did rise,
  He walked up and downe;
Then a lightsome bugle heard he blowe
  Over the bents soe browne;

* *Perhaps* wake, *as above, in ver.* 61.

Quoth

Quoth hee, If cryance come till my heart,
I am ffar from any good towne.

And ſoone he ſpyde on the mores ſo broad,
A furyous wight and fell;
A ladye bright his brydle led,
Clad in a fayre kyrtèll:

And ſoe faſt he called on ſyr Cauline,
O man, I rede thee flye,
For 'but' if cryance comes till my heart,
I weene but thou mun dye.

He ſayth, 'No' cryance comes till my heart,
Nor, in faith, I wyll not flee;
For, cauſe thou minged not Chriſt before,
The leſs me dreadeth thee.

The Eldridge knighte, he pricked his ſteed;
Syr Cauline bold abode:
Then either ſhooke his truſtye ſpeare,
And the timber theſe two children * bare
Soe ſoone in ſunder ſlode.

Then tooke they out theyr two good ſwordes,
And layden on full faſte,
Till helme and hawberke, mail and ſheelde,
They all were well-nye braſt.

* *i. e. Knights. See the Preface to* CHILD WATERS, *vol. III.*

The

The Eldridge knight was mickle of might,
And ſtiffe in ſtower did ſtande,
But ſyr Cauline with a 'backward' ſtroke,
He ſmote off his right hand;
That ſoone he with paine and lacke of bloud
Fell downe on that lay-land.

Then up ſyr Cauline lift his brande
All over his head ſo hye:
And here I ſweare by the holy roode,
Nowe, caytiffe, thou ſhalt dye.

Then up and came that ladye brighte,
Faſt wringing of her hande:
For the maydens love, that moſt you love,
Withold that deadlye brande:

For the maydens love, that moſt you love,
Now ſmyte no more I praye;
And aye whatever thou wilt, my lord,
He ſhall thy heſts obaye.

Now ſweare to mee, thou Eldridge knighte,
And here on this lay-land,
That thou wilt believe on Chriſt his laye,
And therto plight thy hand:

And that thou never on Eldridge come
To ſporte, gamon, or playe:

Ver. 109. aukeward. *MS.*

And

And that thou here give up thy armes
Until thy dying daye.

The Eldridge knighte gave up his armes
With many a ſorrowfulle ſighe;
And ſware to obey ſyr Caulines heſt,
Till the tyme that he ſhold dye.

And he then up and the Eldridge knighte
Sett him in his ſaddle anone,
And the Eldridge knighte and his ladye
To theyr caſtle are they gone.

Then he tooke up the bloudy hand,
That was ſo large of bone,
And on it he founde five ringes of gold
Of knightes that had be ſlone.

Then he tooke up the Eldridge ſworde,
As hard as any flint:
And he tooke off thoſe ringès five,
As bright as fyre and brent.

Home then pricked ſyr Cauline
As light as leafe on tree:
I-wys he neither ſtint ne blanne,
Till he his ladye ſee.

Then downe he knelt upon his knee
Before that lady gay:

O ladye,

O ladye, I have bin on the Eldridge hills:
Theſe tokens I bring away.

Now welcome, welcome, ſyr Cauline,
Thrice welcome unto mee,
For now I perceive thou art a true knighte,
Of valour bolde and free.

O ladye, I am thy own true knighte,
Thy heſts for to obaye:
And mought I hope to winne thy love!——
Ne more his tonge colde ſay.

The ladye bluſhed ſcarlette redde,
And fette a gentill ſighe:
Alas! ſyr knight, how may this bee,
For my degree's ſoe highe?

But ſith thou haſt hight, thou comely youth,
To be my batchilere,
Ile promiſe if thee I may not wedde
I will have none other fere.

Then ſhee held forthe her lilly-white hand
Towards that knighte ſo free;
He gave to it one gentill kiſſe,
His heart was brought from bale to bliſſe,
The teares ſterte from his ee.

But keep my counſayl, ſyr Cauline,
Ne let no man it knowe;
For and ever my father ſholde it ken,
I wot he wolde us ſloe.

From that daye forthe that ladye fayre
Lovde ſyr Cauline the knighte:
From that daye forthe he only joyde
Whan ſhee was in his ſight.

Yea and oftentimes they mette
Within a fayre arbòure,
Where they in love and ſweet daliaunce
Paſt manye a pleaſaunt houre.

††† *In this concluſion of the* FIRST PART, *and at the beginning of the* SECOND, *the reader will obſerve a reſemblance to the ſtory of* SIGISMUNDA AND GUISCARD, *as told by Boccace and Dryden? See the latter's Deſcription of the Lovers meeting in the Cave; and thoſe beautiful lines, which contain a reflection ſo like this of our poet,* "EVERYE WHITE, *&c. viz.*

"*But as extremes are ſhort of ill and good,*
"*And tides at higheſt mark regorge their flood;*
"*So Fate, that could no more improve their joy,*
"*Took a malicious pleaſure to deſtroy*
"*Tancred, who fondly loved, &c.*"

Part the Second.

EVERYE white will have its blacke,
And everye ſweete its ſowre:
This founde the ladye Chriſtabelle
In an untimely howre.

For ſo it befelle, as ſyr Cauline
Was with that ladye faire,
The kinge her father walked forthe
To take the evenyng aire:

And into the arboure as he went
To reſt his wearye feet,
He found his daughter and ſyr Cauline
There ſette in daliaunce ſweet.

The kinge hee ſterted forthe, i-wys,
And an angrye man was hee:
Nowe, traytoure, thou ſhalt hange or drawe,
And rewe ſhall thy ladie.

Then forthe ſyr Cauline he was ledde,
And throwne in dungeon deepe:
And the ladye into a towre ſo hye,
There left to wayle and weepe.

The queene ſhe was ſyr Caulines friend,
And to the kinge ſayd ſhee:
I praye you ſave ſyr Caulines life,
And let him baniſht bee.

Now, dame, that traitor ſhall be ſent
Acroſs the ſalt ſea fome:
But here I will make thee a band,
If ever he come within this land,
A foule deathe is his doome.

All woe-begone was that gentil knight
To parte from his ladyè;
And many a time he ſighed ſore,
And caſt a wiſtfulle eye:
Faire Chriſtabelle, from thee to parte,
Farre lever had I dye.

Faire Chriſtabelle, that ladye bright,
Was had forthe of the towre;
But ever ſhee droopeth in her minde,
As nipt by an ungentle winde
Doth ſome faire lillye flowre.

And ever ſhee doth lament and weepe
To tint her lover ſoe:
Syr Cauline, thou little think'ſt on mee,
But I will ſtill be true.

Manye a kinge, and manye a duke,
And lorde of high degree,
Did ſue to that fayre ladye of love;
But never ſhee wolde them nee.

When manye a daye was paſt and gone,
Ne comforte ſhe colde finde,
The kynge proclaimed a tourneament,
To cheere his daughters mind:

And there came lords, and there came knights,
Fro manye a farre countryè,
To break a ſpere for theyr ladyes love
Before that faire ladyè.

And many a ladye there was ſette
In purple and in palle;
But faire Chriſtabelle ſoe woe-begone
Was the fayreſt of them all.

Then manye a knighte was mickle of might
Before his ladye gaye;
But a ſtranger wight, whom no man knewe,
He wan the prize eche daye.

His acton it was all of blacke,
His hewberke, and his ſheelde,
Ne noe man wiſt whence he did come,
Ne noe man knewe where he did gone,
When they came from the feelde.

And now three days were preſtlye paſt
In feates of chivalrye,
When lo upon the fourth morninge
A ſorrowfulle ſight they ſee.

A hugye giaunt ſtiffe and ſtarke,
All foule of limbe and lere;
Two goggling eyen like fire farden,
A mouthe from eare to eare.

Before him came a dwarffe full lowe,
That waited on his knee,
And at his backe five heads he bare,
All wan and pale of blee.

Sir, quoth the dwarffe, and louted lowe,
Behold that hend Soldàin!
Behold theſe heads I beare with me!
They are kings which he hath ſlain.

The Eldridge knight is his own cousine,
Whom a knight of thine hath ſhent:
And hee is come to avenge his wrong,
And to thee, all thy knightes among,
Defiance here hath ſent.

But yette he will appeaſe his wrath
Thy daughters love to winne:
And but thou yeelde him that fayre mayd,
Thy halls and towers muſt brenne.

Thy head, ſyr king, muſt goe with mee;
Or elſe thy daughter deere;
Or elſe within theſe liſts ſoe broad
Thou muſt finde him a peere.

The king he turned him round aboute,
And in his heart was woe:
Is there never a knighte of my round tablè,
This matter will undergoe?

Is there never a knighte amongſt yee all
Will fight for my daughter and mee?
Whoever will fight yon grimme ſoldàn,
Right fair his meede ſhall bee.

For hee ſhall have my broad lay-lands,
And of my crowne be heyre;
And he ſhall winne fayre Chriſtabelle
To be his wedded fere.

But every knighte of his round table
Did ſtand both ſtill and pale;
For whenever they lookt on the grim ſoldàn,
It made their hearts to quail.

All woe-begone was that fayre ladyè,
When ſhe ſawe no helpe was nye:
She caſt her thought on her owne true-love,
And the teares guſht from her eye.

Up then ſterte the ſtranger knighte,
Sayd, Ladye, be not affrayd:
Ile fight for thee with this grimme ſoldàn,
Thoughe he be unmacklye made.

And if thou wilt lend me the Eldridge ſworde,
That lyeth within thy bowre,
I truſte in Chriſte for to ſlay this fiende
Thoughe he be ſtiff in ſtowre.

Goe fetch him downe the Eldridge ſworde,
The kinge he cryde, with ſpeede:
Nowe heaven aſſiſt thee, courteous knighte;
My daughter is thy meede.

The gyaunt he ſtepped into the liſts,
And ſayd, Awaye, awaye:
I ſweare, as I am the hend ſoldàn,
Thou letteſt me here all daye.

Then forthe the ſtranger knight he came
In his blacke armoure dight:
The ladye ſighed a gentle ſighe,
"That this were my true knighte!"

And nowe the gyaunt and knighte be mett
Within the liſts ſoe broad;
And now with ſwordes ſoe ſharpe of ſteele,
They gan to lay on load.

The

The ſoldan ſtrucke the knighte a ſtroke,
That made him reele aſyde;
Then woe-begone was that fayre ladyè,
And thrice ſhe deeply ſighde.

The ſoldan ſtrucke a ſecond ſtroke,
And made the bloude to flowe:
All pale and wan was that ladye fayre,
And thrice ſhe wept for woe.

The ſoldan ſtrucke a third fell ſtroke,
Which brought the knighte on his knee:
Sad ſorrow pierced that ladyes heart,
And ſhe ſhriekt loud ſhriekings three.

The knighte he leapt upon his feete,
All reckleſſe of the pain:
Quoth hee, But heaven be now my ſpeede,
Or elſe I ſhall be ſlaine.

He graſped his ſworde with mayne and mighte,
And ſpying a ſecrette part,
He drave it into the ſoldan's ſyde,
And pierced him to the heart.

Then all the people gave a ſhoute,
Whan they ſawe the ſoldan falle:
The ladye wept, and thanked Chriſt,
That had reſkewed her from thrall.

And

And nowe the kinge with all his barons
Roſe uppe from offe his ſeate,
And downe he ſtepped intò the liſtes,
That curteous knighte to greete.

But he for payne and lacke of bloude
Was fallen intò a ſwounde,
And there all walteringe in his gore,
Lay lifeleſſe on the grounde.

Come downe, come downe, my daughter deare,
Thou art a leeche of ſkille;
Farre lever had I loſe halfe my landes,
Than this good knighte ſholde ſpille.

Downe then ſteppeth that fayre ladyè,
To helpe him if ſhe maye;
But when ſhe did his beavere raiſe,
It is my life, my lord, ſhe ſayes,
And ſhriekte and ſwound awaye.

Sir Cauline juſte lifte up his eyes
When he heard his ladye crye,
O ladye, I am thine owne true love;
For thee I wiſht to dye.

Then giving her one partinge looke,
He cloſed his eyes in death,
Ere Chriſtabelle, that ladye milde,
Begane to drawe her breathe.

But when ſhe found her comelye knighte
Indeed was dead and gone,
She layde her pale cold cheeke to his,
And thus ſhe made her moane.

O ſtaye, my deare and onlye lord,
For mee thy faithfulle feere;
'Tis meet that I ſhold followe thee,
Who haſt bought my love ſoe deare.

Then fayntinge in a deadlye ſwoune,
And with a deepe-fette ſighe,
That burſt her gentle hearte in twayne,
Fayre Chriſtabelle did dye.

* * *

V.

EDWARD, EDWARD.

A Scottish Ballad.

From a MS. copy tranſmitted from Scotland.

QUHY dois zour brand ſae drop wi' bluid,
Edward, Edward?
Quhy dois zour brand ſae drop wi' bluid?
And quhy ſae ſad gang zee, O?

O, I

O, I hae killed my hauke ſae guid,
Mither, mither;
O, I hae killed my hauke ſae guid:
And I had nae mair bot hee, O.

Zour haukis bluid was nevir ſae reid,
Edward, Edward.
Zour haukis bluid was nevir ſae reid,
My deir ſon I tell thee, O.
O, I hae killed my reid-roan ſteid,
Mither, Mither:
O, I hae killed my reid-roan ſteid,
That erſt was ſae fair and free, O.

Zour ſteid was auld, and ze hae gat mair,
Edward, Edward:
Zour ſteid was auld, and ze hae gat mair,
Sum other dule ze drie, O.
O, I hae killed my fadir deir,
Mither, mither:
O, I hae killed my fadir deir,
Alas! and wae is mee, O!

And quhatten penance wul ze drie for that,
Edward, Edward?
And quhatten penance will ze drie for that?
My deir ſon, now tell me, O.
Ile ſet my feit in zonder boat,
Mither, mither:
Ile

Ile ſet my feit in zonder boat,
And Ile fare ovir the ſea, O.

And quhat wul ze doe wi' zour towirs and zour ha',
Edward, Edward?
And quhat wul ze doe wi' zour towirs and zour ha',
That were ſae fair to ſee, O?
Ile let thame ſtand til they doun fa',
Mither, mither:
Ile let thame ſtand till they doun fa',
For here nevir mair maun I bee, O.

And quhat wul ze leive to zour bairns and zour wife,
Edward, Edward?
And quhat wul ze leive to zour bairns and zour wife,
Quhan ze gang ovir the ſea, O?
The warldis room, let thame beg throw life,
Mither, mither:
The warldis room, let thame beg throw life,
For thame nevir mair wul I ſee, O.

And quhat wul ze leive to zour ain mither deir,
Edward, Edward?
And quhat wul ze leive to zour ain mither deir?
My deir ſon, now tell me, O.
The curſe of hell frae me ſall ze beir,
Mither, mither:
The curſe of hell frae me ſall ze beir,
Sic counſeils ze gave to me, O.

This curious Song was tranſmitted to the Editor by Sir David Dalrymple, Bart. late Ld. Hailes, a Lord of Seſſion.

VI.

KING ESTMERE.

This old Romantic Legend, (which is given from two copies, one of them in the Editor's folio MS, containing very great variations), bears marks of conſiderable antiquity, and perhaps ought to have taken place of any in this volume. It ſhould ſeem to have been written while part of Spain was in the hands of the Saracens or Moors: whoſe empire there was not fully extinguiſhed before the year 1491. *The Mahometans are ſpoken of in v.* 49, *&c. juſt in the ſame terms as in all other old Romances. The author of the ancient Legend of* SIR BEVIS *repreſents his hero, upon all occaſions, breathing out defiance againſt*

"*Mahound and Termagaunte* *;"

And ſo full of zeal for his religion, as to return the following polite meſſage to a Paynim king's fair daughter, who had fallen in love with him, and ſent two Saracen knights to invite him to her bower,

"*I wyll not ones ſtirre off this grounde,*
"*To ſpeake with an heathen hounde.*
"*Unchriſten hcundes, I rede you fle*
"*Or I your harte bloud ſhall ſe* †."

Indeed they return the compliment by calling him elſewhere "*A chriſten hounde* ‡."

This was conformable to the real manners of the barbarous ages: perhaps the ſame excuſe will hardly ſerve our bard for the ſituations, in which he places his royal perſonages, for that k. Adland

* *See a ſhort Memoir at the end of this Ballad, Note* ††.
† *Sign. C. ii. b.* ‡ *Sign. C. i. b.*

*Adland ſhould be found lolling or leaning at his gate (v. 35.) may be thought perchance a little out of character. And yet the great painter of manners, Homer, did not think it inconſiſtent with decorum to repreſent a king of the Taphians leaning at the gate of Ulyſſes to inquire for that monarch, when he touched at Ithaca as he was taking a voyage with a ſhip's cargo of iron to diſpoſe in traffic *. So little ought we to judge of ancient manners by our own.*

Before I conclude this article, I cannot help obſerving, that the reader will ſee, in this ballad, the character of the old Minſtrels (thoſe ſucceſſors of the Bards) placed in a very reſpectable light †: here he will ſee one of them repreſented mounted on a fine horſe, accompanied with an attendant to bear his harp after him, and to ſing the poems of his compoſing. Here he will ſee him mixing in the company of kings without ceremony: no mean proof of the great antiquity of this poem. The farther we carry our inquiries back, the greater reſpect we find paid to the profeſſors of poetry and muſic among all the Celtic and Gothic nations. Their character was deemed ſo ſacred, that under its ſanction our famous king Alfred (as we have already ſeen ‡) made no ſcruple to enter the Daniſh camp, and was at once admitted to the king's head-quarters §. Our poet has ſuggeſted the ſame expedient to the heroes of this ballad. All the hiſtories of the North are full of the great reverence paid to this order of men. Harold Harfagre, a celebrated king of Norway, was wont to ſeat them at his table above all the officers of his court: and we find another Norwegian king placing five of them by his ſide in a day of battle, that they might be eye-witneſſes of the great exploits they were to celebrate ||.—As to Eſtmere's riding into the hall while the

* *Odyſſ. a.* 105. † *See vol. II. Note ſubjoined to 1ſt Pt. of Beggar of Bednal, &c.*

‡ *See the Eſſay on the antient Minſtrels prefixed to this Volume.*

§ *Even ſo late as the time of Froiſſart, we find Minſtrels and Heralds mentioned together, as thoſe who might ſecurely go into an enemy's country. Cap. cxl.*

|| *Bartholini Antiq. Dan. p.* 173.——*Northern Antiquities, &c. Vol. I. pp.* 386. 389, *&c.*

kings

kings were at table, this was uſual in the ages of chivalry; and even to this day we ſee a relic of this cuſtom ſtill kept up, in the champion's riding into Weſtminſter-hall during the coronation dinner *.

Some liberties have been taken with this tale by the Editor, but none without notice to the reader in that part which relates to the ſubject of the Harper and his attendant.

HEARKEN to me, gentlemen,
Come and you ſhall heare;
Ile tell you of two of the boldeſt brethren
That ever borne y-were.

The tone of them was Adler younge,
The tother was kyng Eſtmere;
The were as bolde men in their deeds,
As any were farr and neare.

As they were drinking ale and wine
Within kyng Eſtmeres halle:
When will ye marry a wyfe, brothèr,
A wyfe to glad us all?

Then beſpake him kyng Eſtmere,
And anſwered him haſtilee:
I know not that ladye in any land
That's able † to marrye with mee.

* *See alſo the account of Edw. II. in the Eſſay on the Minſtrels, and Note (x).* † *He means fit, ſuitable.*

Ver. 3. brether. *fol. MS.* *Ver.* 10. his brother's hall. *fol. MS.*
Ver. 14. hartilye. *fol. MS.*

Kyng Adland hath a daughter, brother,
Men call her bright and ſheene;
If I were kyng here in your ſtead,
That ladye ſhold be my queene.

Saies, Reade me, reade me, deare brother,
Throughout merry Engländ,
Where we might find a meſſenger
Betwixt us towe to ſende.

Saies, You ſhal ryde yourſelfe, brothèr,
Ile beare you companye;
Many throughe fals meſſengers are deceived,
And I feare leſt ſoe ſhold wee.

Thus the reniſht them to ryde
Of twoe good reniſht ſteeds,
And when the came to king Adlands halle,
Of redd gold ſhone their weeds.

And when the came to kyng Adlands hall
Before the goodlye gate,
There they found good kyng Adländ
Rearing himſelfe theratt.

Now Chriſt thee ſave, good kyng Adländ;
Now Chriſt you ſave and ſee.
Sayd, You be welcome, king Eſtmere,
Right hartilye to mee.

Ver. 27. Many a man ... is. *fol. MS.*

You have a daughter, ſaid Adler younge,
Men call her bright and ſheene,
My brother wold marrye her to his wiffe,
Of Englande to be queene.

Yeſterday was att my deere daughtèr
Syr Bremor the kyng of Spayne;
And then ſhe nicked him of naye,
And I doubt ſheele do you the ſame.

The kyng of Spayne is a foule paynim,
And 'leeve thou Mahound;
And pitye it were that fayre ladyè
Shold marrye a heathen hound.

But grant to me, ſayes kyng Eſtmere,
For my love I you praye;
That I may ſee your daughter deere
Before I goe hence awaye.

Although itt is ſeven yeers and more
Since my daughter was in halle,
She ſhall come once downe for your ſake
To glad my gueſtès alle.

Downe then came that mayden fayre,
With ladyes laced in pall,
And halfe a hundred of bold knightes,
To bring her bowre to hall;

Ver. 46. The king his ſonne of Spayn. *fol. MS.*

And

And as many gentle ſquiers,
To tend upon them all.

The talents of golde were on her head ſette,
Hanged low downe to her knee;
And everye ring on her ſmall fingèr,
Shone of the chryſtall free.

Saies, God you ſave, my deere madàm;
Saies, God you ſave and ſee.
Said, You be welcome, kyng Eſtmere,
Right welcome unto mee.

And if you love me, as you ſaye,
Soe well and hartilèe,
All that ever you are comen about
Soone ſped now itt ſhal bee.

Then beſpake her father deare:
My daughter, I ſaye naye;
Remember well the kyng of Spayne,
What he ſayd yeſterdaye.

He wold pull downe my halles and caſtles,
And reave me of my lyfe
I cannot blame him if he doe,
If I reave him of his wyfe.

Your caſtles and your towres, father,
Are ſtronglye built aboute;

And therefore of the king of Spaine
Wee neede not ſtande in doubt.

Plight me your troth, nowe, kyng Eſtmère,
By heaven and your righte hand,
That you will marrye me to your wyfe,
And make me queene of your land.

Then kyng Eſtmere he plight his troth
By heaven and his righte hand,
That he wolde marrye her to his wyfe,
And make her queene of his land.

And he tooke leave of that ladye fayre,
To goe to his owne countree,
To fetche him dukes and lordes and knightes,
That marryed the might bee.

They had not ridden ſcant a myle,
A myle forthe of the towne,
But in did come the kyng of Spayne,
With kempès many one.

But in did come the kyng of Spayne,
With manye a bold barone,
Tone day to marrye kyng Adlands daughter,
Tother daye to carrye her home.

Shee ſent one after kyng Eſtmère
In all the ſpede might bee,

Ver. 89. of the King his ſonne of Spaine. *fol. MS.*

That

That he muſt either turne againe and fighte,
Or goe home and looſe his ladyè.

One whyle then the page he went,
Another while he ranne;
Till he had oretaken king Eſtmere,
I wis, he never blanne.

Tydings, tydings, kyng Eſtmere!
What tydinges nowe, my boye?
O tydinges I can tell to you,
That will you ſore annoye.

You had not ridden ſcant a mile,
A mile out of the towne,
But in did come the kyng of Spayne
With kempès many a one:

But in did come the kyng of Spayne
With manye a bold barònè,
Tone daye to marrye king Adlands daughter,
Tother daye to carry her home.

My ladye fayre ſhe greetes you well,
And ever-more well by mee:
You muſt either turne againe and fighte,
Or goe home and looſe your ladyè.

Saies, Reade me, reade me, deere brothèr,
My reade ſhall ryde * at thee,

* *ſic MS. It ſhould probably be* ryſe, *i. e. my counſel ſhall ariſe from thee. See ver.* 140.

Whether it is better to turne and fighte,
Or goe home and looſe my ladye.

Now hearken to me, ſayes Adler yonge,
And your reade muſt riſe * at me,
I quicklye will deviſe a waye
To ſette thy ladye free.

My mother was a weſterne woman,
And learned in gramaryè †,
And when I learned at the ſchole,
Something ſhee taught itt mee.

There growes an hearbe within this field,
And iff it were but knowne,
His color, which is whyte and redd,
It will make blacke and browne:

His color, which is browne and blacke,
Itt will make redd and whyte;
That ſworde is not in all Englande,
Upon his coate will byte.

And you ſhal be a harper, brother,
Out of the north countrye;
And Ile be your boy, ſoe faine of fighte,
And beare your harpe by your knee.

* *ſic MS.* † *See at the end of this Ballad, Note* ***

And you ſhal be the beſt harpèr,
That ever tooke harpe in hand;
And I wil be the beſt ſingèr,
That ever ſung in this lande.

Itt ſhal be written in our forheads
All and in grammaryè,
That we towe are the boldeſt men,
That are in all Chriſtentyè.

And thus they reniſht them to ryde,
On tow good reniſh ſteedes;
And when they came to king Adlands hall,
Of redd gold ſhone their weedes.

And whan the came to kyng Adlands hall,
Untill the fayre hall yate,
There they found a proud portèr
Rearing himſelfe thereatt.

Sayes, Chriſt thee ſave, thou proud portèr;
Sayes, Chriſt thee ſave and ſee.
Nowe you be welcome, ſayd the portèr,
Of what land ſoever ye bee.

Wee beene harpers, ſayd Adler younge,
Come out of the northe countrye;
Wee beene come hither untill this place,
This proud weddinge for to ſee.

Sayd, And your color were white and redd,
As it is blacke and browne,
I wold ſaye king Eſtmere and his brother
Were comen untill this towne.

Then they pulled out a ryng of gold,
Layd itt on the porters arme:
And ever we will thee, proud portèr,
Thow wilt ſaye us no harme.

Sore he looked on kyng Eſtmère,
And ſore he handled the ryng,
Then opened to them the fayre hall yates,
He lett for no kind of thyng.

Kyng Eſtmere he ſtabled his ſteede
Soe fayre att the hall bord;
The froth, that came from his brydle bitte,
Light in kyng Bremors beard.

Saies, Stable thy ſteed, thou proud harpèr,
Saies, Stable him in the ſtalle;
It doth not beſeeme a proud harpèr
To ſtable 'him' in a kyngs halle.

My ladde he is ſo lither, he ſaid,
He will doe nought that's meete;
And is there any man in this hall
Were able him to beate.

Ver. 202. To ſtable his ſteede. *fol. MS.*

Thou

Thou ſpeakſt proud words, ſayes the king of Spaine,
Thou harper here to mee:
There is a man within this halle,
Will beate thy ladd and thee.

O let that man come downe, he ſaid,
A ſight of him wold I ſee;
And when hee hath beaten well my ladd,
Then he ſhall beate of mee.

Downe then came the kemperye man,
And looked him in the eare;
For all the gold, that was under heaven,
He durſt not neigh him neare.

And how nowe, kempe, ſaid the kyng of Spaine,
And how what aileth thee?
He ſaies, It is writt in his forhead
All and in gramaryè,
That for all the gold that is under heaven,
I dare not neigh him nye.

Then kyng Eſtmere pulld forth his harpe,
And plaid a pretty thinge:
The ladye upſtart from the borde,
And wold have gone from the king.

Stay thy harpe, thou proud harpèr,
For Gods love I pray thee

For and thou playes as thou beginns,
Thou'lt till * my bryde from mee.

He ſtroake upon his harpe againe,
And playd a pretty thinge;
The ladye lough a loud laughter,
As ſhee ſate by the king.

Saies, ſell me thy harpe, thou proud harper,
And thy ſtringès all,
For as many gold nobles 'thou ſhalt have'
As heere bee ringes in the hall.

What wold ye doe with my harpe, 'he ſayd,'
If I did ſell itt yee?
"To playe my wiffe and me a FITT †,
When abed together wee bee."

Now ſell me, quoth hee, thy bryde ſoe gay,
As ſhee ſitts by thy knee,
And as many gold nobles I will give,
As leaves been on a tree.

And what wold ye doe with my bryde ſoe gay,
Iff I did ſell her thee?
More ſeemelye it is for her fayre brdye
To lye by mee then thee.

* *i. e. Entice. Vid. Gloſſ.*
† *i. e. a tune, or ſtrain of muſic. See Gloſſ.*

Hee

Hee played agayne both loud and ſhrille,
And Adler he did ſyng,
"O ladye, this is thy owne true love;
"Noe harper, but a kyng.

"O ladye, this is thy owne true love,
"As playnlye thou mayeſt ſee;
"And Ile rid thee of that foule paynim,
"Who partes thy love and thee."

The ladye looked, the ladye bluſhte,
And bluſhte and lookt agayne,
While Adler he hath drawne his brande,
And hath the Sowdan ſlayne.

Up then roſe the kemperye men,
And loud they gan to crye:
Ah! traytors, yee have ſlayne our kyng,
And therefore yee ſhall dye.

Kyng Eſtmere threwe the harpe aſyde,
And ſwith he drew his brand;
And Eſtmere he, and Adler yonge
Right ſtiffe in ſtour can ſtand.

And aye their ſwordes ſoe ſore can ſyte,
Throughe help of Gramaryè
That ſoone they have ſlayne the kempery men,
Or forſt them forth to flee.

Ver. 253. *Some liberties have been taken in the following ſtanzas; but wherever this Edition differs from the preceding, it hath been brought nearer to the folio MS.*

Kyng Eſtmere tooke that fayre ladyè,
And marryed her to his wiffe,
And brought her home to merry Englànd
With her to leade his life. 280

*** *The word* Gramarye, *which occurs ſeveral times in the foregoing Poem, is probably a corruption of the French word* Grimoire, *which ſignifies a Conjuring Book in the old French Romances, if not the Art of Negromancy itſelf.*

†‡† TERMAGAUNT *(mentioned above in p.* 61.*) is the name given in the old romances to the God of the Saracens: in which he is conſtantly linked with* MAHOUND *or Mahomet. Thus in the legend of* SYR GUY *the Soudan (Sultan) ſwears,*

" *So helpe me* MAHOWNE *of might,*
" *And* TERMAGAUNT *my God ſo bright.*"
Sign. p. iij. b.

This word is derived by the very learned Editor of Junius from the Anglo-Saxon Tŷn *very, and* Magan *mighty.* —— *As this word had ſo ſublime a derivation, and was ſo applicable to the true God, how ſhall we account for its being ſo degraded? Perhaps* Tŷn-magan *or* Termagant *had been a name originally given to ſome Saxon idol, before our anceſtors were converted to Chriſtianity; or had been the peculiar attribute of one of their falſe deities; and therefore the firſt Chriſtian miſſionaries rejected it as profane and improper to be implied to the true God. Afterwards, when the irruptions of the Saracens into Europe, and the Cruſades into the Eaſt, had brought them acquainted with a new ſpecies of unbelievers, our ignorant anceſtors, who thought all that did not receive the Chriſtian law, were neceſſarily Pagans and Idolaters, ſuppoſed the Mahometan creed was in all reſpects the ſame with that of their Pagan forefathers, and therefore made no ſcruple to give the ancient name of* Termagant *to the God of the Saracens: juſt in the ſame manner as they afterwards uſed the name of* Sarazen *to expreſs any kind of*

Pagan

Pagan or Idolater. In the ancient romance of Merline *(in the editor's folio MS.) the Saxons themſelves that came over with Hengiſt, becauſe they were not Chriſtians, are conſtantly called Sarazens.*

However that be, it is certain that, after the times of the Cruſades, both MAHOUND *and* TERMAGAUNT *made their frequent appearance in the Pageants and religious Enterludes of the barbarous ages; in which they were exhibited with geſtures ſo furious and frantic, as to become proverbial. Thus Skelton ſpeaks of Wolſey:*

> *"Like* MAHOUND *in a play,*
> *"No man dare him withſay."*
>
> *Ed.* 1736, *p.* 158.

In like manner Bale, deſcribing the threats uſed by ſome Papiſt magiſtrates to his wife, ſpeaks of them as "grennyng upon "her lyke TERMAGAUNTES *in a playe." [Actes of Engl. Votaryes, pt.* 2. *fo.* 83. *Ed.* 1550. 12*mo.*]—*Accordingly in a letter of Edward Alleyn, the founder of Dulwich College, to his wife, who, it ſeems, with all her fellows (the players), had been "by my Lorde Maiors officer[s] mad to rid in a "cart," he expreſſes his concern that ſhe ſhould "fall into "the hands of ſuche* TARMAGANTS." [*So the orig. dated May* 2, 1593, *preſerved by the care of the Rev. Thomas Jenyns Smith, Fellow of Dulw. Coll.*]—*Hence we may conceive the force of Hamlet's expreſſion in Shakſpeare, where, condemning a ranting player, he ſays, "I could have "ſuch a fellow whipt for ore-doing* TERMAGANT: *it "out-herods Herod." A.* 3. *ſc.* 3.—*By degrees the word came to be applied to an outrageous turbulent perſon, and eſpecially to a violent brawling woman; to whom alone it is now confined, and this the rather as, I ſuppoſe, the character of* TERMAGANT *was anciently repreſented on the ſtage after the eaſtern mode, with long robes or petticoats.*

Another frequent character in the old pageants or enterludes of our anceſtors, was the SOWDAN *or* SOLDAN *repreſenting a grim eaſtern tyrant: This appears from a curious paſſage in Stow's Annals [p.* 453.]—*In a ſtage-play "the people know right well that he that plaieth the* SOW-

"DAIN,

" DAIN, *is percaſe a ſowter* [*ſhoe-maker*]; *yet if one ſhould* " *cal him by his owne name, while he ſtandeth in his ma-* " *jeſtie, one of his tormentors might hap to break his head.*" *The* ſowdain, *or* ſoldan, *was a name given to the Sarazen king (being only a more rude pronunciation of the word* ſultan), *as the ſoldan of Egypt, the ſoudan of Perſia, the ſowdan of Babylon, &c. who were generally repreſented as accompanied with grim Sarazens, whoſe buſineſs it was to puniſh and torment Chriſtians.*

I cannot conclude this ſhort Memoir, without obſerving that the French romancers, who had borrowed the word Termagant from us, and applied it as we in their old romances, corrupted it into TERVAGAUNTE: *And from them La Fontaine took it up, and has uſed it more than once in his tales.* —— *This may be added to the other proofs adduced in theſe volumes of the great intercourſe that formerly ſubſiſted between the old minſtrels and legendary writers of both nations, and that they mutually borrowed each others romances.*

VII.

SIR PATRICK SPENCE,

A SCOTTISH BALLAD,

—— *is given from two MS. copies tranſmitted from Scotland. In what age the hero of this ballad lived, or when this fatal expedition happened that proved ſo deſtructive to the Scots nobles, I have not been able to diſcover; yet am of opinion, that their cataſtrophe is not altogether without foundation in hiſtory, though it has eſcaped my own reſearches. In the infancy of navigation, ſuch as uſed the northern ſeas were very liable to ſhipwreck in the wintry months: hence a law was enacted in the reign of James the III. (a law which was frequently repeated afterwards)* " *That there be na ſchip frauched out of the realm with*

" *any*

"any ſtaple gudes, fra the feaſt of Simons day and Jude, "unto the feaſt of the purification our Lady called Candel-"meſs." Jam. III. Parlt. 2. Ch. 15.

In ſome modern copies, inſtead of Patrick Spence hath been ſubſtituted the name of Sir Andrew Wood, a famous Scottiſh admiral who flouriſhed in the time of our Edw. IV. but whoſe ſtory hath nothing in common with this of the ballad. As Wood was the moſt noted warrior of Scotland, it is probable that, like the Theban Hercules, he hath engroſſed the renown of other heroes.

THE king ſits in Dumferling toune,
Drinking the blude-reid wine:
O quhar will I get guid ſailòr,
To ſail this ſchip of mine?

Up and ſpak an eldern knicht,
Sat at the kings richt kne:
Sir Patrick Spence is the beſt ſailòr,
That ſails upon the ſe.

The king has written a braid letter *,
And ſignd it wi' his hand;
And ſent it to Sir Patrick Spence,
Was walking on the ſand.

The firſt line that Sir Patrick red,
A loud lauch lauched he:
The next line that Sir Patrick red,
The teir blinded his ee.

* A braid Letter, *i. e. open, or patent; in oppoſition to cloſe Rolls.*

O quha

O quha is this has don this deid,
This ill deid don to me;
To ſend me out this time o'the zeir,
To ſail upon the ſe?

Mak haſt, mak haſte, my mirry men all,
Our guid ſchip ſails the morne.
O ſay na ſae, my maſter deir,
For I feir a deadlie ſtorme.

Late late yeſtreen I ſaw the new moone
Wi' the auld moone in hir arme;
And I feir, I feir, my deir maſtèr,
That we will com to harme.

O our Scots nobles wer richt laith
To weet their cork-heild ſchoone;
Bot lang owre a' the play wer playd,
Thair hats they ſwam aboone.

O lang, lang, may thair ladies ſit
Wi' thair fans into their hand,
Or eir they ſe Sir Patrick Spence
Cum ſailing to the land.

O lang, lang, may the ladies ſtand
Wi' thair gold kems in their hair,
Waiting for thair ain deir lords,
For they'll ſe thame na mair.

Have

Have owre, have owre to Aberdour *,
It's fiftie fadom deip:
And thair lies guid Sir Patrick Spence,
Wi' the Scots lords at his feit †.

VIII.

ROBIN HOOD AND GUY OF GISBORNE.

We have here a ballad of Robin Hood (from the Editor's folio MS.) which was never before printed, and carries marks of much greater antiquity than any of the common popular ſongs on this ſubject.

The ſeverity of thoſe tyrannical foreſt-laws, that were introduced by our Norman kings, and the great temptation of breaking them by ſuch as lived near the royal foreſts, at a time when the yeomanry of this kingdom were every where trained up to the long-bow, and excelled all other nations in the art of ſhooting, muſt conſtantly have occaſioned great numbers of outlaws, and eſpecially of ſuch as were the beſt markſmen. Theſe naturally fled to the woods for ſhelter; and, forming into troops, endeavoured by their numbers to protect themſelves from the dreadful penalties of their delinquency. The ancient puniſhment for killing the king's deer was loſs of eyes and caſtration, a puniſhment far worſe than death. This will eaſily account for the troops of banditti which formerly lurked in the royal foreſts, and, from their ſuperior ſkill in archery and knowledge of all the receſſes of thoſe unfrequented ſolitudes, found it no difficult matter to reſiſt or elude the civil power.

Among all theſe, none was ever more famous than the hero of this ballad, whoſe chief reſidence was in Shirewood foreſt,

* *A village lying upon the river Forth, the entrance to which is ſometimes denominated* De mortuo mari.

† *An ingenious friend thinks the Author of* HARDYKNUTE *has borrowed ſeveral expreſſions and ſentiments from the foregoing, and other old Scottiſh ſongs in this collection.*

in Nottinghamshire; and the heads of whose story, as collected by Stow, are briefly these.

" In this time [about the year 1190, in the reign of Richard I.] were many robbers, and outlawes, among the which Robin Hood, and Little John, renowned theeves, continued in woods, despoyling and robbing the goods of the rich. They killed none but such as would invade them; or by resistance for their own defence.

" The saide Robert entertained an hundred tall men and good archers with such spoiles and thefts as he got, upon whom four hundred (were they ever so strong) durst not give the onset. He suffered no woman to be oppressed, violated, or otherwise molested: poore mens goods he spared, abundantlie relieving them with that which by theft he got from abbeys and the houses of rich earles: whom Maior (the historian) blameth for his rapine and theft, but of all theeves he affirmeth him to be the prince, and the most gentle theefe." Annals, p. 159.

The personal courage of this celebrated outlaw, his skill in archery, his humanity, and especially his levelling principle of taking from the rich and giving to the poor, have in all ages rendered him the favourite of the common people, who, not content to celebrate his memory by innumerable songs and stories, have erected him into the dignity of an earl. Indeed, it is not impossible, but our hero, to gain the more respect from his followers, or they to derive the more credit to their profession, may have given rise to such a report themselves: for we find it recorded in an epitaph, which, if genuine, must have been inscribed on his tombstone near the nunnery of Kirklees in Yorkshire; where (as the story goes) he was bled to death by a treacherous nun to whom he applied for phlebotomy.

* Hear underneaD dis laitl stean
laiȝ robert earl of huntingtun
nea arcir ver aȝ hie sae geud
an pipl kauld im Robin Heud
sick utlawȝ as hi an is men
vil England nivir si agen.
obiit 24 kal. dekembris, 1247.

* *See Thoresby's Ducat. Leod. p. 576. Biog. Brit. VI. 3933.*

This

This Epitaph appears to me ſuſpicious; however, a late Antiquary has given a pedigree of ROBIN HOOD, *which, if genuine, ſhews that he had real pretenſions to the Earldom of Huntington, and that his true name was* ROBERT FITZ-OOTH *. *Yet the moſt ancient poems on Robin Hood make no mention of this Earldom. He is expreſſly aſſerted to have been a yeoman † in a very old legend in verſe, preſerved in the archives of the public library at Cambridge ‡, in eight* FYTTES *or Parts, printed in black letter, quarto, thus inſcribed: "* ℂ *Here begynneth a lytell geſte of Robyn hode "and his meyne, and of the proude ſheryfe of Notyngham." The firſt lines are,*

"*Lithe and lyſten, gentylmen,*
"*That be of fre-bore blode:*
"*I ſhall you tell of a good* YEMAN,
"*His name was Robyn hode.*

"*Robyn was a proude out-lawe,*
"*Whiles he walked on grounde;*
"*So curteyſe an outlawe as he was one,*
"*Was never none yfounde.*" &c.

The printer's colophon is, " ℂ *Explicit Kinge Edwarde "and Robin hode and Lyttel Johan. Enprented at London in "Fleteſtrete at the ſygne of the ſone by Wynkin de Worde." ——In Mr. Garrick's Collection § is a different edition of the ſame poem "* ℂ *Imprinted at London upon the thre Crane "wharfe by Wyllyam Copland," containing at the end a little dramatic piece on the ſubject of Robin Hood and the Friar, not found in the former copy, called, "A newe playe "for to be played in Maye games very pleſaunte and full of "paſtyme.* ℂ (.*.) ℗."

I ſhall conclude theſe preliminary remarks with obſerving, that the hero of this ballad was the favourite ſubject of popular ſongs ſo early as the time of K. Edward III. In the

* *Stukeley, in his* Palæographia Britannica, *No. II.* 1746.
† *See alſo the following ballads, v.* 147. ‡ *Num. D.* 5. 2.
§ *Old Plays,* 4to. *K. vol. X.*

Viſions of Pierce Plowman, written in that reign, a monk ſays,

I can rimes of Roben Hod, and Randal of Chelter,
But of our Lorde and our Lady, I lerne nothyng at all.

Fol. 26. *Ed.* 1550.

*See alſo in Bp. Latimer's Sermons * a very curious and characteriſtical ſtory, which ſhews what reſpect was ſhewn to the memory of our archer in the time of that prelate.*

The curious reader will find many other particulars relating to this celebrated Outlaw, in Sir JOHN HAWKINS's *Hiſt. of Muſic, vol. III. p.* 410, 4*to.*

For the cataſtrophe of Little John, who, it ſeems, was executed for a robbery on Arbor-hill, Dublin (with ſome curious particulars relating to his ſkill in archery), ſee Mr. J. C. WALKER's *ingenious "Memoir on the Armour and Weapons of the Iriſh," p.* 129, *annexed to his "Hiſtorical Eſſay on the Dreſs of the Ancient and Modern Iriſh." Dublin,* 1788, 4*to.*

Some liberties were, by the Editor, taken with this ballad; which, in this Edition, hath been brought nearer to the folio MS.

WHEN ſhaws beene ſheene, and ſhradds full fayre,
And leaves both large and longe,
Itt is merrye walking in the fayre forrèſt
To heare the ſmall birdes ſonge.

The woodweele ſang, and wold not ceaſe,
Sitting upon the ſpraye,
Soe lowde, he wakened Robin Hood,
In the greenwood where he lay.

* *Ser. 6th before K. Ed. Apr.* 12. *fol.* 75. *Gilpin's life of Lat. p.* 122.

Ver. 1. Shale's *MS. It ſhould perhaps be* Swards: *i. e. the ſurface of the ground: viz. "when the fields are in their beauty;" or perhaps* ſhades.

Now

Now by my faye, ſayd jollye Robìn,
A ſweaven I had this night;
I dreamt me of tow wighty yemen,
That faſt with me can fight.

Methought they did mee beate and binde,
And tooke my bow mee froe;
If I be Robin alive in this lande,
Ile be wroken on them towe.

Sweavens are ſwift, Maſter, quoth John,
As the wind that blowes ore a hill;
For if itt be never ſo loude this night,
To-morrow itt may be ſtill.

Buſke yee, bowne yee, my merry men all,
And John ſhall goe with mee,
For Ile goe ſeeke yond wight yeomen,
In greenwood where the bee.

Then the caſt on their gownes of grene,
And tooke theyr bowes each one;
And they away to the greene forrèſt
A ſhooting forth are gone;

Untill they came to the merry greenwood,
Where they had gladdeſt bee,
There were the ware of a wight yeomàn,
His body leaned to a tree.

A ſword and a dagger he wore by his ſide,
Of manye a man the bane;
And he was clad in his capull hyde
Topp and tayll and mayne.

Stand you ſtill, maſter, quoth Litle John,
Under this tree ſo grene,
And I will go to yond wight yeoman
To know what he doth meane.

Ah! John, by me thou ſetteſt noe ſtore,
And that I farley finde:
How offt ſend I my men beffore,
And tarry my ſelfe behinde?

It is no cunning a knave to ken,
And a man but heare him ſpeake;
And itt were not for burſting of my bowe,
John, I thy head wold breake.

As often wordes they breeden bale,
So they parted Robin and John;
And John is gone to Barneſdale:
The gates * he knoweth eche one.

But when he came to Barneſdale,
Great heavineſſe there hee hadd,

* *i. e. ways, paſſes, paths, tidings.* Gate *is a common word in the North for* Way.

For

For he found tow of his owne fellòwes
Were ſlaine both in a ſlade.

And Scarlette he was flyinge a-foote
Faſt over ſtocke and ſtone,
For the ſheriffe with ſeven ſcore men
Faſt after him is gone.

One ſhoote now I will ſhoote, quoth John,
With Chriſt his might and mayne;
Ile make yond fellow that flyes ſoe faſt,
To ſtopp he ſhall be fayne.

Then John bent up his long bende-bowe,
And fetteled him to ſhoote:
The bow was made of a tender boughe,
And fell downe to his foote.

Woe worth, woe worth thee, wicked wood,
That ere thou grew on a tree;
For now this day thou art my bale,
My boote when thou ſhold bee.

His ſhoote it was but looſely ſhott,
Yet flewe not the arrowe in vaine,
For itt mett one of the ſherriffes men,
Good William a Trent was ſlaine.

It had bene better of William a Trent
To have bene abed with ſorrowe,

Than to be that day in the green wood ſlade
To meet with Little Johns arrowe.

But as it is ſaid, when men be mett
Fyve can doe more than three,
The ſheriffe hath taken little John,
And bound him faſt to a tree.

Thou ſhalt be drawen by dale and downe,
And hanged hye on a hill.
But thou mayſt fayle of thy purpoſe, quoth John,
If itt be Chriſt his will.

Let us leave talking of Litle John,
And thinke of Robin Hood,
How he is gone to the wight yeomàn,
Where under the leaves he ſtood.

Good morrowe, good fellowe, ſayd Robin ſo fayre,
"Good morrowe, good fellow, quoth he:"
Methinkes by this bowe thou beares in thy hande
A good archere thou ſholdſt bee.

I am wilfull of my waye, quo' the yeman,
And of my morning tyde.
Ile lead thee through the wood, ſayd Robin;
Good fellow, Ile be thy guide.

I ſeeke an outlàwe, the ſtraunger ſayd,
Men call him Robin Hood;

Rather

Rather Ild meet with that proud outlàwe
Than fortye pound ſoe good.

Now come with me, thou wighty yeman,
And Robin thou ſoone ſhalt ſee:
But firſt let us ſome paſtime find
Under the greenwood tree.

Firſt let us ſome maſterye make
Among the woods ſo even,
Wee may chance to meet with Robin Hood
Here att ſome unſett ſteven.

They cutt them downe two ſummer ſhroggs,
That grew both under a breere,
And ſett them threeſcore rood in twaine
To ſhoote the prickes y-fere.

Leade on, good fellowe, quoth Robin Hood,
Leade on, I doe bidd thee.
Nay by my faith, good fellowe, hee ſayd,
My leader thou ſhalt bee.

The firſt time Robin ſhot at the pricke,
He miſt but an inch it froe:
The yeoman he was an archer good,
But he cold never ſhoote ſoe.

The ſecond ſhoote had the wightye yeman,
He ſhote within the garlànde:

But

But Robin he ſhott far better than hee,
For he clave the good pricke wande.

A bleſſing upon thy heart, he ſayd;
Good fellowe, thy ſhooting is goode;
For an thy hart be as good as thy hand,
Thou wert better then Robin Hoode.

Now tell me thy name, good fellowe, ſayd he,
Under the leaves of lyne.
Nay by my faith, quoth bolde Robin,
Till thou have told me thine.

I dwell by dale and downe, quoth hee,
And Robin to take Ime ſworne;
And when I am called by my right name
I am Guye of good Giſbòrne.

My dwelling is in this wood, ſayes Robin,
By thee I ſet right nought:
I am Robin Hood of Barnèſdale,
Whom thou ſo long haſt ſought.

He that had neither beene kithe nor kin,
Might have ſeene a full fayre fight,
To ſee how together theſe yeomen went
With blades both browne * and bright.

To

* *The common epithet for a ſword or other offenſive weapon, in the old metrical romances, is* BROWN. *As "brown brand," or "brown "ſword: brown bill," &c. and ſometimes even "bright brown ſword."* Chaucer

To ſee how theſe yeomen together they fought
Two howres of a ſummers day:
Yett neither Robin Hood nor ſir Guy
Them ſettled to flye away.

Robin was reachles on a roote,
And ſtumbled at that tyde;
And Guy was quicke and nimble with-all,
And hitt him ore the left ſide.

Ah deere Lady, ſayd Robin Hood, tho
That art both mother and may',
I think it was never mans deſtinye
To dye before his day.

Robin thought on our ladye deere,
And ſoone leapt up againe,
And ſtrait he came with a 'backward' ſtroke,
And he ſir Guy hath ſlayne.

Chaucer applies the word RUSTIE *in the ſame ſenſe; thus he deſcribes the* REVE:

"And by his ſide he bare a ruſty blade."

Prol. ver. 620.

And even thus the God MARS:

"And in his hand he had a rouſty ſword."

Teſt. of Creſſid. 188.

Spenſer has ſometimes uſed the ſame epithet. See Warton's Obſerv. voll. II. p. 62. *It ſhould ſeem, from this particularity, that our anceſtors did not pique themſelves upon keeping their weapons bright: perhaps they deemed it more honourable to carry them ſtained with the blood of their enemies.*

Ver. 163. awkwarde. *MS.*

He

He took ſir Guys head by the hayre,
And ſticked itt on his bowes end:
Thou haſt beene a traytor all thy liffe,
Which thing muſt have an ende.

Robin pulled forth an Iriſh kniffe,
And nicked ſir Guy in the face,
That he was never on woman born,
Cold tell whoſe head it was.

Saies, Lye there, lye there, now ſir Guye,
And with me be not wrothe;
If thou have had the worſe ſtrokes at my hand,
Thou ſhalt have the better clothe.

Robin did off his gowne of greene,
And on ſir Guy did it throwe,
And hee put on that capull hyde,
That cladd him topp to toe.

The bowe, the arrowes, and litle horne,
Now with me I will beare;
For I will away to Barnèſdale,
To ſee how my men doe fare.

Robin Hood ſett Guyes horne to his mouth,
And a loud blaſt in it did blow.
That beheard the ſheriffe of Nottingham,
As he leaned under a lowe.

Hearken,

Hearken, hearken, ſayd the ſheriffe,
I heare nowe tydings good,
For yonder I heare ſir Guyes horne blowe,
And he hath ſlaine Robin Hoode.

Yonder I heare ſir Guyes horne blowe,
Itt blowes ſoe well in tyde,
And yonder comes that wightye yeoman,
Cladd in his capull hyde.

Come hyther, come hyther, thou good ſir Guy,
Aſke what thou wilt of mee.
O I will none of thy gold, ſayd Robin,
Nor I will none of thy fee:

But now I have ſlaine the maſter, he ſayes,
Let me goe ſtrike the knave;
This is all the rewarde I aſke;
Nor noe other will I have.

Thou art a madman, ſaid the ſheriffe,
Thou ſholdeſt have had a knights fee:
But ſeeing thy aſking hath beene ſoe bad,
Well granted it ſhale be.

When Litle John heard his maſter ſpeake,
Well knewe he it was his ſteven:
Now ſhall I be looſet, quoth Litle John,
With Chriſt his might in heaven,

Faſt

Faſt Robin hee hyed him to Little John,
He thought to looſe him belive;
The ſheriffe and all his companye
Faſt after him did drive.

Stand abacke, ſtand abacke, ſayd Robin;
Why draw you mee ſoe neere?
Itt was never the uſe in our countryè,
Ones ſhrift another ſhold heere.

But Robin pulled forth an Iryſh kniffe,
And loſed John hand and foote,
And gave him ſir Guyes bow into his hand,
And bade it be his boote.

Then John he took Guyes bow in his hand,
His boltes and arrowes eche one:
When the ſheriffe ſaw Little John bend his bow,
He fettled him to be gone.

Towards his houſe in Nottingham towne,
He fled full faſt away;
And ſoe did all his companye:
Not one behind wold ſtay.

But he cold neither runne ſoe faſt,
Nor away ſoe faſt cold ryde,
But Litle John with an arrowe ſoe broad,
He ſhott him into the 'backe'-ſyde.

*** *The title of* SIR *was not formerly peculiar to Knights, it was given to prieſts, and ſometimes to very inferior perſonages.*

Dr. Johnſon thinks this Title was applied to ſuch as had taken the degree of A. B. in the univerſities, who are ſtill ſtiled, Domini, "*Sirs,*" *to diſtinguiſh them from Undergraduates, who have no prefix: and from Maſters of Arts, who are ſtiled* Magiſtri, "*Maſters.*"

IX.

AN ELEGY ON HENRY FOURTH EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

The ſubject of this poem, which was written by SKELTON, *is the death of* HENRY PERCY, *fourth earl of Northumberland, who fell a victim to the avarice of Henry VII. In* 1489 *the parliament had granted the king a ſubſidy for carrying on the war in Bretagne. This tax was found ſo heavy in the North, that the whole country was in a flame. The E. of Northumberland, then lord lieutenant for Yorkſhire, wrote to inform the king of the diſcontent, and praying an abatement. But nothing is ſo unrelenting as avarice: the king wrote back that not a penny ſhould be abated. This meſſage being delivered by the earl with too little caution, the populace roſe, and, ſuppoſing him to be the promoter of their calamity, broke into his houſe, and murdered him, with ſeveral of his attendants, who yet are charged by Skelton with being backward in their duty on this occaſion. This melancholy event happened at the earl's ſeat at Cocklodge, near Thirſke, in Yorkſhire, April* 28, 1489. *See Lord Bacon, &c.*

If

If the reader does not find much poetical merit in this old poem (which yet is one of Skelton's beſt), he will ſee a ſtriking picture of the ſtate and magnificence kept up by our ancient nobility during the feudal times. This great earl is deſcribed here as having, among his menial ſervants, KNIGHTS, SQUIRES, *and even* BARONS: *ſee v.* 32. 183. *&c. which, however different from modern manners, was formerly not unuſual with our greater Barons, whoſe caſtles had all the ſplendour and offices of a royal court, before the Laws againſt Retainers abridged and limited the number of their attendants.*

JOHN SKELTON, *who commonly ſtyled himſelf Poet Laureat, died June* 21, 1529. *The following poem, which appears to have been written ſoon after the event, is printed from an ancient MS. copy preſerved in the Britiſh Muſeum, being much more correct than that printed among* SKELTON'S *Poems in bl. let.* 12*mo.* 1568.—*It is addreſſed to Henry Percy, fifth earl of Northumberland, and is prefaced, &c. in the following manner:*

Poeta Skelton Laureatus libellum ſuum metrice alloquitur.

Ad dominum properato meum mea pagina Percy,
Qui Northumbrorum jura paterna gerit,
Ad nutum celebris tu prona repone leonis,
Quæque ſuo patri triſtia juſta cano.
Aſt ubi perlegit, dubiam ſub mente volutet
Fortunam, cuncta quæ male fida rotat.
Qui leo ſit felix, & Neſtoris occupet annos;
Ad libitum cujus ipſe paratus ero.

SKELTON LAUREAT UPON THE DOLORUS DETHE AND MUCH LAMENTABLE CHAUNCE OF THE MOOST HONORABLE ERLE OF NORTHUMBERLANDE.

I Wayle, I wepe, I ſobbe, I ſigh ful ſore
The dedely fate, the dolefulle deſtenny
Of him that is gone, alas! withoute reſtore,

Of the blode * royall deſcendinge nobelly;
Whos lordſhepe doutles was ſlayne lamentably
Thorow treſon ageyn hym compaſſyd and wrought;
Trew to his prince, in word, in dede, and thought.

Of hevenly poems, O Clyo calde by name
In the college of muſis goddeſs hyſtoriall,
Adres the to me, whiche am both halt and lame
In elect uteraunce to make memoryall:
To the for ſoccour, to the for helpe I call
Myne homely rudnes and drighnes to expelle
With the freſhe waters of Elyconys welle.

Of noble actes auncyently enrolde,
Of famous princis and lordes of aſtate,
By thy report ar wonte to be extold,
Regeſtringe trewly every formare date;
Of thy bountie after the uſuall rate,
Kyndle in me ſuche plenty of thy noblès,
Thes ſorrowfulle dities that I may ſhew expres.

In ſeſons paſt who hathe harde or ſene
Of format writinge by any preſidente
That viſane haſtarddis in ther furious tene,

* *The mother of Henry, firſt Earl of Northumberland, was Mary daughter to Henry E. of Lancaſter, whoſe father Edmond was ſecond ſon of K. Henry III.—The mother and wife of the ſecond Earl of Northumberland were both lineal deſcendants of K. Edward III.—The* PERCYS *alſo were lineally deſcended from the Emperour Charlemagne and the ancient Kings of France, by his anceſtor Joſceline de Louain (ſon of Godfrey Duke of Brabant), who took the name of* PERCY *on marrying the heireſs of that houſe in the reign of Hen. II. Vid. Camden Britan. Edmondſon, &c.*

Fulfyld with malice of froward entente,
Confeterd togeder of commoun concente
Falſly to ſlo ther moſte ſingular goode lorde?
It may be regiſterde of ſhamefull recorde.

So noble a man, ſo valiaunt lorde and knight,
Fulfilled with honor, as all the worlde dothe ken;
At his commaundement, whiche had both day and night
Knyghtis and ſquyers, at every ſeaſon when
He calde upon them, as menyall houſhold men:
Were no thes commones uncurteis karlis of kynde
To ſlo their owne lorde? God was not in their minde.

And were not they to blame, I ſay alſo,
That were aboute hym, his owne ſervants of truſt,
To ſuffre hym ſlayn of his mortall fo?
Fled away from hym, let hym ly in the duſt:
They bode not till the rekening were diſcuſt.
What ſhuld I flatter? what ſhulde I gloſe or paynt?
Fy, fy for ſhame, their harts wer to faint.

In Englande and Fraunce, which gretly was redouted;
Of whom both Flaunders and Scotland ſtode in drede;
To whome grete aſtates obeyde and lowttede;
A mayny of rude villayns made him for to blede:
Unkindly they ſlew hym, that holp them oft at nede:
He was their bulwark, their paves, and their wall,
Yet ſhamfully they ſlew hym; that ſhame mot them befal.

I ſay,

I ſay, ye commoners, why wer ye ſo ſtark mad?
What frantyk frenſy fyll in youre brayne?
Where was your wit and reſon, ye ſhuld have had?
What willfull foly made yow to ryſe agayne
Your naturall lord? alas! I can not fayne.
Ye armed you with will, and left your wit behynd;
Well may you be called comones moſt unkynd.

He was your chyfteyne, your ſhelde, your chef defence,
Redy to aſſyſt you in every tyme of nede:
Your worſhip depended of his excellence:
Alas! ye mad men, to far ye did excede:
Your hap was unhappy, to ill was your ſpede:
What movyd you agayn hym to war or to fight?
What aylde you to ſle your lord agyn all right?

The grounde of his quarel was for his ſovereyn lord,
The welle concernyng of all the hole lande,
Demaundyng ſoche dutyes as nedis moſt acord [ſtand;
To the right of his prince which ſhold not be with-
For whos cauſe ye ſlew hym with your awne hande:
But had his nobill men done wel that day,
Ye had not been hable to have ſaide him nay.

But ther was fals packinge, or els I am begylde:
How-be-it the matter was evident and playne,
For yf they had occupied ther ſpere and ther ſhelde,
This noble man doutles had not be ſlayne.
Bot men ſay they wer lynked with a double chayn,
And held with the commouns under a cloke,
Whiche kindeled the wyld fyre that made all this ſmoke.

The commouns renyed ther taxes to pay
Of them demaunded and aſked by the kinge;
With one voice importune, they playnly ſaid nay:
They buſkt them on a-buſhment themſelf in baile to bringe:
Agayne the kings pleſure to wraſtle or to wringe,
Bluntly as beſtis withe boſte and with cry
They ſaide, they forſede not, nor carede not to dy.

The nob'enes of the northe this valiant lorde and knyght,
As man that was innocent of trechery or trayne,
Preſed forthe boldly to witſtand the myght,
And, lyke marciall Hector, he fauht them agayne,
Vigorouſly upon them with myght and with mayne,
Truſtinge in noble men that wer with hym there:
Bot all they fled from hym for falſhode or fere.

Barons, knights, ſquyers, one and alle,
Togeder with ſervaunts of his famuly,
Turnd their backis, and let ther maſter fall,
Of whos [life] they counted not a flye;
Take up whos wolde for them, they let hym ly.
Alas! his golde, his fee, his annuall rente
Upon ſuche a ſort was ille beſtowde and ſpent.

He was envyronde aboute on every ſyde
Withe his enemys, that were ſtark mad and wode;
Yet whils he ſtode he gave them woundes wyde:
Alas for routhe! what thouche his mynde were goode,
His corage manly, yet ther he ſhed his bloode!

All left alone, alas! he fawte in vayne;
For cruelly amonge them ther he was ſlayne.

Alas for pite! that Percy thus was ſpylt,
The famous erle of Northumberlande:
Of knightly prowès the ſworde pomel and hylt,
The myghty lyoun * doutted by ſe and lande!
O dolorous chaunce of fortuns fruward hande!
What man remembring how ſhamfully he was ſlayne,
From bitter weepinge hymſelf kan reſtrayne?

O cruell Mars, thou dedly god of war!
O dolorous teuſday, dedicate to thy name,
When thou ſhoke thy ſworde ſo noble a man to mar!
O grounde ungracious, unhappy be thy fame,
Whiche wert endyed with rede blode of the ſame!
Moſte noble erle! O fowle myſuryd grounde
Whereon he gat his fynal dedely wounde!

O Atropos, of the fatall ſyſters thre,
Goddes mooſte cruell unto the lyf of man,
All merciles, in the ys no pitè!
O homycide, whiche ſleeſt all that thou kan,
So forcibly upon this erle thow ran,
That with thy ſworde enharpid of mortall drede,
Thou kit aſonder his perfight vitall threde!

My wordis unpullyſht be nakide and playne,
Of aureat poems they want ellumynynge;
Bot by them to knoulege ye may attayne

* *Alluding to his creſt and ſupporters.* Doutted *is contracted for* redoubted.

Of this lordis dethe and of his murdrynge.
Which whils he lyvyd had fuyſon of every thing,
Of knights, of ſquyers, chef lord of toure and toune,
Tyl fykkill fortune began on hym to frowne.

Paregall to dukis, with kings he myght compare,
Surmountinge in honor all erls he did excede,
To all cuntreis aboute hym reporte me I dare.
Lyke to Eneas benygne in worde and dede,
Valiaunt as Hector in every marciall nede,
Provydent, diſcrete, circumſpect, and wyſe,
Tyll the chaunce ran agyne him of fortunes duble dyſe.

What nedethe me for to extoll his fame
With my rude pen enkankerd all with ruſt?
Whos noble actis ſhew worſheply his name,
Tranſcendyng far myne homely muſe, that muſt
Yet ſumwhat wright ſuppriſid with hartly luſt,
Truly reportinge his right noble aſtate,
Immortally whiche is immaculate.

His noble blode never diſteynyd was,
Trew to his prince for to defende his right,
Doublenes hatinge, fals maters to compas,
Treytory and treſon he banneſht out of ſyght,
With trowth to medle was all his hole delyght,
As all his kuntrey kan teſtefy the ſame:
To ſlo ſuche a lord, alas, it was grete ſhame.

If the hole quere of the muſis nyne
In me all onely wer ſett and compriſyde,
Enbrethed with the blaſt of influence dyvyne,

As

As perfightly as could be thought or devyſyd;
To me alſo allthouche it were promyſyde
Of laureat Phebus holy the eloquence,
All were to litill for his magnyficence.

O yonge lyon, bot tender yet of age,
Grow and encreſe, remembre thyn aſtate,
God the aſſyſt unto thyn herytage,
And geve the grace to be more fortunate,
Agayne rebellyouns arme to make debate.
And, as the lyoune, whiche is of beſtis kinge,
Unto thy ſubjectis be kurteis and benyngne.

I pray God ſende the proſperous lyf and long,
Stabille thy mynde conſtant to be and faſt,
Right to mayntein, and to reſiſt all wronge:
All flattringe faytors abhor and from the caſt,
Of foule detraction God kepe the from the blaſt:
Let double delinge in the have no place,
And be not light of credence in no caſe.

Wythe hevy chere, with dolorous hart and mynd,
Eche man may ſorow in his inward thought,
Thys lords death, whoſe pere is hard to fynd
Allgyf Englond and Fraunce were thorow ſaught.
Al kings, all princes, all dukes, well they ought
Bothe temporall and ſpirituall for to complayne
This noble man, that crewelly was ſlayne.

More ſpecially barons, and thoſe knygtes bold,
And all other gentilmen with hym enterteynd
In fee, as menyall men of his houſold,

Whom he as lord worſheply manteynd:
To ſorowfull weping they ought to be conſtreynd,
As oft as thei call to ther remembraunce,
Of ther good lord the fate and dedely chaunce.

O perleſe prince of hevyn emperyalle,
That with one worde formed al thing of noughte;
Hevyn, hell, and erth obey unto thi kall;
Which to thy reſemblance wonderſly haſt wrought
All mankynd, whom thou full dere haſt boght,
With thy blode precious our finaunce thou dyd pay,
And us redemed, from the fendys pray:

To the pray we, as prince incomperable,
As thou art of mercy and pite the well,
Thou bringe unto thy joye etermynable
The ſowle of this lorde from all daunger of hell,
In endles blis with the to byde and dwell
In thy palace above the orient,
Where thou art lorde, and God omnipotent.

O quene of mercy, O lady full of grace,
Maiden moſte pure, and goddis moder dere,
To ſorowfull harts chef comfort and ſolace,
Of all women O floure withouten pere,
Pray to thy ſon above the ſtarris clere,
He to voucheſaf by thy mediatioun
To pardon thy ſervant, and bringe to ſalvacion.

In joy triumphaunt the hevenly yerarchy,
With all the hole ſorte of that glorious place,
His ſoule mot receyve into ther company

Thorowe

Thorowe bounte of hym that formed all ſolace:
Well of pite, of mercy, and of grace,
The father, the ſon, and the holy goſte
In Trinitate one God of myghts moſte.

†‡† *I have placed the foregoing poem of* SKELTON'S *before the following extract from* HAWES, *not only becauſe it was written firſt, but becauſe I think* SKELTON *is in general to be conſidered as the earlier poet; many of his poems being written long before* HAWES'S Graunde Amour.

X.

THE TOWER OF DOCTRINE.

The reader has here a ſpecimen of the deſcriptive powers of STEPHEN HAWES, *a celebrated poet in the reign of Hen. VII. tho' now little known. It is extracted from an allegorical poem of his (written in 1505.) intitled, "The "Hiſt. of Graunde Amoure & La Belle Pucel, called the "Palace of Pleaſure, &c." 4to. 1555. See more of Hawes in Ath. Ox. v. 1. p. 6. and Warton's Obſerv. v. 2. p. 105. He was alſo author of a book, intitled, "The Temple "of Glaſs. Wrote by Stephen Hawes, gentleman of the "bedchamber to K. Henry VII." Pr. for Caxton, 4to. no date.*

The following Stanzas are taken from Chap. III. and IV. of the Hiſt. above-mentioned. "How Fame departed "from Graunde Amour and left him with Governaunce and "Grace, and howe he went to the Tower of Doctrine, "&c."—As we are able to give no ſmall lyric piece of Hawes's, the reader will excuſe the inſertion of this extract.

I Loked

I Loked about and ſaw a craggy roche,
Farre in the weſt neare to the element,
And as I dyd then unto it approche,
Upon the toppe I ſawe refulgent
The royal tower of MORALL DOCUMENT,
Made of fine copper with turrettes fayre and hye,
Which againſt Phebus ſhone ſoe marveylouſly,

That for the very perfect bryghtnes
What of the tower, and of the cleare ſunne,
I could nothyng behold the goodlines
Of that palaice, whereas Doctrine did wonne:
Tyll at the laſt, with myſty wyndes donne,
The radiant brightnes of golden Phebus
Auſter gan cover with clowde tenebrus.

Then to the tower I drewe nere and nere,
And often muſed of the great hyghnes
Of the craggy rocke, which quadrant did appeare:
But the fayre tower, (ſo much of ryches
Was all about,) ſexangled doubtles;
Gargeyld with grayhoundes, and with many lyons,
Made of fyne golde; with divers ſundry dragons *.

The little turrets with ymages of golde
About was ſet, whiche with the wynde aye moved
With propre vices, that I did well beholde
About the tower, in ſundry wyſe they hoved
With goodly pypes, in their mouthes ituned,

* *Greybounds, Lions, Dragons, were at that time the royal ſupporters.*
V. 25. towers. *PC.*

That

That with the wynd they pyped a daunce
Iclipped *Amour de la hault pleſaunce.*

The toure was great of marveylous wydnes,
To whyche ther was no way to paſſe but one,
Into the toure for to have an intres:
A grece there was ycheſyld all of ſtone
Out of the rocke, on whyche men dyd gone
Up to the toure, and in lykewyſe dyd I
Wyth bothe the Grayhoundes in my company*:

Tyll that I came unto a ryall gate,
Where I ſawe ſtondynge the goodly Portres,
Whyche axed me, from whence I came a-late;
To whome I gan in every thynge expreſſe
All myne adventure, chaunce, and buſyneſſe,
And eke my name; I tolde her every dell:
Whan ſhe herde this ſhe lyked me right well.

Her name, ſhe ſayd, was called COUNTENAUNCE;
Into the 'baſe' courte ſhe dyd me then lede,
Where was a fountayne depured of pleſance,
A noble ſprynge, a ryall conduyte-hede,
Made of fyne golde enameled with reed;
And on the toppe four dragons blewe and ſtoute
Thys dulcet water in four partes dyd ſpoute.

* *This alludes to a former part of the Poem.*

V. 44. beſy courte. *PC.* *V.* 49. partyes. *PC.*

Of

Of whyche there flowed foure ryvers ryght clere,
Sweter than Nylus * or Ganges was ther odoure;
Tygrys or Eüfrates unto them no pere:
I dyd than taſte the aromatyke lycoure,
Fragraunt of fume, and ſwete as any floure;
And in my mouthe it had a marveylous ſcent
Of divers ſpyces, I knewe not what it ment.

And after thys further forth me brought
Dame Countenaunce into a goodly Hall,
Of jaſper ſtones it was wonderly wrought:
The wyndowes cleare depured all of cryſtall,
And in the rouſe on hye over all
Of golde was made a ryght crafty vyne;
Inſtede of grapes the rubies there did ſhyne.

The flore was paved with berall clarified,
With pillers made of ſtones precious,
Like a place of pleaſure ſo gayely glorified,
It myght be called a palaice glorious,
So muche delectable and ſolacious;
The hall was hanged hye and circuler
With cloth of arras in the rycheſt maner.

That treated well of a ful noble ſtory,
Of the doubty waye to the Tower Perillous †;
Howe a noble knyght ſhould wynne the victory
Of many a ſerpente foule and odious.

* * * * * * *

* Nyſus. *PC.*

† *The ſtory of the poem.*

XI. THE

XI.

THE CHILD OF ELLE,

—— is given from a fragment in the Editor's folio MS: which, tho' extremely defective and mutilated, appeared to have ſo much merit, that it excited a ſtrong deſire to attempt a completion of the ſtory. The Reader will eaſily diſcover the ſupplemental ſtanzas by their inferiority, and at the ſame time be inclined to pardon it, when he conſiders how difficult it muſt be to imitate the affecting ſimplicity and artleſs beauties of the original.

CHILD *was a title ſometimes given to a knight. See Gloſſ.*

ON yonder hill a caſtle ſtandes
With walles and towres bedight,
And yonder lives the Child of Elle,
A younge and comely knighte.

The Child of Elle to his garden wente,
And ſtood at his garden pale,
Whan, lo! he beheld fair Emmelines page
Come trippinge downe the dale.

The Child of Elle he hyed him thence,
Y-wis he ſtoode not ſtille,
And ſoone he mette faire Emmelines page
Come climbing up the hille.

Nowe

Nowe Chriſte thee ſave, thou little foot-page,
Now Chriſte thee ſave and ſee!
Oh telle me how does thy ladye gaye,
And what may thy tydinges bee?

My lady ſhee is all woe-begone,
And the teares they falle from her eyne;
And aye ſhe laments the deadlye feude
Betweene her houſe and thine.

And here ſhee ſends thee a ſilken ſcarfe
Bedewde with many a teare,
And biddes thee ſometimes thinke on her,
Who loved thee ſo deare.

And here ſhee ſends thee a ring of golde
The laſt boone thou mayſt have,
And biddes thee weare it for her ſake,
Whan ſhe is layde in grave.

For, ah! her gentle heart is broke,
And in grave ſoone muſt ſhee bee,
Sith her father hath choſe her a new new love,
And forbidde her to think of thee.

Her father hath brought her a carliſh knight,
Sir John of the north countràye,
And within three dayes ſhee muſt him wedde,
Or he vowes he will her ſlaye.

Nowe

Nowe hye thee backe, thou little foot-page,
And greet thy ladye from mee,
And telle her that I her owne true love
Will dye, or ſette her free.

Nowe hye thee backe, thou little foot-page,
And let thy fair ladye know
This night will I bee at her bowre-windòwe,
Betide me weale or woe.

The boye he tripped, the boye he ranne,
He neither ſtint ne ſtayd
Untill he came to fair Emmelines bowre,
Whan kneeling downe he ſayd,

O ladye, I've been with thy own true love,
And he greets thee well by mee;
This night will he bee at thy bowre-windòwe,
And dye or ſette thee free.

Nowe daye was gone, and night was come,
And all were faſt aſleepe,
All ſave the ladye Emmeline,
Who ſate in her bowre to weepe:

And ſoone ſhee heard her true loves voice
Lowe whiſpering at the walle,
Awake, awake, my deare ladyè,
Tis I thy true love call.

Awake, awake, my ladye deare,
Come, mount this faire palfrâye:
This ladder of ropes will lette thee downe,
Ile carrye thee hence awaye.

Nowe nay, nowe nay, thou gentle knight,
Nowe nay, this may not bee;
For aye ſhold I tint my maiden fame,
If alone I ſhould wend with thee.

O ladye, thou with a knighte ſo true
Mayſt ſafelye wend alone,
To my ladye mother I will thee bringe,
Where marriage ſhall make us one.

"My father he is a baron bolde,
Of lynage proude and hye;
And what would he ſaye if his daughtèr
Awaye with a knight ſhould fly?

Ah! well I wot, he never would reſt,
Nor his meate ſhould doe him no goode,
Until he had ſlayne thee, Child of Elle,
And ſeene thy deare hearts bloode."

O ladye, wert thou in thy ſaddle ſette,
And a little ſpace him fro,
I would not care for thy cruel fathèr,
Nor the worſt that he could doe.

O ladye, wert thou in thy ſaddle ſette,
And once without this walle,
I would not care for thy cruel fathèr,
Nor the worſt that might befalle.

Faire Emmeline ſighed, fair Emmeline wept,
And aye her heart was woe:
At length he ſeized her lilly-white hand,
And downe the ladder he drewe:

And thrice he claſped her to his breſte,
And kiſt her tenderlie:
The teares that fell from her fair eyes,
Ranne like the fountayne free.

Hee mounted himſelfe on his ſteede ſo talle,
And her on a fair palfràye,
And ſlung his bugle about his necke,
And roundlye they rode awaye.

All this beheard her owne damſelle,
In her bed whereas ſhee ley,
Quoth ſhee, My lord ſhall knowe of this,
Soe I ſhall have golde and fee.

Awake, awake, thou baron bolde!
Awake, my noble dame!
Your daughter is fledde with the Child of Elle,
To doe the deede of ſhame.

The baron he woke, the baron he roſe,
And called his merrye men all:
"And come thou forth, Sir John the knighte,
Thy ladye is carried to thrall."

Faire Emmeline ſcant had ridden a mile,
A mile forth of the towne,
When ſhe was aware of her fathers men
Come galloping over the downe:

And foremoſt came the carliſh knight,
Sir John of the north countràye:
"Nowe ſtop, nowe ſtop, thou falſe traitòure,
Nor carry that ladye awaye.

For ſhe is come of hye lineàge,
And was of a ladye borne,
And ill it beſeems thee a falſe churl's ſonne
To carrye her hence to ſcorne."

Nowe loud thou lyeſt, Sir John the knight,
Nowe thou doeſt lye of mee;
A knight mee gott, and a ladye me bore,
Soe never did none by thee.

But light nowe downe, my ladye faire,
Light downe, and hold my ſteed,
While I and this diſcourteous knighte
Doe trye this arduous deede.

But light now downe, my deare ladyè,
Light downe, and hold my horſe;
While I and this diſcourteous knight
Doe trye our valour's force.

Fair Emmeline ſighed, fair Emmeline wept,
And aye her heart was woe,
While twixt her love and the carliſh knight
Paſt many a baleful blowe.

The Child of Elle hee fought ſoe well,
As his weapon he waved amaine,
That ſoone he had ſlaine the carliſh knight,
And layd him upon the plaine.

And nowe the baron, and all his men
Full faſt approached nye:
Ah! what may ladye Emmeline doe?
Twere nowe no boote to flye.

Her lover he put his horne to his mouth,
And blew both loud and ſhrill,
And ſoone he ſaw his owne merry men
Come ryding over the hill.

"Nowe hold thy hand, thou bold barón,
I pray thee hold thy hand,
Nor ruthleſs rend two gentle hearts,
Faſt knit in true love's band.

Thy daughter I have dearly loved
Full long and many a day;
But with ſuch love as holy kirke
Hath frœlye ſayd wee may.

O give conſent, ſhee may be mine,
And bleſſe a faithfull paire:
My lands and livings are not ſmall,
My houſe and lineage faire:

My mother ſhe was an earl's daughtèr,
And a noble knyght my ſire ———
The baron he frowned, and turn'd away
With mickle dole and ire.

Fair Emmeline ſighed, faire Emmeline wept,
And did all tremblinge ſtand:
At lengthe ſhe ſprang upon her knee.
And held his lifted hand.

Pardon, my lorde and father deare,
This faire yong knyght and mee:
Truſt me, but for the carliſh knyght,
I never had fled from thee.

Oft have you called your Emmeline
Your darling and your joye;
O let not then your harſh reſolves
Your Emmeline deſtroye.

The baron he ſtroakt his dark-brown cheeke,
And turned his heade aſyde
To whipe awaye the ſtarting teare,
He proudly ſtrave to hyde.

In deepe revolving thought he ſtoode,
And muſed a little ſpace;
Then raiſed faire Emmeline from the grounde,
With many a fond embrace.

Here take her, Child of Elle, he ſayd,
And gave her lillye white hand;
Here take my deare and only child,
And with her half my land:

Thy father once mine honour wrongde
In dayes of youthful pride;
Do thou the injurye repayre
In fondneſſe for thy bride.

And as thou love her, and hold her deare,
Heaven proſper thee and thine:
And nowe my bleſſing wend wi' thee,
My lovelye Emmeline.

***

††† *From the word* kirke *in ver.* 159, *this hath been thought to be a Scottiſh Ballad, but it muſt be acknowledged that the line referred to is among the additions ſupplied by the Editor: beſides, in the Northern counties of England,* kirk *is uſed in the common dialect for* church, *as well as beyond the Tweed.*

XII.

EDOM O' GORDON,

A Scottish Ballad,

——*was printed at Glaſgow, by Robert and Andrew Foulis, MDCCLV.* 8vo. 12 *pages.*—*We are indebted for its publication (with many other valuable things in theſe volumes) to Sir David Dalrymple, Bart. who gave it as it was preſerved in the memory of a lady, that is now dead.*

The reader will here find it improved, and enlarged with ſeveral fine ſtanzas, recovered from a fragment of the ſame ballad, in the Editor's folio MS. It is remarkable that the latter is intitled Captain Adam Carre, *and is in the Engliſh idiom. But whether the author was Engliſh or Scotch, the difference originally was not great. The Engliſh Ballads are generally of the North of England, the Scottiſh are of the South of Scotland, and of conſequence the country of Ballad-ſingers was ſometimes ſubject to one crown, and ſometimes to the other, and moſt frequently to neither. Moſt of the fineſt old Scotch ſongs have the ſcene laid within* 20 *miles of England, which is indeed all poetic ground, green hills, remains of woods, clear brooks. The paſtoral ſcenes remain: Of the rude chivalry of former ages happily nothing remains but the ruins of the caſtles, where the more daring and ſucceſsful robbers reſided. The Houſe, or Caſtle of the* Rodes, *ſtood about a meaſured mile ſouth from Duns, in Berwickſhire: ſome of the ruins of it may be ſeen to this day. The* Gordons *were anciently ſeated in the ſame county: the two villages of Eaſt and Weſt Gordon lie about* 10 *miles from the caſtle of the Rodes*. The fact,*

* *This Ballad is well known in that neighbourhood where it is intitled* Adam o' Gordon. *It may be obſerved, that the famous freebooter, whom Edward I. fought with, hand to hand, near Farnham, was named* Adam Gordon.

however, on which the Ballad is founded, happened in the North of Scotland, (See below, p. 126.*) yet it is but too faithful a ſpecimen of the violences practiſed in the feudal times in every part of this Iſland, and indeed all over Europe.*

From the different titles of this Ballad, it ſhould ſeem that the old ſtrolling bards or minſtrels (who gained a livelihood by reciting theſe poems) made no ſcruple of changing the names of the perſonages they introduced, to humour their hearers. For inſtance, if a Gordon's conduct was blameworthy in the opinion of that age, the obſequious minſtrel would, when among Gordons, change the name to Car, whoſe clan or ſept lay further Weſt, and vice verſâ.—The foregoing obſervation, which I owed to Sir David Dalrymple, will appear the more perfectly well founded, if, as I have ſince been informed (from Crawford's Memoirs,) the principal Commander of the expedition was a GORDON, *and the immediate Agent a* CAR, *or* KER; *for then the Reciter might, upon good grounds, impute the barbarity here deplored, either to a Gordon, or a Car, as beſt ſuited his purpoſe. In the third volume the Reader will find a ſimilar inſtance. See the ſong of* GIL MORRIS, *wherein the principal character introduced had different names given him, perhaps from the ſame cauſe.*

It may be proper to mention, that in the folio MS. inſtead of the "Caſtle of the Rodes," it is the "Caſtle of Brittons-borrow," and alſo "Diactours" or Draitours-borrow," (for it is very obſcurely written,) and "Capt. Adam Carre" is called the "Lord of Weſterton-town." Uniformity required that the additional ſtanzas ſupplied from that copy ſhould be clothed in the Scottiſh orthography and idiom: this has therefore been attempted, though perhaps imperfectly.

IT fell about the Martinmas,
Quhen the wind blew ſhril and cauld,
Said Edom o' Gordon to his men,
We maun draw till a hauld.

And quhat a hauld ſall we draw till,
My mirry men and me?
We wul gae to the houſe o' the Rodes,
To ſee that fair ladie.

The lady ſtude on hir caſtle wa',
Beheld baith dale and down:
There ſhe was ware of a hoſt of men
Cum ryding towards the toun.

O ſee ze nat, my mirry men a'?
O ſee ze nat quhat I ſee?
Methinks I ſee a hoſt of men:
I marveil quha they be.

She weend it had been hir luvely lord,
As he cam ryding hame;
It was the traitor Edom o' Gordon,
Quha reckt nae ſin nor ſhame.

She had nae ſooner buſkit hirſel,
And putten on hir goun,
But Edom o' Gordon and his men
Were round about the toun.

They had nae ſooner ſupper ſett,
Nae ſooner ſaid the grace,
But Edom o' Gordon and his men,
Were light about the place.

The

The lady ran up to hir towir head,
Sa faſt as ſhe could hie,
To ſee if by hir fair ſpeechès
She could wi' him agree.

But quhan he ſee this lady ſaif,
And hir yates all locked faſt,
He fell into a rage of wrath,
And his look was all aghaſt.

Cum doun to me, ze lady gay,
Cum doun, cum doun to me:
This night ſall ye lig within mine armes,
To-morrow my bride ſall be.

I winnae cum doun, ze fals Gordòn,
I winnae cum doun to thee;
I winnae forſake my ain dear lord,
That is ſae far frae me.

Give owre zour houſe, ze lady fair,
Give owre zour houſe to me,
Or I ſall brenn yourſel therein,
Bot and zour babies three.

I winnae give owre, ze falſe Gordòn,
To nae ſik traitor as zee;
And if ze brenn my ain dear babes,
My lord ſall make ze drie.

But reach my piſtoll, Glaud, my man *,
And charge ze weil my gun *:
For, but an I pierce that bluidy butcher,
My babes we been undone.

She ſtude upon hir caſtle wa',
And let twa bullets flee *;
She miſt that bluidy butchers hart,
And only raz'd his knee.

Set fire to the houſe, quo' fals Gordòn,
All wood wi' dule and ire:
Fals lady, ze ſall rue this deid,
As ze bren in the fire.

Wae worth, wae worth ze, Jock my man,
I paid ze weil zour fee;
Quhy pu' ze out the ground-wa' ſtane,
Lets in the reek to me?

And ein wae worth ze, Jock my man,
I paid ze weil zour hire;
Quhy pu' ze out the ground-wa ſtane,
To me lets in the fire?

Ze paid me weil my hire, lady;
Ze paid me weil my fee:
But now I'm Edom o' Gordons man,
Maun either doe or die.

* *Theſe three lines are reſtored from Foulis's edition, and the ſol. MS. which laſt reads* the bullets, *in ver.* 58.

O than

O than beſpaik hir little ſon,
Sate on the nurſes knee:
Sayes, Mither deare, gi' owre this houſe,
For the reek it ſmithers me.

I wad gie a' my gowd, my childe,
Sae wald I a' my fee,
For ane blaſt o' the weſtern wind,
To blaw the reek frae thee.

O then beſpaik hir dochter dear,
She was baith jimp and ſma:
O row me in a pair o' ſheits,
And tow me owre the wa.

They rowd hir in a pair o' ſheits,
And towd hir owre the wa:
But on the point of Gordons ſpear,
She gat a deadly fa.

O bonnie bonnie was hir mouth,
And cherry were hir cheiks,
And clear clear was hir zellow hair,
Whereon the reid bluid dreips.

Then wi' his ſpear he turnd hir owre,
O gin hir face was wan!
He ſayd, Ze are the firſt that eir
I wiſht alive again.

He turnd hir owre and owre againe,
O gin hir ſkin was whyte!
I might ha ſpared that bonnie face
To hae been ſum mans delyte.

Buſk and boun, my merry men a',
For ill dooms I doe gueſs;
I cannae luik in that bonnie face,
As it lyes on the graſs.

Thame, luiks to freits, my maſter deir,
Then freits wil follow thame:
Let it neir be ſaid brave Edom o' Gordon
Was daunted by a dame.

But quhen the ladye ſee the fire
Cum flaming owre hir head,
She wept and kiſt her children twain,
Sayd, Bairns, we been but dead.

The Gordon then his bougill blew,
And ſaid, Awa', awa';
This houſe o' the Rodes is a' in flame,
I hauld it time to ga'.

V. 98, 102, O gin, &c. *a Scottiſh idiom to expreſs great admiration*

V. 109, 110. Thame, &c. *i. e. Them that look after omens of ill luck, ill luck will follow.*

O then

O then beſpyed hir ain dear lord,
As hee cam owr the lee;
He ſied his caſtle all in blaze
Sa far as he could ſee.

Then ſair, O ſair his mind miſgave,
And all his hart was wae;
Put on, put on, my wighty men,
So faſt as ze can gae.

Put on, put on, my wighty men,
Sa faſt as ze can drie;
For he that is hindmoſt of the thrang,
Sall neir get guid o' me.

Than ſum they rade, and ſum they rin,
Fou faſt out-owr the bent;
But eir the foremoſt could get up,
Baith lady and babes were brent.

He wrang his hands, he rent his hair,
And wept in teenefu' muid:
O traitors, for this cruel deid
Ze ſall weep teirs o'bluid.

And after the Gordon he is gane,
Sa faſt as he might drie;

And ſoon i' the Gordon's foul hartis bluid,
He's wroken his dear ladie.

***

†‡† *Since the foregoing Ballad was firſt printed, the ſubject of it has been found recorded in Abp. Spotſwood's Hiſtory of the Church of Scotland, p.* 259: *who informs us, that*

"*Anno* 1571. *In the north parts of Scotland,* ADAM "GORDON *(who was deputy for his brother the earl of* "*Huntley) did keep a great ſtir; and under colour of the* "*queen's authority, committed divers oppreſſions, eſpecially* "*upon the Forbes's .... Having killed Arthur Forbes,* "*brother to the lord Forbes .... Not long after he ſent to* "*ſummon the houſe of Tavoy pertaining to Alexander For-* "*bes. The* LADY *refuſing to yield without direction from* "*her huſband, he put fire unto it, and burnt her therein,* "*with children and ſervants, being twenty-ſeven perſons* "*in all.*

"*This inhuman and barbarous cruelty made his name* "*odious, and ſtained all his former doings; otherwiſe he* "*was held very active and fortunate in his enterprizes.*"

This fact, which had eſcaped the Editor's notice, was in the moſt obliging manner pointed out to him, by an ingenious writer who ſigns his name H. H. (Newcaſtle, May 9.) *in the Gentleman's Magazine for May,* 1775.

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

RELIQUES

OF ANCIENT POETRY,

&c.

SERIES THE FIRST.

BOOK II.

I.

BALLADS THAT ILLUSTRATE SHAKESPEARE.

Our great dramatic poet having occaſionally quoted many ancient ballads, and even taken the plot of one, if not more, of his plays from among them, it was judged proper to preſerve

ſerve as many of theſe as could be recovered, and that they might be the more eaſily found, to exhibit them in one collective view. This SECOND BOOK *is therefore ſet apart for the reception of ſuch ballads as are quoted by* SHAKSPEARE, *or contribute in any degree to illuſtrate his writings: this being the principal point in view, the candid reader will pardon the admiſſion of ſome pieces, that have no other kind of merit.*

The deſign of this BOOK *being of a Dramatic tendency, it may not be improperly introduced with a few obſervations* ON THE ORIGIN OF THE ENGLISH STAGE, *and* ON THE CONDUCT OF OUR FIRST DRAMATIC POETS: *a ſubject, which though not unſucceſsfully handled by ſeveral good writers already *, will yet perhaps admit of ſome further illuſtration.*

ON THE ORIGIN OF THE ENGLISH STAGE, &c.

It is well known that dramatic poetry in this and moſt other nations of Europe owes its origin, or at leaſt its revival, to thoſe religious ſhows, which in the dark ages were uſually exhibited on the more ſolemn feſtivals. At thoſe times they were wont to repreſent in the churches the lives and miracles of the ſaints, or ſome of the more important ſtories of ſcripture. And as the moſt myſterious ſubjects were frequently choſen, ſuch as the Incarnation, Paſſion, and Reſurrection of Chriſt, *&c.* theſe exhibitions acquired the general name of MYSTERIES. At firſt they were probably a kind of dumb ſhews, intermingled, it may be, with a few ſhort ſpeeches; at length they grew into a regular ſeries of connected dialogues, formally divided into acts and ſcenes. Specimens of theſe in their moſt im-

* *Bp. Warburton's Shakeſp. vol. V. p. 338.—Pref. to Dodſley's Old Plays.—Riccoboni's Acct. of Theat. of Europe, &c. &c. Theſe were all the Author had ſeen when he firſt drew up this Eſſay.*

proved

proved ſtate (being at beſt but poor artleſs compoſitions) may be ſeen among Dodſley's OLD PLAYS and in Oſborne's HARLEYAN MISCEL. How they were exhibited in their moſt ſimple form, we may learn from an ancient novel, often quoted by our old dramatic poets, *(a)* intitled .... **a merye Jeſt of a man that was called Howleglas** *(b)* *&c.* being a tranſlation from the Dutch language, in which he is named *Ulenſpiegle.* Howleglaſs, whoſe waggiſh tricks are the ſubject of this book, after many adventures comes to live with a prieſt, who makes him his pariſh-clerk. This prieſt is deſcribed as keeping a LEMAN or concubine, who had but one eye, to whom Howleglaſs owed a grudge for revealing his rogueries to his maſter. The ſtory thus proceeds, ... "And than in the meane ſeaſon, "while Howleglas was paryſh clarke, at Eaſter they "ſhould play the Reſurrection of our Lorde: and for "becauſe than the men wer not learned, nor could "not read, the prieſt toke his leman, and put her in "the grave for an Aungell: and this ſeing Howleglas, "toke to hym iij of the ſympleſt perſons that were in "the towne, that played the iij Maries; and the Per-"ſon [i.e. Barſon or Rector] played Chriſte, with a "baner in his hand. Than ſaide Howleglas to the "ſymple perſons. Whan the Aungel aſketh you, "whome you ſeke, you may ſaye, The parſons leman "with one iye. Than it fortuned that the tyme was "come that they muſt playe, and the Aungel aſked "them whom they ſought, and than ſayd they, as "Howleglas had ſhewed and lerned them afore, and "than anſwered they, We ſeke the prieſts leman with "one iye. And than the prieſte might heare that he "was mocked. And whan the prieſtes leman herd

(a) See Ben Jonſon's Poetaſter, Act 3, ſc. 4, and his Maſque of the Fortunate Iſles. Whalley's Edit. vol. II. p. 49, vol. VI. p. 190.

(b) Howleglaſs is ſaid in the Preface to have died in M,cccc,l. At the end of the book, in M,ccc,l.

"that, ſhe aroſe out of the grave, and would have "ſmyten with her fiſt Howleglas upon the cheke, but "ſhe miſſed him and ſmote one of the ſimple perſons "that played one of the thre Maries; and he gave "her another; and than toke ſhe him by the heare "[hair]; and that ſeing his wyfe, came running haſ-"tely to ſmite the prieſtes leaman; and than the "prieſt ſeeing this, caſte down hys baner and went to "helpe his woman, ſo that the one gave the other "ſore ſtrokes, and made great noyſe in the churche. "And than Howleglas ſeyng them lyinge together by "the eares in the bodi of the churche, went his way "out of the village, and came no more there *(c)*."

As the old Myſteries frequently required the repreſentation of ſome allegorical perſonage, ſuch as Death, Sin, Charity, Faith, and the like, by degrees the rude poets of thoſe unlettered ages began to form compleat dramatic pieces conſiſting entirely of ſuch perſonifications. Theſe they intitled MORAL PLAYS, or MORALITIES. The Myſteries were very inartificial, repreſenting the ſcripture ſtories ſimply according to the letter. But the Moralities are not devoid of invention; they exhibit outlines of the dramatic art: they contain ſomething of a fable or plot, and even attempt to delineate characters and manners. I have now before me two that were printed early in the reign of Henry VIII; in which I think one may plainly diſcover the ſeeds of Tragedy and Comedy; for which reaſon I ſhall give a ſhort analyſis of them both.

One of them is intitled **Every Man** *(d)*. The ſubject of this piece is the ſummoning of Man out of the world by death; and its moral, that nothing will then avail him but a well-ſpent life and the comforts of religion. This ſubject and moral are opened in a mo-

(c) C. Imprynted ... by Wyllyam Copland: without date, in 4to. bl. let. among Mr. Garrick's Old Plays, K. vol. X.

(d) This Play has been reprinted by Mr. HAWKINS in his 3 vols. of Old Plays, intitled, THE ORIGIN OF THE ENGLISH DRAMA, 12mo. Oxford, 1773. See vol. I. p. 27.

nologue

nologue ſpoken by the MESSENGER (for that was the name generally given by our anceſtors to the Prologue on their rude ſtage:) then GOD *(e)* is repreſented; who, after ſome general complaints on the degeneracy of mankind, calls for DETH, and orders him to bring before his tribunal EVERY-MAN, for ſo is called the perſonage who repreſents the Human Race. EVERY-MAN appears, and receives the ſummons with all the marks of confuſion and terror. When Death is withdrawn, Every-man applies for relief in this diſtreſs to FELLOWSHIP, KINDRED, GOODS, or Riches, but they ſucceſſively renounce and forſake him. In this diſconſolate ſtate he betakes himſelf to GOOD-DEDES, who, after upbraiding him with his long neglect of her *(f)*, introduces him to her ſiſter KNOWLEDGE, and ſhe leads him to the "holy man CONFESSION," who appoints him penance: this he inflicts upon himſelf on the ſtage, and then withdraws to receive the ſacraments of the prieſt. On his return he begins to wax faint, and after STRENGTH, BEAUTY, DISCRETION, and FIVE WITS *(g)* have all taken their final leave of him, gradually expires on the ſtage; Good-dedes ſtill accompanying him to the laſt. Then an AUNGELL deſcends to ſing his *Requiem:* and the Epilogue is ſpoken by a perſon, called DOCTOUR, who recapitulates the whole, and delivers the moral:

"℄. This memoriall men may have in mynde,
"Ye herers, take it of worth old and yonge,
"And forſake Pryde, for he diſceyveth you in thende,
"And remembre Beautè, Five Witts, Strength and
"They all at laſt do Every-man forſake; [Diſcretion,
"Save his Good Dedes there dothe he take;

(e) The ſecond perſon of the Trinity ſeems to be meant.
(f) The before-mentioned are male characters.
(g) i. e. The Five Senſes. Theſe are frequently exhibited as five diſtinct perſonages upon the Spaniſh ſtage; (ſee Riccoboni, p. 98.) but our moraliſt has repreſented them all by one character.

" But beware, for and they be ſmall,
" Before God he hath no helpe at all," &c.

From this ſhort analyſis it may be obſerved, that **Every Man** is a grave ſolemn piece, not without ſome rude attempts to excite terror and pity, and therefore may not improperly be referred to the claſs of Tragedy. It is remarkable that in this old ſimple drama the fable is conducted upon the ſtricteſt model of the Greek tragedy. The action is ſimply one, the time of action is that of the performance, the ſcene is never changed, nor the ſtagē ever empty. EVERY-MAN, the hero of the piece, after his firſt appearance never withdraws, except when he goes out to receive the ſacraments, which could not well be exhibited in public; and during his abſence KNOWLEDGE deſcants on the excellence and power of the prieſthood, ſomewhat after the manner of the Greek chorus. And indeed, except in the circumſtance of Every-man's expiring on the ſtage, the Sampſon Agoniſtes of Milton is hardly formed on a ſeverer plan *(h)*.

The other play is intitled **Hick Scorner** *(i)*, and bears no diſtant reſemblance to Cōmedy: its chief aim ſeems to be to exhibit characters and manners, its plot being much leſs regular than the foregoing. The Prologue is ſpoken by PITY repreſented under the character of an aged pilgrim, he is joined by CONTEMPLACYON and PERSEVERANCE, two holy men, who, after lamenting the degeneracy of the age, declare their reſolution of ſtemming the torrent. Pity then is left upon the ſtage, and preſently found by FREWYLL, repreſenting a lewd debauchee, who, with his diſſolute companion IMAGINACION, relate their manner of life, and not without humour deſcribe the ſtews and other

(h) See more of EVERY MAN, in vol. II. Pref. to B. II. Note.

(i) **Impryuted by me Wynkyn de Worde**, no date; in 4to. bl. Let. This play has alſo been reprinted by Mr. HAWKINS in his "Origin of the Engliſh Drama." Vol I. p. 69.

places

places of baſe reſort. They are preſently joined by HICK-SCORNER, who is drawn as a libertine returned from travel, and, agreeably to his name, ſcoffs at religion. Theſe three are deſcribed as extremely vicious, who glory in every act of wickedneſs: at length two of them quarrel, and PITY endeavours to part the fray; on this they fall upon him, put him in the ſtocks, and there leave him. Pity, thus impriſoned, deſcants in a kind of lyric meaſure on the profligacy of the age, and in this ſituation is found by Perſeverance and Contemplacion, who ſet him at liberty, and adviſe him to go in ſearch of the delinquents. As ſoon as he is gone, Frewill appears again; and, after relating in a very comic manner ſome of his rogueries and eſcapes from juſtice, is rebuked by the two holy men, who, after a long altercation, at length convert him and his libertine companion Imaginacioun from their vicious courſe of life: and then the play ends with a few verſes from Perſeverance by way of Epilogue. This and every Morality I have ſeen conclude with a ſolemn prayer. They are all of them in rhyme; in a kind of looſe ſtanza, intermixed with diſtichs.

It would be needleſs to point out the abſurdities in the plan and conduct of the foregoing play: they are evidently great. It is ſufficient to obſerve, that, bating the moral and religious reflection of PITY, *&c.* the piece is of a comic caſt, and contains a humorous diſplay of ſome of the vices of the age. Indeed the author has generally been ſo little attentive to the allegory, that we need only ſubſtitute other names to his perſonages, and we have real characters and living manners.

We ſee then that the writers of theſe Moralities were upon the very threſhold of real Tragedy and Comedy; and therefore we are not to wonder that Tragedies and Comedies in form ſoon after took place, eſpecially as the revival of learning about this time brought them acquainted with the Roman and Grecian models.

II. At what period of time the Moralities had their riſe here, it is difficult to diſcover. But plays of miracles appear to have been exhibited in England ſoon after the Conqueſt. Matthew Paris tells us that Geoffrey, afterwards Abbot of St. Albans, a Norman, who had been ſent for over by Abbot Richard to take upon him the direction of the ſchool of that monaſtery, coming too late, went to Dunſtable, and taught in the abby there; where he cauſed to be acted (probably by his ſcholars) a MIRACLE-PLAY of ST. CATHARINE, compoſed by himſelf *(a)*. This was long before the year 1119, and probably within the 11th century. The above play of St. CATHARINE was, for aught that appears, the firſt ſpectacle of this ſort that was exhibited in theſe kingdoms: And an eminent French Writer thinks it was even the firſt attempt towards the revival of Dramatic Entertainments in all Europe; being long before the Repreſentations of MYSTERIES in France; for theſe did not begin till the year 1398 *(b)*.

But whether they derived their origin from the above exhibition or not, it is certain that Holy Plays, repreſenting the miracles and ſufferings of the Saints, were become common in the reign of Henry II. and a lighter ſort of Interludes appear not to have been then unknown *(c)*. In the ſubſequent age of Chaucer, "Plays of

(a) Apud Duneſtapliam . . . . quendam ludum de ſancta Katerina (quem MIRACULA *vulgariter appellamus) fecit. Ad quæ decorandâ, petiit a ſacriſta ſancti Albani, ut ſibi Capæ Chorales accommodarentur, et obtinuit. Et fuit ludus ille de ſancta Katerina.* Vitæ Abbat. ad fin. Hiſt. Mat. Paris, fol. 1639, p. 56.—We ſee here that Plays of Miracles were become common enough in the time of Mat. Paris, who flouriſhed about 1240. But that indeed appears from the more early writings of FITZ-STEPHENS: quoted below.

(b) Vid. Abregè Chron. de l'Hiſt. de France, par M. Henault à l'ann. 1179.

(c) See Fitz-ſtephens's deſcription of London, preſerved by Stow, (and reprinted with notes, &c. by the Rev. Mr. Pegge, in 1774, 4to.) *Londonia pro ſpectacul's theatralibus, pro ludis ſcenicis, ludos habet ſanctiores, repreſentationes miraculorum, &c.* He is thought to have written

"of Miracles" in Lent were the common reſort of idle goſſips *(d)*.

They do not appear to have been ſo prevalent on the continent, for the learned hiſtorian of the council of Conſtance *(e)* aſcribes to the Engliſh the introduction of Plays into Germany. He tells us that the Emperor having been abſent from the council for ſome time, was at his return received with great rejoicings, and that the Engliſh fathers in particular did, upon that occaſion, cauſe a ſacred Comedy to be acted before him on Sunday Jan. 31, 1417; the ſubjects of which were: THE NATIVITY OF OUR SAVIOUR; THE ARRIVAL OF THE EASTERN MAGI; and THE MASSACRE BY HEROD. Thence it appears, ſays this writer, that the Germans are obliged to the Engliſh for the invention of this ſort of ſpectacles, unknown to them before that period.

The fondneſs of our anceſtors for dramatic exhibitions of this kind, and ſome curious particulars relating to this ſubject will appear from the HOUSHOLD BOOK of the fifth Earl of Northumberland, A. D. 1512 *(f)*: whence I ſhall ſelect a few extracts which ſhow, that the exhibiting Scripture Dramas on the great feſtivals entered into the regular eſtabliſhment, and formed

ten in the R. of Hen. II. and to have died in that of Rich. I. It is true at the end of this book we find mentioned *Henricum regem tertium*; but this is doubtleſs Henry the Second's ſon, who was crowned during the life of his father, in 1170, and is generally diſtinguiſhed as *Rex juvenis*, *Rex filius*, and ſometimes they were jointly named *Reges Angliæ*. From a paſſage in his Chap. *De Religione*, it ſhould ſeem that the body of St. Thomas Becket was juſt then a new acquiſition to the church of Canterbury.

(d) See Prologue to Wife of Bath's Tale, v. 6137. Tyrwhitt's Ed.

(e) M. L'ENFANT. Vid. Hiſt. du Conc. de Conſtance, Vol. II. p. 440.

(f) "The Regulations and Eſtabliſhments of the Houſhold of "Hen. Alg. Percy, 5th Earl of Northumb. Lond. 1770." 8vo. Whereof a ſmall impreſſion was printed by order of the late Duke and Ducheſs of Northumberland to beſtow in preſents to their friends.—Although begun in 1512, ſome of the Regulations were compoſed ſo late as 1525.

part of the domeſtic regulations of our ancient nobility; and, what is more remarkable, that it was as much the buſineſs of the Chaplain in thoſe days to compoſe PLAYS for the family, as it is now for him to make Sermons.

"MY Lordes Chapleyns in Houſehold vj. viz. The "Almonar, and if he be a maker of INTERLUDYS, than "he to have a ſervaunt to the intent for writynge of "the PARTS; and ells to have non. The maiſter of "gramer, &c." Sect. V. p. 44.

"ITEM, my lorde uſith and accuſtomyth to gyf yerely "if is lordſhip kepe a chapell and be at home, them of "his lordſchipes chapell, if they doo play the Play of "the NATIVITE uppon criſtynmes day in the mornnynge "in my lords chapell befor his lordſhip—xxs."
Sect. XLIV. p. 343.

"ITEM, ... to them of his lordſhip chappell and "other his lordſhipis ſervaunts that doith play the Play "befor his lordſhip uppon SHROF-TEWSDAY at night "yerely in reward—xs." Ibid. p. 345.

"ITEM, ... to them .... that playth the Play of "RESURRECTION upon eſtur day in the mornnynge in "my lordis 'chapell' befor his lordſhipe—xxs." Ibid.

"ITEM, My lorde uſeth and accuſtomyth yerly to gyf "hym which is ordynede to be the MASTER OF THE "REVELLS yerly in my lordis hous in criſtmas for the "overſeyinge and orderinge of his lordſchips Playes, "Interludes and Dreſinge that is plaid befor his lord-"ſhip in his hous in the xijth dayes of Criſtenmas and "they to have in rewarde for that caus yerly—xxs."
Ibid. p. 346.

"ITEM, My lorde uſeth and accuſtomyth to gyf "every of the iiij Parſones that his lordſchip admyted "as his PLAYERS to com to his lordſhip yerly at Cri-"ſtynmes ande at all other ſuch tymes as his lordſhip "ſhall comande them for playing of Playe and Inter-"ludes affor his lordſhip in his lordſhipis hous for every "of their fees for an hole yere" .... Ibid. p. 351.

"ITEM,

"ITEM, to be payd ... for rewards to PLAYERS for "Playes playd in Chriſtynmas by Stranegeres in my "houſe after xxd. *(g)* every play, by eſtimacion "ſomme—xxxiijs. iiij. *(h)*." Sect. I. p. 22.

"ITEM, My Lorde uſith, and accuſtometh to gif "yerely when his Lordſhipp is at home, to every erlis "PLAYERS that comes to his Lordſhipe betwixt Criſtyn- "mas ande Candelmas, if he be his ſpecial Lorde & "Frende & Kynſman—xxs." Sect. XLIIII. p. 340.

"ITEM, My Lorde uſith and accuſtomyth to gyf "yerely, when his Lordſhip is at home to every Lordis "PLAYERS, that comyth to his Lordſhipe betwixt Cry- "ſtynmas and Candilmas—xs." Ibid.

The Reader will obſerve the great difference in the Rewards here given to ſuch PLAYERS as were Retainers of noble Perſonages, and ſuch as are ſtiled STRANGERS, or, as we may ſuppoſe, only Strolers.

The profeſſion of a Common Player was about this time held by ſome in low eſtimation. In an old ſatire, intitled, **Cock Lorreles Bote** *(i)* the Author, enumerating the moſt common trades or callings, as "carpenters, coopers, joyners," &c. mentions

"PLAYERS, purſe-cutters, money-batterers,
"Golde-waſhers, tomblers, jogelers,
"Pardoners, &c." Sign. B. vj.

III. It hath been obſerved already, that Plays of Miracles, or MYSTERIES, as they were called, led to the introduction of Moral Plays, or MORALITIES, which prevailed ſo early, and became ſo common, that, towards the latter end of K. Henry VIIth's reign, John Raſtel, brother-in-law to Sir Thomas More, conceived

(g) This was not ſo ſmall a ſum then as it may now appear; for, in another part of this MS. the price ordered to be given for a fat ox is but 13s. 4d. and for a lean one 8s.

(h) At this rate the number of Plays acted muſt have been twenty.

(i) Pr. at the Sun in Fleet-ſtr. by W. de Worde, no date, b. l. 4to.

a deſign

a deſign of making them the vehicle of ſcience and natural philoſophy. With this view he publiſhed 'C. A new interlude and a mery of the nature of the iiii elements declarynge many proper points of philoſophy naturall, and of dyvers ſtraunge landys, *(a)* &c. It is obſervable that the poet ſpeaks of the diſcovery of America as then recent;

——" Within this xx yere
" Weſtwarde be founde new landes
" That we never harde tell of before this," &c.

The Weſt Indies were diſcovered by Columbus in 1492, which fixes the writing of this play to about 1510 (two years before the date of the above Houſhold Book). The play of **Hick-Scorner** was probably ſomewhat more ancient, as he ſtill more imperfectly alludes to the American diſcoveries, under the name of " the Newe founde Ilonde." [Sign. A. vij.]

It is obſervable that in the older Moralities, as in that laſt mentioned, Every-man, &c. is printed no kind of ſtage direction for the exits and entrances of the perſonages, no diviſion of acts and ſcenes. But in the

(a) Mr. Garrick has an imperfect copy, (Old Plays, i. vol. III.) The Dramatis Perſonæ are, " C. The Meſſenger [or Prologue] " Nature naturate. Humanytè. Studyous Deſire. Senſuall Appe- " tyte. The Taverner. Experyence. Ygnoraunce. (Alſo yf ye " lyſte ye may brynge in a dyſgyſynge.)" Afterwards follows a table of the matters handled in the interlude; among which are, " C. Of certeyn concluſions prouvynge the yerthe muſt nedes be " rounde, and that yt is in circumferencc above xxi M. myle."—— " C. Of certeyne points of coſmographye—and of dyvers ſtraunge " regyons,—and of the new founde landys and the maner of the " people." This part is extremely curious, as it ſhews what notions were entertained of the new American diſcoveries by our own countrymen.

moral

moral interlude of **Lusty Juventus** *(b)*, written under Edward VI. the exits and entrances begin to be noted in the margin *(c)*: at length in Q. Elizabeth's reign Moralities appeared formally divided into acts and ſcenes, with a regular prologue, &c. One of theſe is reprinted by Dodſley.

Before we quit this ſubject of the very early printed plays, it may juſt be obſerved, that, although ſo few are now extant, it ſhould ſeem many were printed before the reign of Q. Elizabeth, as, at the beginning of her reign, her INJUNCTIONS in 1559 are particularly directed to the ſuppreſſing of "many Pamphlets, PLAYES, "and Ballads; that no manner of perſon ſhall enter-"prize to print any ſuch, &c." but under certain reſtrictions. Vid. Sect. 5.

In the time of Hen. VIII. one or two dramatic pieces had been publiſhed under the claſſical names of Comedy and Tragedy *(d)*, but they appear not to have been intended for popular uſe: it was not till the religious ferments had ſubſided that the public had leiſure to attend to dramatic poetry. In the reign of Elizabeth Tragedies and Comedies began to appear in form, and, could the poets have perſevered, the firſt models were good. **Gorboduc**, a regular tragedy, was acted in

(b) Deſcribed in vol. II. Preface to Book II. The Dramatis Perſonæ of this piece are, "C. Meſſenger, Luſty Juventus, Good Counſail, Knowledge, Sathan the devyll, Hypocriſie, Fellowſhip, Abominable-lyving [an Harlot], God's-merciful-promiſes."

(c) I have alſo diſcovered ſome few *Exeats* and *Intrats* in the very old Interlude of the **Four Elements**.

(d) Bp. Bale had applied the name of Tragedy to his Myſtery of **Gods Promiſes**, in 1538. In 1540 John Palſgrave, B. D had republiſhed a Latin comedy, called **Acolaſtus**, with an Engliſh verſion. Holingſhed tells us (vol III. p. 850), that ſo early as 1520, the king had "a good comedie of Plautus plaied" before him at Greenwich; but this was in Latin, as Mr. FARMER informs us in his curious "Eſſay on the Learning of Shakeſpeare," 8vo. p. 31.

1561;

1561 *(e)*; and Gaſcoigne, in 1566, exhibited **Jocaſta**, a tranſlation from Euripides, as alſo **The Suppoſes**, a regular comedy, from Arioſto: near thirty years before any of Shakeſpeare's were printed.

The people however ſtill retained a reliſh for their old Myſteries and Moralities *(f)*, and the popular dramatic poets ſeem to have made them their models. From the graver ſort of Moralities our modern TRAGEDY appears to have derived its origin; as our COMEDY evidently took its riſe from the lighter interludes of that kind. And as moſt of theſe pieces contain an abſurd mixture of religion and buffoonery, an eminent critic *(g)* has well deduced from thence the origin of our unnatural TRAGI-COMEDIES. Even after the people had been accuſtomed to Tragedies and Comedies, Moralities ſtill kept their ground: one of them intitled **The New Cuſtom** *(h)* was printed ſo late as 1573: at length they aſſumed the name of MASQUES *(i)*, and with ſome claſſical improvements, became in the two following reigns the favourite entertainmenis of the court.

IV. THE old Myſteries, which ceaſed to be acted after the Reformation, appear to have given birth to a THIRD SPECIES of ſtage exhibition, which, though now confounded with Tragedy and Comedy, were by our firſt dramatic writers conſidered as quite diſtinct

(e) See Ames, p. 316.——This play appears to have been firſt printed under the name of **Gorboduc**; then under that of **Ferrex and Porrex**, in 1569; and again, under **Gorboduc**, 1590.—— Ames calls the firſt edition Quarto; Langbaine, Octavo; and Tanner, 12mo.

(f) The general reception the old Moralities had upon the ſtage, will account for the fondneſs of all our firſt poets for allegory. Subjects of this kind were familiar with every one.

(g) Bp. Warburt. Shakeſp. vol. V.

(h) Reprinted among Dodſley's Old Plays, vol. I.

(i) In ſome of theſe appeared characters full as extraordinary as in any of the old Moralities. In Ben Jonſon's Maſque of **Chriſtmas**, 1616, one of the perſonages is MINCED PYE.

from

from them both: theſe were Hiſtorical Plays, or HISTORIES, a ſpecies of dramatic writing, which reſembled the old Myſteries in repreſenting a ſeries of hiſtorical events ſimply in the order of time in which they happened, without any regard to the three great unities. Theſe pieces ſeem to differ from Tragedies, juſt as much as Hiſtorical poems do from Epic: as the Pharſalia does from the Æneid.

What might contribute to make dramatic poetry take this form was, that ſoon after the Myſteries ceaſed to be exhibited, was publiſhed a large collection of poetical narratives, called **The Mirrour for Magiſtrates** *(a)*, wherein a great number of the moſt eminent characters in Engliſh hiſtory are drawn relating their own misfortunes. This book was popular, and of a dramatic caſt; and therefore, as an elegant writer *(b)* has well obſerved, might have its influence in producing Hiſtorical Plays. Theſe narratives probably furniſhed the ſubjects, and the ancient Myſteries ſuggeſted the plan.

There appears indeed to have been one inſtance of an attempt at an HISTORICAL PLAY itſelf, which was perhaps as early as any Myſtery on a religious ſubject; for ſuch, I think, we may pronounce the repreſentation of a memorable event in Engliſh Hiſtory, that was EXPRESSED IN ACTIONS AND RHIMES. This was the old Coventry Play of HOCK-TUESDAY *(c)*, founded on the ſtory of the Maſſacre of the Danes, as it happened on St. Brice's night, November 13, 1002 *(d)*. The play in queſtion was performed by certain men of Coventry, among the other ſhews and entertainments at Kenelworth Caſtle, in July 1575, prepared for Queen

(a) The firſt part of which was printed in 1559.

(b) Catal. of Royal and Noble authors, vol. I. p. 166-7.

(c) This muſt not be confounded with the Myſteries acted on Corpus Chriſti day by the Franciſcans at Coventry, which were alſo called COVENTRY PLAYS, and of which an account is given from T. Warton's Hiſt. of Eng. Poetry, &c. in Malone's Shakeſp. vol. II. Part II. pag. 13, 14.

(d) Not 1012, as printed in Laneham's Letter, mentioned below:

Eliza-

Elizabeth, and this the rather "becauſe the matter "mentioneth how valiantly our Engliſh Women, for "the love of their country, behaved themſelves."

The writer, whoſe Words are here quoted *(e)*, hath given a ſhort deſcription of the performance; which ſeems on that occaſion to have been without Recitation or Rhimes, and reduced to meer Dumb-Show; conſiſting of violent ſkirmiſhes and encounters, firſt between Daniſh and Engliſh "lance-knights on horſe-"back," armed with ſpear and ſhield; and afterwards between "hoſts" of footmen: which at length ended in the Danes being "beaten down, overcome, and "many led captive by our Engliſh women." *(f)*

This play, it ſeems, which was wont to be exhibited in their city yearly, and which had been of great antiquity and long continuance there *(g)*, had of late been ſuppreſſed, at the inſtance of ſome well-meaning, but preciſe preachers, of whoſe "fourneſs" herein the townſmen complain; urging that their play was "with-"out example of ill-manners, papiſtry, or any ſuper-"ſtition;" *(h)* which ſhews it to have been entirely diſtinct from a religious Myſtery. But having been diſcontinued, and, as appears from the narrative, taken up of a ſudden after the ſports were begun, the Players apparently had not been able to recover the old Rhimes, or to procure new ones, to accompany the action: which, if it originally repreſented "the outrage and importable inſolency of the Danes, the grievous complaint of Huna, king Ethelred's chieftain in wars (*);" his counſelling, and contriving the plot to diſpatch them; concluding with the conflicts above mentioned, and their final ſuppreſſion —— "expreſſed in Actions "and Rhimes after their manner *(i)*," one can hardly

(e) Ro. Laneham, whoſe LETTER, containing a full deſcription of the Shows, &c. is reprinted at large in Nichols's "Progreſſes of Q. Elizabeth," &c. vol. I. 4to. 1788.—That writer's orthography being peculiar and affected, is not here followed.

(f) Laneham, p. 37. *(g)* Ibid. p. 33.

(h) Ibid. (*) Ibid. p. 32. *(i)* Ibid. p. 33.

conceive a more regular model of a compleat drama; and, if taken up ſoon after the event, it muſt have been the earlieſt of the kind in Europe (†).

Whatever this old play, or "ſtorial ſhow *(k)*" was at the time it was exhibited to Q. Elizabeth, it had probably our young Shakeſpeare for a ſpectator, who was then in his twelfth year, and doubtleſs attended with all the inhabitants of the ſurrounding country at theſe "Princely pleaſures of Kenelworth *(l)*," whence Stratford is only a few miles diſtant. And as the Queen was much diverted with the Coventry Play, "whereat "her Majeſtie laught well," and rewarded the performers with 2 bucks, and 5 marks in money: who, "what "rejoicing upon their ample reward, and what tri-"umphing upon the good acceptance, vaunted their "Play was never ſo dignified, nor ever any Players "before ſo beatified:" but eſpecially if our young bard afterwards gained admittance into the caſtle to ſee a Play, which the ſame evening, after ſupper, was there "preſented of a very good theme, but ſo ſet-forth by "the actors' well-handling, that pleaſure and mirth "made it ſeem very ſhort, though it laſted two good "hours and more *(m)*," we may imagine what an impreſſion was made on his infant mind. Indeed the dramatic caſt of many parts of that ſuperb entertainment which continued nineteen days, and was the moſt ſplendid of the kind ever attempted in this kingdom; the Addreſſes to the Queen in the perſonated Characters of a Sybille, a Savage Man, and Sylvanus, as ſhe approached or departed from the caſtle; and, on the water, by Arion, a Triton, or, the Lady of the Lake, muſt have had a very great effect on a young imagination, whoſe dramatic powers were hereafter to aſtoniſh the world.

(†) The Rhimes, &c. prove this Play to have been in Engliſh: whereas Mr. THO. WARTON thinks the Myſteries compoſed before 1328 were in Latin. Malone's Shakeſp. Vol. II. Pt. II. p. 9.

(k) Laneham, p. 32. *(l)* See Nichols's Progreſſes, Vol I. p. 57

(m) Laneham, p. 38, 39. This was on SUNDAY evening, July 9.

BUT

But that the Hiſtorical Play was conſidered by our old writers, and by SHAKESPEARE himſelf, as diſtinct from Tragedy and Comedy, will ſufficiently appear from various paſſages in their works. "Of late days," ſays Stow, "in place of thoſe ſtage-playes *(n)* hath been "uſed Comedies, Tragedies, Enterludes, and HISTO-"RIES both true and fayned *(o)*."—Beaumont and Fletcher, in the prologue to **The Captain**, ſay,

"This is nor Comedy, nor Tragedy,
"Nor HISTORY."——

Polonius in **Hamlet** commends the actors, as the beſt in the world, "either for Tragedie, Comedie, HIS-"TORIE, Paſtorall," &c. And Shakeſpeare's friends, Heminge and Condell, in the firſt folio edit. of his plays, in 1623 *(p)*, have not only intitled their book "Mr. William Shakeſpeare's Comedies, HISTORIES, "and Tragedies:" but in their Table of Contents have arranged them under thoſe three ſeveral heads; placing in the claſs of HISTORIES, "K. John, Richard II. Henry IV. 2 pts. Henry V. Henry VI. 3 pts. Rich. III. and Henry VIII." to which they might have added ſuch of his other plays as have their ſubjects taken from the old Chronicles, or Plutarch's Lives.

Although Shakeſpeare is found not to have been the firſt who invented this ſpecies of drama *(q)*, yet he cultivated it with ſuch ſuperior ſucceſs, and threw upon this ſimple inartificial tiſſue of ſcenes ſuch a blaze of Genius, that his HISTORIES maintain their ground in defiance of Ariſtotle and all the critics of the Claſſic School, and will ever continue to intereſt and inſtruct an Engliſh audience.

(n) The Creation of the World, acted at Skinners-well in 1409:

(o) See Stow's Survey of London, 1603, 4to. p. 94, (ſaid in the title-page to be "written in the year 1598.") See alſo Warton's Obſervations on Spenſer, vol. II. p. 109.

(p) The ſame diſtinction is continued in the 2d and 3d folios, &c.

(q) See Malone's Shakeſp. vol. I. part II. p. 31.

Before Shakeſpeare wrote, Hiſtorical Plays do not appear to have attained this diſtinction, being not mentioned in Q. Elizabeth's Licence in 1574 *(r)* to James Burbage and others, who are only impowered "to uſe, exercyſe, and occupie the arte and facultye "of playenge Commedies, Tragedies, Enterludes, Stage-"Playes, and ſuch other like."—But when Shakeſpeare's HISTORIES had become the ornaments of the ſtage, they were conſidered by the publick, and by himſelf, as a formal and neceſſary ſpecies, and are thenceforth ſo diſtinguiſhed in public inſtruments. They are particularly inſerted in the Licence granted by K. James I. in 1603 *(ſ)*, to W. Shakeſpeare himſelf, and the Players his fellows; who are authorized "to uſe and exerciſe the arte "and faculty of playing Comedies, Tragedies, HISTO-"RIES, Interludes, Morals, Paſtorals, Stage-plaies, "and ſuch like."

The ſame merited diſtinction they continued to maintain after his death, till the Theatre itſelf was extinguiſhed: for they are expreſſly mentioned in a warrant in 1622, for licenſing certain "late Comedians of Q. "Anne deceaſed, to bring up children in the qualitie "and exerciſe of playing Comedies, HISTORIES, In-"terludes, Morals, Paſtorals, Stage-Plaies, and ſuch "like (*)." The ſame appears in an Admonition iſſued in 1637 *(t)* by Philip Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, then Lord Chamberlain, to the maſter and wardens of the company of Printers and Stationers; wherein is ſet forth the complaint of his Majeſty's ſervants the Players, that "diverſe of their books of Comedyes and "Tragedyes, CHRONICLE-HISTORYES, and the like," had been printed and publiſhed to their prejudice, &c.

(r) See Malone's Shakeſp. vol. I. P. II. p. 37. *(ſ)* Ibid. p. 40.
(*) Ibid. p. 49. Here HISTORIES, or Hiſtorical Plays are found totally to have excluded the mention of Tragedies; a proof of their ſuperior popularity.—In an Order for the King's Comedians to attend K. Charles I. in his ſummer's progreſs, 1636, (Ibid. p. 144.) HISTORIES are not particularly mentioned; but ſo neither are Tragedies: They being briefly directed to "act Playes, Comedyes, "and Interludes, without any lett," &c. *(t)* Ibid. p. 139.

This diſtinction, we ſee, prevailed for near half a century; but after the Reſtoration, when the ſtage revived for the entertainment of a new race of auditors, many of whom had been exiled in France, and formed their taſte from the French theatre, Shakeſpeare's HISTORIES appear to have been no longer reliſhed; at leaſt the diſtinction reſpecting them is dropt in the patents that were immediately granted after the king's return.

This appears not only from the allowance to Mr. William Beeſton in June 1660 *(u)*, to uſe the houſe in Saliſbury-court "for a Play-houſe, wherein Comedies, "Tragedies, Tragi-comedies, Paſtoralls, and Interludes, "may be acted," but alſo from the fuller Grant (dated Auguſt 21, 1760) *(v)* to Thomas Killigrew, eſq. and Sir William Davenant, knt. by which they have authority to erect two companies of players, and to fit up two theatres "for the repreſentation of Tragydies, "Comedyes, Playes, Operas, and all other entertain-"ments of that nature."

But while Shakeſpeare was the favourite dramatic poet, his HISTORIES had ſuch ſuperior merit, that he might well claim to be the chief, if not the only hiſtoric dramatiſt that kept poſſeſſion of the Engliſh ſtage; which gives a ſtrong ſupport to the tradition mentioned by Gildon *(w)*, that, in a converſation with BEN JONSON, our Bard vindicated his Hiſtorical Plays, by urging, that, as he had found "the nation in general very "ignorant of hiſtory, he wrote them in order to inſtruct "the people in this particular." This is aſſigning not only a good motive, but a very probable reaſon for his preference of this ſpecies of compoſition; ſince we cannot doubt but his illiterate countrymen would not only want ſuch inſtruction when he firſt began to write, notwithſtanding the obſcure dramatic chroniclers who

(u) This is believed to be the date by Mr. Malone. Vol. II. P. II. p. 239. *(v)* Ibid. p. 244.

(w) See Malone's Shakeſp. vol. VI. p. 427. This ingenious writer will, with his known liberality, excuſe the difference of opinion here entertained concerning the above tradition.

pre-

preceded him; but alſo that they would highly profit by his admirable Lectures on Engliſh Hiſtory ſo long as he continued to deliver them to his audience. And, as it implies no claim to his being the *firſt* who introduced our chronicles on the ſtage, I ſee not why the tradition ſhould be rejected.

Upon the whole we have had abundant proof, that both Shakeſpeare and his contemporaries conſidered his HISTORIES, or Hiſtorical Plays, as of a legitimate diſtinct ſpecies, ſufficiently ſeparate from Tragedy and Comedy; a diſtinction which deſerves the particular attention of his critics and commentators; who, by not adverting to it, deprive him of his proper defence and beſt vindication for his neglect of the Unities, and departure from the claſſical Dramatic Forms. For, if it be the firſt Canon of ſound criticiſm to examine any work by whatever Rule the author preſcribed for his own obſervance, then we ought not to try Shakeſpeare's HISTORIES by the general laws of Tragedy or Comedy. Whether the Rule itſelf be vicious or not, is another inquiry: but certainly we ought to examine a work only by thoſe principles according to which it was compoſed. This would ſave a deal of impertinent criticiſm.

V. WE have now brought the inquiry as low as was intended, but cannot quit it, without entering into a ſhort deſcription of what may be called the Œconomy of the ancient Engliſh ſtage.

Such was the fondneſs of our forefathers for dramatic entertainments, that not fewer than NINETEEN Playhouſes had been opened before the year 1633, when Prynne publiſhed his Hiſtriomaſtix *(a)*. From

(a) He ſpeaks in p. 492, of the Playhouſes in Biſhopſgate-ſtreet, and on Ludgate-hill, which are not among the SEVENTEEN enumerated in the Preface to Dodſley's Old Plays. Nay, it appears from Rymer's MSS. that TWENTY-THREE Playhouſes had been at different periods open in London; and even SIX of them at one time. See Malone's Shakeſp. Vol. I. Pt. II. p. 48.

this writer it ſhould ſeem that "tobacco, wine, and "beer *(b)*," were in thoſe days the uſual accommodations in the theatre, as within our memory at Sadler's Wells.

With regard to the Players themſelves, the ſeveral companies were (as hath been already ſhewn) *(c)* retainers, or menial ſervants to particular noblemen *(d)*, who protected them in the exerciſe of their profeſſion:

(b) So, I think, we may infer from the following paſſage, viz. "How many are there, who, according to their ſeveral qualities, "ſpend 2d. 3d. 4d. 6d. 12d. 18d. 2s. and ſometimes 4s. or 5s. at a "play-houſe, day by day, if coach-hire, boat-hire, tobacco, wine, "beere, and ſuch like vaine expences, which playes doe uſually "occaſion, be caſt into the reckoning?" Prynne's Hiſtriom. p. 322. But that Tobacco was ſmoaked in the playhouſes, appears from Taylor the Water-poet, in his Proclamation for Tobacco's Propagation. "Let PLAY-HOUSES, drinking-ſchools, taverns, &c. be con-"tinually haunted with the contaminous vapours of it; nay (if it "be poſſible) bring it into the CHURCHES, and there choak up "their preachers." (Works, p. 253.) And this was really the caſe at Cambridge: James I. ſent a letter in 1607, againſt "taking To-"bacco" in St. Mary's. So I learn from my friend Dr. FARMER.

A gentleman has informed me, that once going into a church in Holland, he ſaw the male part of the audience ſitting with their hats on, ſmoking tobacco, while the preacher was holding forth in his morning-gown.

(c) See the extracts above, in p. 136, from the E. of Northumb. Houſhold Book.

(d) See the Pref. to Dodſley's Old Plays.——The author of an old Invective againſt the Stage, called, A third Blaſt of Retrait from Plaies, &c. 1580, 12mo. ſays, "Alas! that private affection ſhould "ſo raigne in the nobilitie, that to pleaſure their ſervants, and to "upholde them in their vanitye, they ſhould reſtraine the magiſtrates "from executing their office!... They [the nobility] are thought to "be covetous by permitting their ſervants... to live at the devotion "or almes of other men, paſſing from countrie to countrie, from one "gentleman's houſe to another, offering their ſervice, which is a "kind of beggerie. Who indeede, to ſpeake more trulie, are be-"come beggers for their ſervants. For comonlie the good-wil, men "beare to their Lordes, makes them draw the ſtringes of their purſes "to extend their liberalitie." Vid. pag. 75, 76, &c.

and

and many of them were occaſionally Strollers, that travelled from one gentleman's houſe to another. Yet ſo much were they encouraged, that, notwithſtanding their multitude, ſome of them acquired large fortunes. Edward Allen, maſter of the playhouſe called the Globe, who founded Dulwich college, is a known inſtance. And an old writer ſpeaks of the very inferior actors, whom he calls the Hirelings, as living in a degree of ſplendor, which was thought enormous in that frugal age *(e)*.

(e) Stephen Goſſon, in his Schoole of Abuſe, 1579, 12mo. fo. 23, ſays thus of what he terms in his margin PLAYERS-MEN: "Over "laſhing in apparel is ſo common a fault, that the very hyerlings "of ſome of our Players, which ſtand at revirſion of vi s. by the "week, jet under gentlemens noſes in ſutis of ſilke, exerciſing them-"ſelves to prating on the ſtage, and common ſcoffing when they "come abrode, where they look aſkance over the ſhoulder at every "man, of whom the SUNDAY before they begged an almes. I ſpeake "not this, as though everye one that profeſſeth the qualitie ſo abuſed "himſelfe, for it is well knowen, that ſome of them are ſober, "diſcreete, properly learned, honeſt houſholders and citizens, well-"thought on among their neighbours at home." [he ſeems to mean EDW. ALLEN above-mentioned] "though the pryde of their ſha-"dowes (I meane thoſe hanghyes, whom they ſuccour with ſtipend) "cauſe them to be ſomewhat il-talked of abroad."

In a ſubſequent period we have the following ſatirical fling at the ſhewy exterior, and ſuppoſed profits of the actors of that time.—Vid. GREENE's Groatſworth of Wit, 1625, 4to. "WHAT is your "profeſſion?"—"Truly, Sir, ... I am a PLAYER." "A Player? "... I took you rather for a Gentleman of great living; for, if "by outward Habit men ſhould be cenſured, I tell you, you would "be taken for a ſubſtantial man." "So I am where I dwell .... "What, though the world once went hard with me, when I was "fayne to carry my playing-fardle a foot-backe: *Tempora mutantur* ".... for my very ſhare in playing apparrell will not be ſold for "TWO HUNDRED pounds .... Nay more, I can ſerve to make a "pretty ſpeech, for I was a country Author, paſſing at a MORAL, "&c." See Roberto's Tale, ſign. D. 3. b.

At the ſame time the ancient Prices of admiſſion were often very low. Some houſes had penny-benches *(f)*. The "two-penny gallery" is mentioned in the prologue to Beaumont and Fletcher's Woman-Hater *(g)*. And ſeats of three-pence and a groat ſeem to be intended in the paſſage of Prynne above referred to. Yet different houſes varied in their prices: That playhouſe called the Hope had ſeats of five ſeveral rates from ſix-pence to half-a-crown *(h)*. But a ſhilling ſeems to have been the uſual price *(i)* of what is now called the Pit, which probably had its name from one of the playhouſes having been a Cock-pit *(k)*.

(f) So a MS. of Oldys, from Tom Naſh, an old pamphlet-writer. And this is confirmed by Taylor the Water-poet, in his Praiſe of Beggerie, p. 99.

"Yet have I ſeen a begger with his many, [ſc. vermin]
"Come at a Play-houſe, all in for one penny."

(g) So in the Belman's Night-Walks by Decker, 1616, 4to. "Pay thy two-pence to a Player, in this gallery thou mayeſt ſit "by a harlot."

(h) Induct. to Ben. Jonſon's Bartholomew-fair. An ancient ſatirical piece, called, "The Blacke Book, Lond. 1604, 4to." talks of "The Six-Penny Roomes in Playhouſes;" and leaves a legacy to one whom he calls "Arch-tobacco-taker of England, in ordina-"ries, upon stages both common and private."

(i) Shakeſp. Prol. to Hen. viij.—Beaum. and Fletch. Prol. to the Captain, and to the Mad-lover.

(k) This etymology hath been objected to by a very ingenious writer (ſee Malone's Shakeſp. Vol. I. P. II. p. 59.), who thinks it queſtionable, becauſe, in St. Mary's church at Cambridge, the area that is under the pulpit, and ſurrounded by the galleries, is *(now)* called the Pit; which, he ſays, no one can ſuſpect to have been a *Cock-pit*, or that a playhouſe phraſe could be applied to a church.—But whoever is acquainted with the licentiouſneſs of boys, will not think it impoſſible that they ſhould thus apply a name ſo peculiarly expreſſive of its ſituation: which from frequent uſe might at length prevail among the ſenior members of the Univerſity; eſpecially when thoſe young men became ſeniors themſelves. The name of Pit, ſo applied at Cambridge, muſt be deemed to have been a cant phraſe, until it can be ſhewn that the area in other churches was uſually ſo called.

The

The day originally ſet apart for theatrical exhibition appears to have been Sunday; probably becauſe the firſt dramatic pieces were of a religious caſt. During a great part of Queen Elizabeth's reign, the playhouſes were only licenſed to be opened on that day *(l)*: But before the end of her reign, or ſoon after, this abuſe was probably removed.

The uſual time of acting was early in the afternoon *(m)*, plays being generally performed by day-light *(n)*. All female parts were performed by men, no Engliſh

(l) So Ste. Goſſon, in his Schoole of Abuſe, 1579, 12mo. ſpeaking of the Players, ſays, "Theſe, becauſe they are allowed to play "every Sunday, make iiii. or v. Sundayes at leaſt every week," fol. 24.——So the author of A Second and Third Blaſt of Retrait from Plaies, 1580, 12mo. "Let the magiſtrate but repel them from "the libertie of plaeing on the Sabboth-daie. . . . . To plaie on "the Sabboth is but a priviledge of ſufferance, and might with eaſe "be repelled, were it thoroughly followed." pag. 61, 62. So again, "Is not the Sabboth of al other daies the moſt abuſed? . . . Where-"fore abuſe not ſo the Sabboth-daie, my brethren; leave not the "temple of the Lord." . . . . . "Thoſe unſaverie morſels of un-"ſeemelie ſentences paſſing out of the mouth of a ruffenlie plaier, "doth more content the hungrie humors of the rude multitude, and "carrieth better reliſh in their mouthes, than the bread of the "worde, &c." Vid pag. 63, 65, 69, &c. I do not recollect that exclamations of this kind occur in Prynne, whence I conclude that this enormity no longer ſubſiſted in this time.

It ſhould alſo ſeem, from the author of the Third Blaſt above-quoted, that the Churches ſtill continued to be uſed occaſionally for theatres. Thus, in p. 77, he ſays, that the Players, (who, as hath been obſerved, were ſervants of the nobility) "under the title of "their maiſters, or as reteiners, are priviledged to roave abroad, "and permitted to publiſh their mametree in everie temple of God, "and that throughout England, unto the horrible contempt of "praier."

(m) "He entertaines us (ſays Overbury in his character of an Actor) "in the beſt leaſure of our life, that is, betweene meales; the "moſt unfit time either for ſtudy, or bodily exerciſe."—Even ſo late as in the reign of Cha. II. Plays generally began at 3 in the afternoon.

(n) See Biogr. Brit. I. 117, n. D.

actreſs being ever ſeen on the public ſtage *(o)* before the civil wars.

Laſtly, with regard to the playhouſe Furniture and Ornaments, a writer of King Charles IId's time *(p)*, who well remembered the preceding age, aſſures us, that in general "they had no other ſcenes nor decora-"tions of the ſtage, but only old tapeſtry, and the ſtage "ſtrewed with ruſhes, with habits accordingly *(q)*."

Yet Corvate thought our theatrical exhibitions, &c. ſplendid, when compared with what he ſaw abroad: Speaking of the Theatre for Comedies at Venice, he ſays, "The houſe is very beggarly and baſe in compa-"riſon of our ſtately Playhouſes in England: neyther "can their actors compare with ours for Apparrell, "Shewes, and Muſicke. Here I obſerved certaine things

(o) I ſay "no ENGLISH Actreſs—on the PUBLIC Stage," becauſe Prynne ſpeaks of it as an unuſual enormity, that "they had "French-women actors in a play not long ſince perſonated in Black-"friars Playhouſe." This was in 1629, vid. p. 215. And tho' female parts were performed by men or boys on the public ſtage, yet in Maſques at Court, the Queen and her ladies made no ſcruple to perform the principal parts, eſpecially in the reigns of James I. and Charles I.

Sir William Davenant, after the reſtoration, introduced Women, Scenery, and higher Prices. See Cibber's Apology for his own Life.

(p) See a ſhort Diſcourſe on the Engliſh Stage, ſubjoined to Flecknor's "Love's Kingdom," 1674, 12mo.

(q) It appears from an Epigram of Taylor the Water-poet, that one of the principal Theatres in his time, viz. The Globe on the Bankſide, Southwark, (which Ben Jonſon calls the Glory of the Bank, and Fort of the whole pariſh,) had been covered with Thatch till it was burnt down in 1613.—(See Taylor's Sculler, Epig. 22, p. 31. Jonſon's Execration on Vulcan.)

Puttenham tells us they uſed Vizards in his time, "partly to "ſupply the want of players, when there were more parts than there "were perſons, or that it was not thought meet to trouble . . . . "princes chambers with too many folkes." [Art of Eng. Poeſ. 1589, p. 26] From the laſt clauſe, it ſhould ſeem that they were chiefly uſed in the MASQUES at Court.

"that

" that I never ſaw before: For, I ſaw WOMEN ACT, a " thing that I never ſaw before, though I have heard " that it hath been ſometimes uſed in London; and " they performed it with as good a grace, action, " geſture, and whatſoever convenient for a Player, as " ever I ſaw any maſculine Actor *(r)*."

It ought however to be obſerved, that, amid ſuch a multitude of Playhouſes as ſubſiſted in the Metropolis before the Civil Wars, there muſt have been a great difference between their ſeveral accommodations, ornaments, and prices; and that ſome would be much more ſhewy than others, though probably all were much inferior in ſplendor to the two great Theatres after the Reſtoration.

(r) Coryate's Crudities, 4to. 1611, p. 247.

☞ *The preceding* ESSAY, *although ſome of the materials are new arranged, hath received no alteration deſerving notice, from what it was in the 2d Edition,* 1767, *except in Section IV. which in the preſent impreſſion hath been much enlarged.*

This is mentioned, becauſe, ſince it was firſt publiſhed, the Hiſtory of the Engliſh Stage hath been copiouſly handled by Mr. THO. WARTON *in his "Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry, "* 1775, *&c."* 3 *vols.* 4*to. (wherein is inſerted whatever in theſe Volumes fell in with his ſubject); and by* EDMOND MALONE, *Eſq. who, in his "Hiſtorical Account of the "Engliſh Stage," (Shakeſp. Vol. I. Part II.* 1790.*) hath added greatly to our knowledge of the Oeconomy and Uſages of our ancient Theatres.*

THE END OF THE ESSAY.

I.

ADAM BELL, CLYM OF THE CLOUGH, AND WILLIAM OF CLOUDESLY,

*—were three noted outlaws, whoſe ſkill in archery rendered them formerly as famous in the North of England, as Robin Hood and his fellows were in the midland counties. Their place of reſidence was in the foreſt of Englewood, not far from Carliſle, (called corruptly in the ballad Engliſhwood, whereas Engle, or Ingle-wood, ſignifies Wood for firing.) At what time they lived does not appear. The author of the common ballad on "*THE PEDIGREE, EDUCATION, AND MARRIAGE, OF ROBIN HOOD,*" makes them contemporary with Robin Hood's father, in order to give him the honour of beating them: viz.*

The father of ROBIN *a Foreſter was,*
And he ſhot in a luſty long-bow
Two north-country miles and an inch at a ſhot,
As the Pindar of Wakefield does know:

For he brought Adam Bell, and Clim of the Clough,
And William a Clowdeſlee
To ſhoot with our Foreſter for forty mark;
And our Foreſter beat them all three.

Collect. of Old Ballads, 1727, 1 vol. p. 67.

This ſeems to prove that they were commonly thought to have lived before the popular Hero of Sherwood.

*Our northern archers were not unknown to their ſouthern countrymen: their excellence at the long-bow is often alluded to by our ancient poets. Shakeſpeare, in his comedy of "*MUCH *adoe about nothing," Act* 1. *makes Benedicke con-*

firm

firm his reſolves of not yielding to love, by this proteſtation, "*If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat* *, *and ſhoot at me,* "*and he that hits me, let him be clapt on the ſhoulder, and* "*called* ADAM:" *meaning* ADAM BELL, *as Theobald rightly obſerves, who refers to one or two other paſſages in our old poets wherein he is mentioned. The Oxford editor has alſo well conjectured, that* "*Abraham Cupid*" *in Romeo and Juliet, A. 2, ſc. 1. ſhould be* "ADAM *Cupid,*" *in alluſion to our archer. Ben Jonſon has mentioned* CLYM O' THE CLOUGH *in his Alchemiſt, Act 1. ſc. 2. And Sir William Davenant, in a mock poem of his, called* "THE "*long vacation in London,*" *deſcribes the Attorneys and Proctors, as making matches to meet in Finſbury fields.*

"*With loynes in canvas bow-caſe tyde* †:
"*Where arrowes ſtick with mickle pride*; . . . .
"*Like ghoſts of* ADAM BELL *and* CLYMME.
"*Sol ſets for fear they'l ſhoot at him.*"

Works, 1673, fol p. 291.

I have only to add further concerning the principal Hero of this Ballad, that the BELLS *were noted rogues in the North ſo late as the time of Q. Elizabeth. See in Rymer's Fœdera, a letter from lord William Howard to ſome of the officers of ſtate, wherein he mentions them.*

As for the following ſtanzas, which will be judged from the ſtyle, orthography, and numbers, to be of conſiderable antiquity, they were here given (corrected in ſome places by a MS. copy in the Editor's old folio) from a black-letter 4to. **Imprinted at London in Lothbury by Wyllyam Copland** *(no date). That old quarto edition ſeems to be exactly followed in* "*Pieces of Ancient Popular Poetry, &c. Lond.* "1791," 8vo. *the variations from which, that occur in the following copy, are ſelected from many others in the folio*

* *Bottles formerly were of leather; though perhaps a wooden bottle might be here meant. It is ſtill a diverſion in Scotland to hang up a cat in a ſmall caſk or firkin, half filled with ſoot: and then a parcel of clowns on horſeback try to beat out the ends of it, in order to ſhew their dexterity in eſcaping before the contents fall upon them.*

† i. e. *Each with a canvas bow-caſe tied round his loins.*

MS.

MS. above-mentioned, and when diſtinguiſhed by the uſual inverted 'comma,' have been aſſiſted by conjecture.

In the ſame MS. this Ballad is followed by another, intitled YOUNGE CLOUDESLEE, *being a continuation of the preſent ſtory, and reciting the adventures of William of Cloudeſly's ſon: but greatly inferior to this both in merit and antiquity.*

PART THE FIRST.

MERY it was in the grene foreſt
Amonge the levès grene,
Wheras men hunt eaſt and weſt
Wyth bowes and arrowes kene;

To raiſe the dere out of theyr denne;
Suche ſightes hath ofte bene ſene;
As by thre yemen of the north countrèy,
By them it is I meane.

The one of them hight Adam Bel,
The other Clym of the Clough *,
The thyrd was William of Cloudeſly,
An archer good ynough.

They were outlawed for venyſon,
Theſe yemen everychone;
They ſwore them brethren upon a day,
To Englyſhe wood for to gone.

* Clym of the Clough, *means Clem.* [*Clement*] *of the Cliff: for ſo Clough ſignifies in the North.*

Now

Now lith and lyſten, gentylmen,
That of myrthes loveth to here:
Two of them were ſingle men,
The third had a wedded fere.

Wyllyam was the wedded man,
Muche more then was hys care:
He ſayde to hys brethren upon a day,
To Carleile he would fare;

For to ſpeke with fayre Alyce his wife,
And with hys chyldren thre.
By my trouth, ſayde Adam Bel,
Not by the counſell of me:

For if ye go to Carlile, brother,
And from thys wylde wode wende,
If that the juſtice may you take,
Your lyfe were at an ende.

If that I come not to-morowe, brother,
By pryme to you agayne,
Truſte you then that I am 'taken,'
Or elſe that I am ſlayne.

He toke hys leave of hys brethren two,
And to Carlile he is gon:
There he knocked at his owne windòwe
Shortlye and anone.

Ver. 24. Caerlel, *in PC. paſſim.* *V.* 35. take. *PC.* tane. *MS.*

Wher

Wher be you, fayre Alyce, he ſayd,
My wife and chyldren three?
Lyghtly let in thyne owne huſbande,
Wyllyam of Cloudeſlee.

Alas! then ſayde fayre Alyce,
And ſyghed wonderous ſore,
Thys place hath ben beſette for you
Thys halfe a yere and more.

Now am I here, ſayde Cloudeſlee,
I would that in I were.
Now fetche us meate and drynke ynoughe,
And let us make good chere.

She fetched hym meate and drynke plentye,
Lyke a true wedded wyfe;
And pleaſed hym with that ſhe had,
Whome ſhe loved as her lyfe.

There lay an old wyfe in that place,
A lytle beſyde the fyre,
Whych Wyllyam had found of charytyè
More than ſeven yere.

Up ſhe roſe, and forth ſhee goes,
Evill mote ſhee ſpeede therfore;
For ſhee had ſett no foote on ground
In ſeven yere before.

She went unto the juſtice hall,
As faſt as ſhe could hye:
Thys night, ſhee ſayd, is come to town
Wyllyam of Cloudeſlyè.

Thereof the juſtice was full fayne,
And ſo was the ſhirife alſo:
Thou ſhalt not trauaile hither, dame, for nought,
Thy meed thou ſhalt have ere thou go.

They gave to her a ryght good goune,
Of ſcarlate, 'and of graine':
She toke the gyft, and home ſhe wente,
And couched her doune agayne.

They rayſed the towne of mery Carleile
In all the haſte they can;
And came thronging to Wyllyames houſe,
As faſt as they might gone.

There they beſette that good yemàn
Round about on every ſyde:
Wyllyam hearde great noyſe of folkes,
That thither-ward faſt hyed.

Alyce opened a backe wyndòwe,
And loked all aboute,
She was ware of the juſtice and ſhirife bothe,
Wyth a full great route.

Var. 85. *ſic MS.* ſhop window. *PC.*

Alas!

Alas! treaſon, cryed Alyce,
Ever wo may thou be!
Goe into my chamber, my huſband, ſhe ſayd,
Swete Wyllyam of Cloudeſlee.

He toke hys ſweard and hys bucler,
Hys bow and hys chyldren thre,
And wente into hys ſtrongeſt chamber,
Where he thought ſureſt to be.

Fayre Alyce, like a lover true,
Took a pollaxe in her hande:
Said, He ſhall dye that cometh in
Thys dore, whyle I may ſtand.

Cloudeſlee bente a right good bowe,
That was of a truſty tre,
He ſmot the juſtiſe on the breſt,
That hys arowe burſt in three.

'A' curſe on his harte, ſaide William,
Thys day thy cote dyd on!
If it had ben no better then myne,
It had gone nere thy bone.

Yelde the Cloudeſlè, ſayd the juſtiſe,
And thy bowe and thy arrowes the fro.
'A' curſe on hys hart, ſayd fair Alyce,
That my huſband councelleth ſo.

Set fyre on the houſe, ſaide the ſherife,
Syth it wyll no better be,
And brenne we therin William, he ſaide,
Hys wyfe and chyldren thre.

They fyred the houſe in many a place,
The fyre flew up on hye:
Alas! then cryed fayre Alice,
I ſe we here ſhall dye.

William openyd a backe wyndòw,
That was in hys chamber hie,
And there with ſheetes he did let downe
His wyfe and children three.

Have you here my treaſure, ſayde William,
My wyfe and my chyldren thre:
For Chriſtès love do them no harme,
But wreke you all on me.

Wyllyam ſhot ſo wonderous well,
Tyll hys arrowes were all agoe,
And the fyre ſo faſt upon hym fell,
That hys bowſtryng brent in two.

The ſparkles brent and fell upon
Good Wyllyam of Cloudeſlè:
Than was he a wofull man, and ſayde,
Thys is a cowardes death to me.

Leever had I, ſayde Wyllyam,
With my ſworde in the route to renne,
Then here among myne enemyes wode
Thus cruelly to bren.

He toke hys ſweard and hys buckler,
And among them all he ran,
Where the people were moſt in prece,
He ſmot downe many a man.

There myght no man abyde hys ſtroakes,
So ferſly on them he ran:
Then they threw wyndowes, and dores on him,
And ſo toke that good yemàn.

There they hym bounde both hand and fote,
And in a deepe dungeon him caſt:
Now Cloudeſle, ſayd the juſtice,
Thou ſhalt be hanged in haſt.

'A payre of new gallowes, ſayd the ſherife,
Now ſhal I for thee make;'
And the gates of Carleil ſhal be ſhutte:
No man ſhal come in therat.

Then ſhall not helpe Clym of the Cloughe,
Nor yet ſhall Adam Bell,
Though they came with a thouſand mo,
Nor all the devels in hell.

Ver. 151. *Sic MS.* hye Juſtice. *PC.*
Ver. 153, 4. *are contracted from the fol. MS. and PC.*

Early in the mornynge the juſtice uproſe,
To the gates firſt can he gone,
And commaunded to be ſhut full cloſe
Lightilè everychone.

Then went he to the markett place,
As faſt as he coulde hye;
There a payre of new gallowes he ſet up
Beſyde the pyllorye.

A lytle boy 'among them aſked,'
What meaned that gallow-tre?
They ſayde to hange a good yemàn,
Called Wyllyam of Cloudeſlè.

That lytle boye was the towne ſwyne-heard,
And kept fayre Alyces ſwyne;
Oft he had ſeene William in the wodde,
And geuen hym there to dyne.

He went out att a crevis of the wall,
And lightly to the woode dyd gone;
There met he with theſe wightye yemen
Shortly and anone.

Alas! then ſayde the lytle boye,
Ye tary here all too longe;
Cloudeſlee is taken, and dampned to death,
And readye for to honge.

Ver. 179. yonge men. *PC.*

Alas! then ſayd good Adam Bell,
That ever we ſaw thys daye!
He had better have tarryed with us,
So ofte as we dyd hym praye.

He myght have dwelt in grene forèſte,
Under the ſhadowes greene,
And have kepte both hym and us att reſte,
Out of all trouble and teene.

Adam bent a ryght good bow,
A great hart ſone hee had ſlayne:
Take that, chylde, he ſayde, to thy dynner,
And bryng me myne arrowe agayne.

Now go we hence, ſayed theſe wightye yeomen,
Tarry we no longer here;
We ſhall hym borowe by God his grace,
Though we buy itt full dere.

To Caerleil wente theſe bold yemen,
All in a mornyng of maye.
Here is a FYT * of Cloudeſlye,
And another is for to ſaye.

Ver. 190. *ſic MS.* ſhadowes ſheene, *PC.*
Ver. 197. jolly yeomen, *MS.* wight yong men, *PC.*
* *See Gleſſ.*

Part the Second.

AND when they came to mery Carleile,
All in 'the' mornyng tyde,
They founde the gates ſhut them untyll
About on every ſyde.

Alas! then ſayd good Adam Bell,
That ever we were made men!
Theſe gates be ſhut ſo wonderous faſt,
We may not come therein.

Then beſpake him Clym of the Clough,
Wyth a wyle we wyl us in bryng;
Let us ſaye we be meſſengers,
Streyght come nowe from our king.

Adam ſaid, I have a letter written,
Now let us wyſely werke,
We wyl ſaye we have the kynges ſeale;
I holde the porter no clerke.

Then Adam Bell bete on the gates
With ſtrokes great and ſtronge:
The porter marveiled, who was therat,
And to the gates he thronge.

Who is there now, ſayde the porter,
That maketh all thys knockinge?

We be tow meſſengers, quoth Clim of the Clough,
Be come ryght from our kyng.

We have a letter, ſayd Adam Bel,
To the juſtice we muſt itt bryng;
Let us in our meſſage to do,
That we were agayne to the kyng.

Here commeth none in, ſayd the porter,
By hym that dyed on a tre,
Tyll a falſe theſe be hanged,
Called Wyllyam of Cloudeſle.

Then ſpake the good yeman Clym of the Clough,
And ſwore by Mary fre,
And if that we ſtande long wythout,
Lyke a theſe hanged ſhalt thou be.

Lo! here we have the kynges ſeale:
What, Lurden, art thou wode?
The porter went * it had ben ſo,
And lyghtly dyd off hys hode.

Welcome is my lordes ſeale, he ſaide;
For that ye ſhall come in.
He opened the gate full ſhortlye:
An euyl openyng for him.

Ver. 38. Lordeyne. *PC.* * *i. e. weened,* thought, *(which laſt is the reading of the folio MS.)*——*Calais, or Rouen was taken from the Engliſh by ſhowing the governor, who could not read, a letter with the king's ſeal, which was all he looked at.*

Now

Now are we in, ſayde Adam Bell,
  Wherof we are full faine;
But Chriſt he knowes, that harowed hell,
  How we ſhall com out agayne.

Had we the keys, ſaid Clim of the Clough,
  Ryght wel then ſhoulde we ſpede,
Then might we come out wel ynough
  When we ſe tyme and nede.

They called the porter to counſell,
  And wrang his necke in two,
And caſte hym in a depe dungeon,
  And toke hys keys hym fro.

Now am I porter, ſayd Adam Bel,
  Se brother the keys are here,
The worſt porter to merry Carleile
  That 'the' had thys hundred yere.

And now wyll we our bowes bend,
  Into the towne wyll we go,
For to delyuer our dere brother,
  That lyeth in care and wo.

Then they bent theyr good ewe bowes,
  And loked theyr ſtringes were round *,

* *So Aſcham in his Toxophilus gives a precept; "The Stringe muſt "be rounde:" (p. 149. Ed. 1761) otherwiſe, we may conclude from mechanical principles, the Arrow will not fly true.*

The markett place in mery Carleile
They beſet that ſtound.

And, as they loked them beſyde,
A paire of new galowes 'they' ſee,
And the juſtice with a queſt of ſquyers,
That judged William hanged to be.

And Cloudeſlè lay redy there in a cart,
Faſt bound both fote and hand;
And a ſtronge rop about hys necke,
All readye for to hange.

The juſtice called to him a ladde,
Cloudeſlees clothes hee ſhold have,
To take the meaſure of that yemàn,
Therafter to make hys grave.

I have ſene as great mervaile, ſaid Cloudeſle,
As betweyne thys and pryme,
He that maketh a grave for mee,
Hymſelfe may lye therin.

Thou ſpeakeſt proudlye, ſaid the juſtice,
I will thee hange with my hande.
Full wel herd this his brethren two,
There ſtyll as they dyd ſtande.

Then Cloudeſlè caſt his eyen aſyde,
And ſaw hys 'brethren twaine'

At a corner of the market place,
Redy the juſtice for to ſlaine.

I ſe comfort, ſayd Cloudeſlè,
Yet hope I well to fare,
If I might have my handes at wyll
Ryght lytle wolde I care.

Then ſpake good Adam Bell
To Clym of the Clough ſo free,
Brother, ſe you marke the juſtyce wel;
Lo! yonder you may him ſe:

And at the ſhyrife ſhote I wyll
Strongly wyth an arrowe kene;
A better ſhote in mery Carleile
Thys ſeven yere was not ſene.

They looſed their arrowes both at once,
Of no man had they dread;
The one hyt the juſtice, the other the ſheryfe,
That both theyr ſides gan blede.

All men voyded, that them ſtode nye,
When the juſtice fell to the grounde,
And the ſheriffe nye hym by;
Eyther had his deathes wounde.

Ver. 105. lowſed thre. *PC.* *Ver.* 108. can bled. *MS.*

All

All the citezens faſt gan flye,
They durſt no longer abyde:
There lyghtly they loſed Cloudeſlee,
Where he with ropes lay tyde.

Wyllyam ſtart to an officer of the towne,
Hys axe 'from' hys hand he wronge,
On eche ſyde he ſmote them downe,
Hee thought he taryed to long.

Wyllyam ſayde to hys brethren two,
Thys daye let us lyve and die,
If ever you have nede, as I have now,
The ſame ſhall you finde by me.

They ſhot ſo well in that tyde,
Theyr ſtringes were of ſilke ful ſure,
That they kept the ſtretes on every ſide;
That batayle did long endure.

They fought together as brethren true,
Lyke hardy men and bolde,
Many a man to the ground they threw,
And many a herte made colde.

But when their arrowes were all gon,
Men preced to them full faſt,
They drew theyr ſwordès then anone,
And theyr bowes from them caſt.

They

They went lyghtlye on theyr way,
Wyth ſwordes and buclers round;
By that it was mydd of the day,
They made many a wound.

There was an out-horne * in Carleil blowen,
And the belles backwàrd dyd ryng,
Many a woman ſayde, Alas!
And many theyr handes dyd wryng.

The mayre of Carleile forth com was,
Wyth hym a ful great route:
Theſe yemen dred hym full ſore,
Of theyr lyves they ſtode in great doute.

The mayre came armed a full great pace,
With a pollaxe in hys hande;
Many a ſtrong man wyth him was,
There in that ſtowre to ſtande.

The mayre ſmot at Cloudeſlee with his bil,
Hys bucler he braſt in two,
Full many a yeman with great evyll,
Alas! Treaſon they cryed for wo.
Kepe well the gates faſt, they bad,
That theſe traytours therout not go.

* Outhorne, *is an old term ſignifying the calling forth of ſubjects to arms by the ſound of a horn. See Cole's Lat. Dict. Bailey, &c.*

Ver. 148. For of. *MS.*

But al for nought was that they wrought,
For ſo faſt they downe were layde,
Tyll they all thre, that ſo manfulli fought,
Were gotten without, abraide.

Have here your keys, ſayd Adam Bel,
Myne office I here forſake,
And yf you do by my counſell
A new porter do ye make.

He threw theyr keys at theyr heads,
And bad them well to thryve *,
And all that letteth any good yeman
To come and comfort his wyfe.

Thus be theſe good yeman gon to the wod,
As lyghtly, as lefe on lynde;
The lough and be mery in theyr mode,
Theyr enemyes were ferr behynd.

When they came to Englyſhe wode,
Under the truſty tre,
There they found bowes full good,
And arrowes full great plentye.

So God me help, ſayd Adam Bell,
And Clym of the Clough ſo fre,

* *This is ſpoken ironically.*

Ver. 175. merry green wood. *MS.*

I would

I would we were in mery Carleile,
Before that fayre meynye.

They ſet them downe, and made good chere,
And eate and dranke full well.
A ſecond FYT of the wightye yeomen:
Another I wyll you tell.

PART THE THIRD.

AS they ſat in Englyſhe wood,
Under the green-wode tre,
They thought they herd a woman wepe,
But her they mought not ſe.

Sore then ſyghed the fayre Alyce:
'That ever I ſawe thys day!'
For nowe is my dere huſband ſlayne:
Alas! and wel-a-way!

Myght I have ſpoken wyth hys dere brethren,
Or with eyther of them twayne,
To ſhow them what him befell,
My hart were out of payne.

Cloudeſlè walked a lytle beſide,
He looked under the grene wood lynde,
He was ware of his wife, and children three,
Full wo in harte and myn[illegible]

Ver. 185. *ſee Part I. ver.* 197.

Welcome, wyfe, then ſayde Wyllyam,
Under 'this' truſti tre:
I had wende yeſterday, by ſwete ſaynt John,
Thou ſholdeſt me never 'have' ſe.

"Now well is me that ye be here,
My harte is out of wo."
Dame, he ſayde, be mery and glad,
And thanke my brethren two.

Herof to ſpeake, ſaid Adam Bell,
I-wis it is no bote:
The meate, that we muſt ſupp withall,
It runneth yet faſt on fote.

Then went they downe into a launde,
Theſe noble archares all thre;
Eche of them ſlew a hart of greece,
The beſt that they cold ſe.

Have here the beſt, Alyce, my wyfe,
Sayde Wyllyam of Cloudeſlye;
By cauſe ye ſo bouldly ſtode by me
When I was ſlayne full nye.

Then went they to ſuppère
Wyth ſuche meate as they had;
And thanked God of ther fortune:
They were both mery and glad.

Ver. 20. never had ſe. *PC. and MS.*

And

And when they had ſupped well,
Certayne withouten leaſe,
Cloudeſlè ſayd, We wyll to our kyng,
To get us a charter of peace.

Alyce ſhal be at our ſojournyng
In a nunnery here beſyde;
My tow ſonnes ſhall wyth her go,
And there they ſhall abyde.

Myne eldeſt ſon ſhall go wyth me;
For hym have 'you' no care:
And he ſhall bring you worde agayn,
How that we do fare.

Thus be theſe yemen to London gone,
As faſt as they myght 'he' *,
Tyll they came to the kynges pallàce,
Where they woulde nedes be.

And whan they came to the kynges courte,
Unto the pallace gate,
Of no man wold they aſke no leave,
But boldly went in therat.

They preced preſtly into the hall,
Of no man had they dreade:
The porter came after, and dyd them call,
And with them began to chyde.

Ver. 50. have I no care. *PC.* * *i. e. bie, haſten.*

The

The uſher ſayde, Yemen, what wold ye have?
I pray you tell to me:
You myght thus make offycers ſhent:
Good ſyrs, of whence be ye?

Syr, we be out-lawes of the foreſt
Certayne withouten leaſe;
And hether we be come to the kyng,
To get us a charter of peace.

And whan they came before the kyng,
As it was the lawe of the lande,
The kneled downe without lettyng,
And eche held up his hand.

The ſayed, Lord, we beſeche the here,
That ye wyll graunt us grace;
For we have ſlayne your fat falow dere
In many a ſondry place.

What be your nams, then ſaid our king,
Anone that you tell me?
They ſayd, Adam Bell, Clim of the Clough,
And Wyllyam of Cloudeſlè.

Be ye thoſe theves, then ſayd our kyng,
That men have tolde of to me?
Here to God I make an avowe,
Ye ſhal be hanged al thre.

Ye

Ye ſhal be dead without mercy,
As I am kynge of this lande.
He commanded his officers everichone,
Faſt on them to lay hande.

There they toke theſe good yemen,
And areſted them al thre:
So may I thryve, ſayd Adam Bell,
Thys game lyketh not me.

But, good lorde, we beſeche you now,
That yee graunt us grace,
Inſomuche as 'frely' we be to you come,
'As frely' we may fro you paſſe,

With ſuch weapons, as we have here,
Tyll we be out of your place;
And yf we lyve this hundreth yere,
We wyll aſke you no grace.

Ye ſpeake proudly, ſayd the kynge;
Ye ſhall be hanged all thre.
That were great pitye, then ſayd the quene,
If any grace myght be.

My lorde, whan I came fyrſt into this lande
To be your wedded wyfe,
The fyrſt boone that I wold aſke,
Ye would graunt it me belyfe:

Ver. 111, 119. *ſic MS.* bowne. *PC.*

And I aſked you never none tyll now;
Therefore good lorde, graunt it me,
Now aſke it, madam, ſayd the kynge,
And graunted it ſhal be.

Then, good my lord, I you beſeche,
Theſe yemen graunt ye me.
Madame, ye myght have aſked a boone,
That ſhuld have been worth them all thre.

Ye myght have aſked towres, and townes,
Parkes and foreſtes plentè.
None ſoe pleaſant to my pay, ſhee ſayd;
Nor none ſo leſe to me.

Madame, ſith it is your deſyre,
Your aſkyng graunted ſhal be;
But I had lever have geven you
Good market townes thre.

The quene was a glad woman,
And ſayde, Lord, gramarcy:
I dare undertake for them,
That true men ſhal they be.

But good my lord, ſpeke ſom mery word,
That comfort they may ſe.
I graunt you grace, then ſayd our king;
Waſhe, felos, and to meate go ye.

Ver. 130. God a mercye. *MS.*

They

They had not ſetten but a whyle
Certayne without leſynge,
There came meſſengers out of the north
With letters to our kyng.

And whan the came before the kynge,
They knelt downe on theyr kne;
And ſayd, Lord, your officers grete you well,
Of Carleile in the north cuntrè.

How fareth my juſtice, ſayd the kyng,
And my ſherife alſo?
Syr, they be ſlayne without leaſynge,
And many an officer mo.

Who hath them ſlayne, ſayd the kyng;
Anone that thou tell me?
"Adam Bell, and Clime of the Clough,
And Wyllyam of Cloudeſlè."

Alas for rewth! then ſayd our kynge:
My hart is wonderous ſore;
I had lever than a thouſande pounde,
I had knowne of thys before;

For I have graunted them grace,
And that forthynketh me:
But had I knowne all thys before,
They had been hanged all thre.

The kyng hee opened the letter anone,
Himſelfe he red it thro,
And founde how theſe outlawes had ſlain
Thre hundred men and mo:

Fyrſt the juſtice, and the ſheryfe,
And the mayre of Carleile towne;
Of all the conſtables and catchipolles
Alvye were 'ſcant' left one:

The baylyes, and the bedyls both,
And the ſergeauntes of the law,
And forty foſters of the fe,
Theſe outlawes had yſlaw:

And broke his parks, and ſlayne his dere;
Of all they choſe the beſt;
So perelous out-lawes, as they were,
Walked not by eaſte nor weſt.

When the kynge this letter had red,
In hys harte he ſyghed ſore:
Take up the tables anone he bad,
For I may eat no more.

The kyng called hys beſt archars
To the buttes wyth hym to go:
I wyll ſe theſe felowes ſhote, he ſayd,
In the north have wrought this wo.

V. 168. left but one. *MS.* not one. *PC.*

The

The kynges bowmen buſke them blyve,
And the quenes archers alſo;
So dyd theſe thre wyghtye yemen;
With them they thought to go.

There twyſe, or thryſe they ſhote about
For to aſſay theyr hande;
There was no ſhote theſe yemen ſhot,
That any prycke * myght ſtand.

Then ſpake Wyllyam of Cloudeſlè;
By him that for me dyed,
I hold hym never no good archar,
That ſhoteth at buttes ſo wyde.

'At what a butte now wold ye ſhote,'
I pray thee tell to me?
At ſuche a but, ſyr, he ſayd,
As men uſe in my countree.

Wyllyam wente into a fyeld,
And 'with him' his two brethren:
There they ſet up two haſell roddes
Twenty ſcore paces betwene.

I hold him an archar, ſaid Cloudeſlè,
That yonder wande cleveth in two.

Ver. 185. blythe. *MS.*
Ver. 202, 203, 212, to. *PC.*

* *i. e. mark.*
Ver. 204. *i. e.* 400 *yards.*

Here is none ſuche, ſayd the kyng,
Nor no man can ſo do.

I ſhall aſſaye, ſyr, ſayd Cloudeſlè,
Or that I farther go.
Cloudeſly with a bearyng arowe
Clave the wand in two.

Thou art the beſt archer, then ſaid the king,
Forſothe that ever I ſe.
And yet for your love, ſayd Wyllyam,
I wyll do more mayſtery.

I have a ſonne is ſeven yere olde,
He is to me full deare;
I wyll hym tye to a ſtake;
All ſhall ſe, that be here;

And lay an apple upon hys head,
And go ſyxe ſcore paces hym fro,
And I my ſelfe with a brode arôw
Shall cleve the apple in two.

Now haſte the, then ſayd the kyng,
By hym that dyed on a tre,
But yf thou do not, as thou heſt ſayde,
Hanged ſhalt thou be.

Ver. 208. *ſic MS.* none that can. *PC.* *Ver.* 222. *i. e.* 120 *yards.*

And

And thou touche his head or gowne,
In ſyght that men may ſe,
By all the ſayntes that be in heaven,
I ſhall hange you all thre.

That I have promiſed, ſaid William,
That I wyll never forſake.
And there even before the kynge
In the earth he drove a ſtake:

And bound therto his eldeſt ſonne,
And bad hym ſtand ſtyll thereat;
And turned the childes face him fro,
Becauſe he ſhould not ſtart.

An apple upon his head he ſet,
And then his bowe he bent:
Syxe ſcore paces they were meaten,
And thether Cloudeſlè went.

There he drew out a fayr brode arrowe,
Hys bowe was great and longe,
He ſet that arrowe in his bowe,
That was both ſtyffe and ſtronge.

He prayed the people, that wer there,
That they 'all ſtill wold' ſtand,
For he that ſhoteth for ſuch a wager,
Behoveth a ſtedfaſt hand.

Ver. 243. *ſic MS.* out met. *PC.* *Ver.* 252. ſteedye. *MS.*

Muche people prayed for Cloudeſlè,
That his lyfe ſaved myght be,
And whan he made hym redy to ſhote,
There was many weeping ee.

'But' Cloudeſlè cleſte the apple in two,
'His ſonne he did not nee.'
Over Gods forbode, ſayde the kinge,
That thou ſhold ſhote at me.

I geve thee eightene pence a day,
And my bowe ſhalt thou bere,
And over all the north countrè
I make the chyfe rydère.

And I thyrtene pence a day, ſaid the quene,
By God, and by my fay;
Come feche thy payment when thou wylt,
No man ſhall ſay the nay.

Wyllyam, I make the a gentleman
Of clothyng, and of fe:
And thy two brethren, yemen of my chambre,
For they are ſo ſemely to ſe.

Your ſonne, for he is tendre of age,
Of my wyne-ſeller he ſhall be;
And when he commeth to mans eſtate,
Better avaunced ſhall he be.

Ver. 265. And I geve the xvij pence. *PC.*

And,

And, Wyllyam, bring me your wife, ſaid the quene,
Me longeth her ſore to ſe:
She ſhall be my chefe gentlewoman,
To governe my nurſerye.

The yemen thanked them all curteouſly.
To ſome byſhop wyl we wend,
Of all the ſynnes, that we have done,
To be aſſoyld at his hand.

So forth be gone theſe good yemen,
As faſt as they might 'he *';
And after came and dwelled with the kynge,
And dyed good men all thre.

Thus endeth the lives of theſe good yemen;
God ſend them eternall blyſſe;
And all, that with a hand-bowe ſhoteth:
That of heven may never myſſe. Amen.

Ver. 282. And ſayd to ſome Biſhopp wee will wend. *MS.*

* he. *i. e. hie, haſten. See the Gloſſary.*

II.

THE AGED LOVER RENOUNCETH LOVE.

The Grave-digger's ſong in HAMLET, *A.* 5, *is taken from three ſtanzas of the following poem, though greatly altered and diſguiſed, as the ſame were corrupted by the ballad-ſingers of Shakeſpeare's time; or perhaps ſo deſigned by the poet himſelf, the better to ſuit the character of an illiterate clown. The original is preſerved among Surrey's Poems, and is attributed to Lord* VAUX, *by George Gaſcoigne, who tells us, it "was thought by ſome to be made "upon his death-bed;" a popular error which he laughs at. (See his Epiſt. to Yong Gent. prefixed to his Poſies, 1575, 4to.) It is alſo aſcribed to Lord Vaux in a manuſcript copy preſerved in the Britiſh Muſeum*. This Lord was remarkable for his ſkill in drawing feigned manners, &c. for ſo I underſtand an ancient writer. "The Lord "Vaux his commendation lyeth chiefly in the facilitie of his "meetre, and the aptneſſe of his deſcriptions ſuch as he "taketh upon him to make, namely in ſundry of his Songs, "wherein he ſhoweth the* COUNTERFAIT ACTION *very "lively and pleaſantly." Arte of Eng. Poeſie, 1589, p. 51. See another Song by this Poet in vol. II. No. VIII.*

I Loth that I did love,
In youth that I thought ſwete,

* *Harl. MSS. num.* 1703, § 25. *The readings gathered from that copy are diſtinguiſhed here by inverted commas. The text is printed from the "Songs, &c. of the Earl of Surrey and others,* 1557, 4*to.*"

As

As time requires: for my behove
Me thinkes they are not mete.

My luſtes they do me leave,
My fanſies all are fled;
And tract of time begins to weave
Gray heares upon my hed.

For Age with ſteling ſteps,
Hath clawde me with his crowch,
And luſty 'Youthe' awaye he leapes,
As there had bene none ſuch.

My muſe doth not delight
Me, as ſhe did before:
My hand and pen are not in plight,
As they have bene of yore.

For Reaſon me denies,
'All' youthly idle rime;
And day by day to me ſhe cries,
Leave off theſe toyes in tyme.

The wrinkles in my brow,
The furrowes in my face
Say, Limping age will 'lodge' him now,
Where youth muſt geve him place.

Ver. 6. be. *PC.* [*printed copy in* 1557.] *V.* 10. Crowch *perhaps ſhould be* Clouch, *clutch, graſp.* *V.* 11. Life away ſhe. *PC.* *V.* 18. This. *PC.* *V.* 23. *So Ed.* 1583 *tis* lodge *in Ed.* 1557. hath caught him. *MS.*

The harbenger of death,
To me I ſe him ride,
The cough, the cold, the gaſping breath,
Doth bid me to provide

A pikeax and a ſpade,
And eke a ſhrowding ſhete,
A houſe of clay for to be made
For ſuch a gueſt moſt mete.

Me thinkes I heare the clarke,
That knoles the carefull knell;
And bids me leave my 'wearye' warke,
Ere nature me compell.

My kepers * knit the knot,
That youth doth laugh to ſcorne,
Of me that 'ſhall bee cleane' forgot,
As I had 'ne'er' bene borne.

Thus muſt I youth geve up,
Whoſe badge I long did weare:
To them I yeld the wanton cup,
That better may it beare.

Lo here the bared ſkull;
By whoſe balde ſigne I know,

* *Alluding perhaps to Eccleſ. xii. 3.*

V. 30. wyndynge-ſheete. *MS.* *V.* 34. bell. *MS.* *V.* 35. wofull. *PC.* *V.* 38. did. *PC.* *V.* 39. clene ſhal be. *PC.* *V.* 40. not. *PC.* *V.* 45. bare-hedde. *MS. and ſome PCC.*

That ſtouping age away ſhall pull
'What' youthful yeres did ſow.

For Beautie with her band,
Theſe croked cares had wrought,
And ſhipped me into the land,
From whence I firſt was brought.

And ye that bide behinde,
Have ye none other truſt:
As ye of claye were caſt by kinde,
So ſhall ye 'turne' to duſt.

V. 48. Which. *PC.* That. *MS.* What *is conject.* *V.* 56. waſt. *PC.*

III.

JEPHTHAH JUDGE OF ISRAEL.

In Shakeſpeare's HAMLET, *A. II. the Hero of the Play takes occaſion to banter Polonius with ſome ſcraps of an old Ballad, which has never appeared yet in any collection: for which reaſon, as it is but ſhort, it will not perhaps be unacceptable to the Reader; who will alſo be diverted with the pleaſant abſurdities of the compoſition. It was retrieved from utter oblivion by a lady, who wrote it down from memory as ſhe had formerly heard it ſung by her father. I am indebted for it to the friendſhip of Mr.* STEEVENS.

It has been ſaid, that the original Ballad, in black-letter, is among Anthony à Wood's Collections in the Aſhmolean Muſeum. But, upon application lately made, the volume which contained this Song was miſſing, ſo that it can only now be given as in the former Edition.

The

The Banter of Hamlet is as follows:

"HAMLET. "*O Jeptha, Judge of Iſrael,*" *what a* "*treaſure hadſt thou?*

"POLONIUS. *What a treaſure had he, my Lord?*

"HAM. *Why,* "*One faire daughter, and no more,* "*The which he loved paſſing well.*"

"POLON. *Still on my daughter.*

"HAM. *Am not I i'th' right, old Jeptha?*

"POLON. *If you call me Jeptha, my Lord, I have a* "*daughter, that I love paſſing well.*

"HAM. *Nay, that follows not.*

"POLON. *What follows then, my Lord?*

"HAM. *Why,* "*As by lot, God wot:*" *and then you* "*know,* "*It came to paſſe, As moſt like it was.*" *The* "*firſt row of the pious chanſon will ſhew you more.*"

Edit. 1793, *Vol. XV. p.* 133.

HAVE you not heard theſe many years ago,
Jeptha was judge of Iſrael?
He had one only daughter and no mo,
The which he loved paſſing well:
And, as by lott,
God wot,
It ſo came to paſs,
As Gods will was,
That great wars there ſhould be,
And none ſhould be choſen chief but he.

And

And when he was appointed judge,
  And chieftain of the company,
A ſolemn vow to God he made;
  If he returned with victory,
    At his return
    To burn
  The firſt live thing,
    * * * * *
  That ſhould meet with him then,
  Off his houſe, when he ſhould return agen.

It came to paſs, the wars was oer,
  And he returned with victory;
His dear and only daughter firſt of all
  Came to meet her father foremoſtly:
    And all the way
    She did play
  On tabret and pipe,
  Full many a ſtripe,
  With note ſo high,
  For joy that her father is come ſo nigh.

But when he ſaw his daughter dear
  Coming on moſt foremoſtly,
He wrung his hands, and tore his hair,
  And cryed out moſt piteouſly;
    Oh! it's thou, ſaid he,
    That have brought me
      Low,

And troubled me ſo,
That I know not what to do.

For I have made a vow, he ſed,
The which muſt be repleniſhed:
* * * * * * * * *
"What thou haſt ſpoke
Do not revoke:
What thou haſt ſaid,
Be not affraid;
Altho' it be I;
Keep promiſes to God on high.

But, dear father, grant me one requeſt,
That I may go to the wilderneſs,
Three months there with my friends to ſtay;
There to bewail my virginity;
And let there be,
Said ſhe,
Some two or three
Young maids with me."
So he ſent her away,
For to mourn, for to mourn, till her dying day.

IV.

A ROBYN JOLLY ROBYN.

In his TWELFTH NIGHT, *Shakeſpeare introduces the Clown ſinging part of the two firſt ſtanzas of the following Song; which has been recovered from an antient MS. of Dr. Harrington's at Bath, preſerved among the many literary treaſures tranſmitted to the ingenious and worthy poſſeſſor by a long line of moſt reſpectable anceſtors. Of theſe only a ſmall part hath been printed in the* NUGÆ ANTIQUÆ, *3 vols. 12mo; a work which the Publick impatiently wiſhes to ſee continued.*

The Song is thus given by Shakeſpeare, Act IV. Sc. 2. (Malone's edit. IV. 93.)

CLOWN. "*Hey Robin, jolly Robin.*" [*ſinging.*]
"*Tell me how thy lady does.*"
MALVOLIO. *Fool.*——
CLOWN. "*My lady is unkind, perdy.*"
MALVOLIO. *Fool.*——
CLOWN. "*Alas, why is ſhe ſo?*"
MALVOLIO. *Fool, I ſay.*——
CLOWN. "*She loves another.*"—*Who calls, ha?*

Dr. FARMER *has conjectured that the Song ſhould begin thus:*

"*Hey, jolly Robin, tell to me*
"*How does thy lady do?*
"*My lady is unkind perdy*—
"*Alas, why is ſhe ſo?*"

But this ingenious emendation is now ſuperſeded by the proper readings of the old Song itſelf, which is here printed from what appears the moſt ancient of Dr. Harrington's poetical MSS, and which has, therefore, been marked No. I. (Jeil. p. 68.) That volume ſeems to have been written in the reign of King Henry VIII. and, as it contains many of the Poems of Sir THOMAS WYAT, *hath had almoſt all the Contents attributed to him by marginal directions written with an old but later hand, and not always rightly, as, I think, might be made appear by other good authorities. Among the reſt, this Song is there attributed to Sir* THOMAS WYAT *alſo; but the diſcerning Reader will probably judge it to belong to a more obſolete writer.*

In the old MS. to the 3d and 5th ſtanzas is prefixed this title Reſponce, *and to the 4th and 6th,* Le Plaintif; *but in the laſt inſtance ſo evidently wrong, that it was thought better to omit theſe titles, and to mark the changes of the Dialogue by inverted commas. In other reſpects the MS. is ſtrictly followed, except where noted in the margin.—Yet the firſt ſtanza appears to be defective, and it ſhould ſeem that a line is wanting, unleſs the four firſt words were lengthened the tune.*

A Robyn,
Jolly Robyn,
Tell me how thy leman doeth,
And thou ſhalt knowe of myn.

" My lady is unkynde perde."
Alack! why is ſhe ſo?

Ver. 4. ſhall. *MS.*

" She

" She loveth an other better than me;
" And yet ſhe will ſay no."

I fynde no ſuch doublenes:
I fynde women true.
My lady loveth me dowtles,
And will change for no newe.

" Thou art happy while that doeth laſt;
" But I ſay, as I fynde,
" That women's love is but a blaſt,
" And torneth with the wynde."

Suche folkes can take no harme by love,
That can abide their torn.
" But I alas can no way prove
" In love but lake and morn."

But if thou wilt avoyde thy harme
Lerne this leſſen of me,
At others fieres thy ſelfe to warme,
And let them warme with the.

V.

A SONG TO THE LUTE IN MUSICKE.

This ſonnet (which is aſcribed to RICHARD EDWARDS **, in the "Paradiſe of Daintie Deviſes," fo. 31, b.) is by Shakeſpeare made the ſubject of ſome pleaſant ridicule in his* ROMEO AND JULIET, *A. IV. Sc. 5, where he introduces Peter putting this Queſtion to the Muſicians.*

"PETER.... *why "Silver Sound"? why "Muſicke "with her ſilver ſound?" what ſay you, Simon Catling?*

"1. MUS. *Marry, ſir, becauſe ſilver hath a ſweet "ſound.*

"PET. *Pretty! what ſay you, Hugh Rebecke?*

"2. MUS. *I ſay, ſilver ſound, becauſe Muſicians ſound "for ſilver.*

"PET. *Pretty too! what ſay you, James Sound-poſt.*

"3. MUS. *Faith, I know not what to ſay.*

"PET.... *I will ſay for you: It is "Muſicke with "her ſilver ſound," becauſe Muſicians have no gold for "ſounding."*

Edit. 1793, *Vol. XIV. p.* 529.

This ridicule is not ſo much levelled at the ſong itſelf (which for the time it was written is not inelegant) as at thoſe forced and unnatural explanations often given by us painful editors and expoſitors of ancient authors.

This copy is printed from an old quarto MS. in the Cotton Library (Veſp. A. 25), intitled, "Divers things of Hen. "viij's time:" with ſome corrections from The Paradiſe of Dainty Deviſes, 1596.

* *Concerning him ſee Wood's Athen. Oxon. and Tanner's Biblioth. alſo Sir John Hawkins's Hiſt. of Muſic, &c.*

WHERE gripinge grefes the hart would wounde,
And dolefulle dumps the mynde oppreſſe,
There muſicke with her ſilver ſound
With ſpede is wont to ſend redreſſe:
Of trobled mynds, in every ſore,
Swete muſicke hathe a ſalve in ſtore.

In joye yt maks our mirthe abounde,
In woe yt cheres our hevy ſprites;
Be-ſtrawghted heads relyef hath founde,
By muſickes pleaſaunt ſwete delightes:
Our ſenſes all, what ſhall I ſay more?
Are ſubjecte unto muſicks lore.

The Gods by muſicke have theire prayſe;
The lyfe, the ſoul therein doth joye:
For, as the Romayne poet ſayes,
In ſeas, whom pyrats would deſtroy,
A dolphin ſaved from death moſt ſharpe
Arion playing on his harpe.

O heavenly gyft, that rules the mynd,
Even as the ſterne dothe rule the ſhippe!
O muſicke, whom the gods aſſinde
To comforte manne, whom cares would nippe!
Since thow both man and beſte doeſt move,
What beſte ys he, wyll the diſprove?

VI.

KING COPHETUA AND THE BEGGAR-MAID

—is a ſtory often alluded to by our old Dramatic Writers. Shakeſpeare, in his ROMEO AND JULIET, *A. II. Sc.* 1, *makes Mercutio ſay,*

——"*Her (Venus's) purblind ſon and heir,*
"*Young Adam* * *Cupid, he that ſhot ſo true,*
"*When King Cophetua loved the beggar-maid.*"

As the 13*th line of the following ballad ſeems here particularly alluded to, it is not improbable but Shakeſpeare wrote it* SHOT SO TRIM, *which the players or printers, not perceiving the alluſion, might alter to* TRUE. *The former, as being the more humorous expreſſion, ſeems moſt likely to have come from the mouth of Mercutio* †.

IN *the* 2*d Part of* HEN. IV. *A.* 5, *Sc.* 3, *Falſtaff is introduced affectedly ſaying to Piſtoll,*

"*O baſe Aſſyrian knight, what is thy news?*
"*Let king Cophetua know the truth thereof.*"

Theſe lines, Dr. Warburton thinks, were taken from an old bombaſt play of KING COPHETUA. *No ſuch play is, I believe, now to be found; but it does not therefore follow*

* *See above, Preface to Song I. Book II. of this vol p.* 155.

† *Since this conjecture firſt occurred, it has been diſcovered that* SHOT SO TRIM *was the genuine reading. See Shakeſp. Ed.* 1793, *XIV.* 393.

that

*hat it never exiſted. Many dramatic pieces are referred to by old writers *, which are not now extant, or even mentioned in any Liſt. In the infancy of the ſtage, plays were often exhibited that were never printed.*

It is probably in alluſion to the ſame play that Ben Jonſon ſays, in his Comedy of EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR, *A.* 3, *Sc.* 4.

"*I have not the heart to devour thee, an' I might be "made as* RICH *as King Cophetua.*"

At leaſt there is no mention of King Cophetua's RICHES *in the preſent ballad, which is the oldeſt I have met with on the ſubject.*

It is printed from Rich. Johnſon's "Crown Garland of "Goulden Roſes," 1612, 12*mo. (where it is intitled ſimply* A SONG OF A BEGGAR AND A KING:) *corrected by another copy.*

I Read that once in Affrica
A princely wight did raine,
Who had to name Cophetua,
As poets they did faine:
From natures lawes he did decline,
For ſure he was not of my mind,
He cared not for women-kinde,
But did them all diſdaine.
But, marke, what hapned on a day,
As he out of his window lay,
He ſaw a beggar all in gray,
The which did cauſe his paine.

* *See Meres Wits Treaſ. f.* 283 *Arte of Eng. Poeſ.* 1589, *p.* 51, 111, 143, 169.

The blinded boy, that ſhootes ſo trim,
From heaven downe did hie;
He drew a dart and ſhot at him,
In place where he did lye:
Which ſoone did pierſe him to the quicke,
And when he felt the arrow pricke,
Which in his tender heart did ſticke,
He looketh as he would dye.
What ſudden chance is this, quoth he,
That I to love muſt ſubject be,
Which never thereto would agree,
But ſtill did it defie?

Then from the window he did come,
And laid him on his bed,
A thouſand heapes of care did runne
Within his troubled head:
For now he meanes to crave her love,
And now he ſeekes which way to proove
How he his fancie might remoove,
And not this beggar wed.
But Cupid had him ſo in ſnare,
That this poor begger muſt prepare
A ſalve to cure him of his care,
Or els he would be dead.

And, as he muſing thus did lye,
He thought for to deviſe
How he might have her companye,
That ſo did 'maze his eyes.
In thee, quoth he, doth reſt my life;
For ſurely thou ſhalt be my wife,
Or elſe this hand with bloody knife
The Gods ſhall ſure ſuffice.
Then from his bed he ſoon aroſe,
And to his pallace gate he goes;
Full little then this begger knowes
When ſhe the king eſpies.

The gods preſerve your majeſty,
The beggers all gan cry:
Vouchſafe to give your charity
Our childrens food to buy.
The king to them his purſſe did caſt,
And they to part it made great haſte;
This ſilly woman was the laſt
That after them did hye.
The king he cal'd her back againe,
And unto her he gave his chaine;
And ſaid, With us you ſhal remaine
Till ſuch time as we dye:

For thou, quoth he, ſhalt be my wife,
And honoured for my queene;
With thee I meane to lead my life,
As ſhortly ſhall be ſeene:
Our wedding ſhall appointed be,
And every thing in its degree:
Come on, quoth he, and follow me,
Thou ſhalt go ſhift thee cleane.
What is thy name, faire maid? quoth he.
Penelophon *, O king, quoth ſhe:
With that ſhe made a lowe courtſey;
A trim one as I weene.

Thus hand in hand along they walke
Unto the king's pallàce:
The king with courteous comly talke
This begger doth imbrace:
The begger bluſheth ſcarlet red,
And ſtraight againe as pale as lead,
But not a word at all ſhe ſaid,
She was in ſuch amaze.
At laſt ſhe ſpake with trembling voyce,
And ſaid, O king, I doe rejoyce
That you wil take me for your choyce,
And my degree's ſo baſe.

* *Shakeſpeare (who alludes to this ballad in his "Love's Labour loſt," Act IV. Sc. 1.) gives the Beggar's name* Zenelophon, *according to all the old editions: but this ſeems to be a corruption; for* Penelophon, *in the text, ſounds more like the name of a Woman.—The ſtory of the King and the Beggar is alſo alluded to in K. Rich. II. Act V. Sc. 3.*

And when the wedding d y was come,
  The king commanded ſtrait
The noblemen both all and ſome
  Upon the queene to wait.
And ſhe behaved herſelf that day,
As if ſhe had never walkt the way;
She had forgot her gowne of gray,
  Which ſhe did weare of late.
The proverbe old is come to paſſe,
The prieſt, when he begins his maſſe,
Forgets that ever clerke he was;
  He knowth not his eſtate.

Here you may read, Cophetua,
  Though long time fancie-fed,
Compelled by the blinded boy
  The begger for to wed:
He that did lovers lookes diſdaine,
To do the ſame was glad and faine,
Or elſe he would himſelfe have ſlaine,
  In ſtorie, as we read.
Diſdaine no whit, O lady deere,
But pitty now thy ſervant heere,
Leaſt that it hap to thee this yeare,
  As to that king it did.

Ver. 90. *i. e. tramped the ſtreets.*
Ver. 105. *Here the Poet addreſſes himſelf to his miſtreſs.*

And

And thus they led a quiet life
During their princely raigne;
And in a tombe were buried both,
As writers ſheweth plaine.
The lords they tooke it grievouſly,
The ladies tooke it heavily,
The commons cryed pitiouſly,
Their death to them was paine,
Their fame did ſound ſo paſſingly,
That it did pierce the ſtarry ſky,
And throughout all the world did flye
To every princes realme *.

Ver. 112. Sheweth *was anciently the plur. numb.*
* *An ingenious friend thinks the two laſt ſtanzas ſhould change place.*

VII.

TAKE THY OLD CLOAK ABOUT THEE,

—is ſuppoſed to have been originally a Scotch Ballad. The reader here has an ancient copy in the Engliſh idiom, with an additional ſtanza (the 2d.) never before printed. This curioſity is preſerved in the Editor's folio MS. but not without corruptions, which are here removed by the aſſiſtance of the Scottiſh Edit. Shakeſpeare, in his OTHELLO, *A.* 2, *has quoted one ſtanza, with ſome variations, which are here adopted: the old MS. readings of that ſtanza are however given in the margin.*

THIS

THIS winters weather itt waxeth cold,
And froſt doth freeſe on every hill,
And Boreas blowes his blaſts ſoe bold,
That all our cattell are like to ſpill;
Bell my wiffe, who loves noe ſtrife,
She ſayd unto me quietlye,
Riſe up, and ſave cow Crumbockes liffe,
Man, put thine old cloake about thee.

HE.

O Bell, why doſt thou flyte 'and ſcorne'?
Thou kenſt my cloak is very thin:
Itt is ſoe bare and overworne
A cricke he theron cannot renn:
Then Ile noe longer borrowe nor lend,
'For once Ile new appareld bee,
To-morrow Ile to towne and ſpend,'
For Ile have a new cloake about mee.

SHE.

Cow Crumbocke is a very good cowe,
Shee ha beene alwayes true to the payle,
Shee has helpt us to butter and cheeſe, I trow,
And other things ſhee will not fayle;
I wold be loth to ſee her pine,
Good huſband, councell take of mee,
It is not for us to go ſoe fine,
Man, take thine old cloake about thee.

HE.

He.

My cloake it was a verry good cloake,
  Itt hath been alwayes true to the weare,
But now it is not worth a groat;
  I have had it four and forty yeere:
Sometime itt was of cloth in graine,
  'Tis now but a ſigh clout as you may ſee,
It will neither hold out winde nor raine;
  And Ile have a new cloake about mee.

She.

It is four and fortye yeeres agoe
  Since the one of us the other did ken,
And we have had betwixt us towe
  Of children either nine or ten;
Wee have brought them up to women and men;
  In the feare of God I trow they bee;
And why wilt thou thyſelfe miſken?
  Man, take thine old cloake about thee.

He.

O Bell my wiffe, why doſt thou 'floute!'
  Now is nowe, and then was then:
Seeke now all the world throughout,
  Thou kenſt not clownes from gentlemen.
They are cladd in blacke, greene, yellowe, or 'gray,'
  Soe far above their owne degree:
Once in my life Ile 'doe as they,'
  For Ile have a new cloake about mee.

V. 41. flyte. *MS.*

She.

SHE.

King Stephen was a worthy peere,
His breeches coſt him but a crowne,
He held them ſixpence all too deere;
Therefore he calld the taylor Lowne.
He was a wight of high renowne,
And thouſe but of a low degree:
Itt's pride that putts this countrye downe,
Man, take thine old cloake about thee.

HE.

'Bell my wife ſhe loves not ſtrife,
Yet ſhe will lead me if ſhe can;
And oft, to live a quiet life,
I am forced to yield, though I me good-man:'
Itt's not for a man with a woman to threape,
Unleſſe he firſt give oer the plea:
As wee began wee now will leave,
And Ile take mine old cloake about mee.

Ver. 49. King Harry .. a verry good king. *MS.* *Ver.* 50. I trow his hoſe coſt but. *MS.* *Ver.* 51. He thought them 12d. to deere. *MS.* *Ver.* 52. clowne. *MS.* *Ver.* 53. He was king and wore the crowne. *MS.*

VIII.

WILLOW, WILLOW, WILLOW.

It is from the following ſtanzas that Shakeſpeare has taken his ſong of the WILLOW, *in his* OTHELLO, *A.* 4, *ſc.* 3, *though ſomewhat varied and applied by him to a female character. He makes Deſdemona introduce it in this pathetic and affecting manner:*

" *My mother had a maid call'd Barbara:*
" *She was in love; and he, ſhe lov'd, prov'd mad,*
" *And did forſake her. She had a Song of*—WILLOW.
" *An old thing 'twas, but it expreſs'd her fortune,*
" *And ſhe died ſinging it.*"

Ed. 1793, *Vol. XV. p.* 613.

This is given from a black-letter copy in the Pepys collection, thus intitled, " *A Lover's Complaint, being forſaken of his* " *Love.*" *To a pleaſant tune.*

A Poore ſoule ſat ſighing under a ſicamore tree;
O willow, willow, willow!
With his hand on his boſom, his head on his knee:
O willow, willow, willow!
O willow, willow, willow!
Sing, O the greene willow ſhall be my garland.

He

He ſigh'd in his ſinging, and after each grone,
Come willow, &c.
I am dead to all pleaſure, my true-love is gone;
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow ſhall be my garland.

My love ſhe is turned; untrue ſhe doth prove:
O willow, &c.
She renders me nothing but hate for my love.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

O pitty me, (cried he) ye lovers, each one;
O willow, &c.
Her heart's hard as marble; ſhe rues not my mone.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

The cold ſtreams ran by him, his eyes wept apace;
O willow, &c.
The ſalt tears fell from him, which drowned his face:
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

The mute birds ſate by him, made tame by his mones:
O willow, &c.
The ſalt tears fell from him, which ſoftened the ſtones.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow ſhall be my garland!

Let nobody blame me, her ſcornes I do prove;
O willow, &c.
She was borne to be faire; I, to die for her love.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow ſhall be my garland.

O that beauty ſhould harbour a heart that's ſo hard!
Sing willow, &c.
My true love rejecting without all regard.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

Let love no more boaſt him in palace, or bower;
O willow, &c.
For women are trothles, and flote in an houre.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

But what helps complaining? In vaine I complaine:
O willow, &c.
I muſt patiently ſuffer her ſcorne and diſdaine.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

Come, all you forſaken, and ſit down by me,
O willow, &c.
He that 'plaines of his falſe love, mine's falſer than ſhe.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

The willow wreath weare I, ſince my love did fleet;
O willow, &c.
A Garland for lovers forſaken moſt meete.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow ſhall be my garland!

PART THE SECOND.

LOWE lay'd by my ſorrow, begot by diſdaine;
O willow, willow, willow!
Againſt her too cruell, ſtill ſtill I complaine,
O willow, willow, willow!
O willow, willow, willow!
Sing, O the greene willow ſhall be my garland!

O love too injurious, to wound my poore heart!
O willow, &c.
To ſuffer the triumph, and joy in my ſmart:
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

O willow, willow, willow! the willow garland,
O willow, &c.
A ſign of her falſeneſſe before me doth ſtand:
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

As here it doth bid to deſpair and to dye,
O willow, &c.
So hang it, friends, ore me in grave where I lye:
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow ſhall be my garland.

In grave where I reſt mee, hang this to the view
O willow, &c.
Of all that doe knowe her, to blaze her untrue.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

With theſe words engraven, as epitaph meet,
O willow, &c.
"Here lyes one, drank poyſon for potion moſt ſweet."
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

Though ſhe thus unkindly hath ſcorned my love,
O willow, &c.
And careleſly ſmiles at the ſorrowes I prove;
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

I cannot againſt her unkindly exclaim,
O willow, &c.
Cauſe once well I loved her, and honoured her name:
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

The name of her ſounded ſo ſweete in mine eare,
O willow, &c.
It rays'd my heart lightly, the name of my deare;
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow ſhall be my garlànd.

As then 'twas my comfort, it now is my griefe;
O willow, &c.
It now brings me anguiſh, then brought me reliefe.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

Farewell, faire falſe hearted: plaints end with my breath!
O willow, willow, willow!
Thou doſt loath me, I love thee, though cauſe of my death.
O willow, willow, willow!
O willow, willow, willow!
Sing, O the greene willow ſhall be my garlànd.

IX.

SIR LANCELOT DU LAKE.

This ballad is quoted in Shakeſpeare's ſecond Part of HENRY *IV. A.* 2. *The ſubject of it is taken from the ancient romance of K. Arthur (commonly called* MORTE ARTHUR*) being a poetical tranſlation of Chap.* cviii, cix, cx, *in Pt.* 1*ſt, as they ſtand in Ed.* 1634, 4*to. In the older Editions the Chapters are differently numbered.—This ſong is given from a printed copy, corrected in part by a fragment in the Editor's folio MS.*

In the ſame play of 2 HEN. *IV.* SILENCE *hums a ſcrap of one of the old ballads of Robin Hood. It is taken from the following ſtanza of* ROBIN HOOD AND THE PINDAR OF WAKEFIELD.

All this beheard three wighty yeomen,
Twas Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John:
With that they eſpy'd the jolly Pindàr
As he ſate under a thorne.

That ballad may be found on every ſtall, and therefore is not here reprinted.

WHEN Arthur firſt in court began,
And was approved king,
By force of armes great victorys wanne,
And conqueſt home did bring.

Then into England ſtraight he came
With fifty good and able
Knights, that reſorted unto him,
And were of his round table:

And

And he had juſts and turnaments,
Wherto were many preſt,
Wherin ſome knights did farr excell
And eke ſurmount the reſt.

But one Sir Lancelot du Lake,
Who was approved well,
He for his deeds and feats of armes,
All others did excell.

When he had reſted him a while,
In play, and game, and ſportt,
He ſaid he wold goe prove himſelfe
In ſome adventurous ſort.

He armed rode in a forreſt wide,
And met a damſell faire,
Who told him of adventures great,
Wherto he gave great eare.

Such wold I find, quoth Lancelott:
For that cauſe came I hither.
Thou ſeemſt, quoth ſhee, a knight full good,
And I will bring thee thither.

Wheras a mighty knight doth dwell,
That now is of great fame:
Therfore tell me what wight thou art,
And what may be thy name.

V. 29. Where *is often uſed by our old writers for* whereas: *here it is juſt the contrary.* *V.* 18. to ſportt. *MS.*

"My name is Lancelot du Lake."
Quoth ſhe, it likes me than:
Here dwelles a knight who never was
Yet matcht with any man:

Who has in priſon threeſcore knights
And four, that he did wound;
Knights of king Arthurs court they be,
And of his table round.

She brought him to a river ſide,
And alſo to a tree,
Whereon a copper baſon hung,
And many ſhields to ſee.

He ſtruck ſoe hard, the baſon broke;
And Tarquin ſoon he ſpyed:
Who drove a horſe before him faſt,
Whereon a knight lay tyed.

Sir knight, then ſayd Sir Lancelòtt,
Bring me that horſe-load hither,
And lay him downe, and let him reſt;
Weel try our force together:

For, as I underſtand, thou haſt,
Soe far as thou art able,
Done great deſpite and ſhame unto
The knights of the Round Table.

If

If thou be of the Table Round,
Quoth Tarquin ſpeedilye,
Both thee and all thy fellowſhip
I utterly deſye.

That's over much, quoth Lancelott tho,
Defend thee by and by.
They ſett their ſpeares unto their ſteeds,
And eache att other flie.

They coucht theire ſpeares, (their horſes ran,
As though there had beene thunder)
And ſtrucke them each immidſt their ſhields,
Wherewith they broke in ſunder.

Their horſſes backes brake under them,
The knights were both aſtound:
To avoyd their horſſes they made haſte
And light upon the ground.

They tooke them to their ſhields full faſt,
Their ſwords they drew out than,
With mighty ſtrokes moſt eagerlye
Each at the other ran.

They wounded were, and bled full ſore,
They both for breath did ſtand,
And leaning on their ſwords awhile,
Quoth Tarquine, Hold thy hand,

And tell to me what I ſhall aſke.
Say on, quoth Lancelot tho.
Thou art, quoth Tarquine, the beſt knight
That ever I did know;

And like a knight, that I did hate:
Soe that thou be not hee,
I will deliver all the reſt,
And eke accord with thee.

That is well ſaid, quoth Lancelott;
But ſith it muſt be ſoe,
What knight is that thou hateſt thus?
I pray thee to me ſhow.

His name is Lancelot du Lake,
He ſlew my brother deere;
Him I ſuſpect of all the reſt:
I would I had him here.

Thy wiſh thou haſt, but yet unknowne,
I am Lancelot du Lake,
Now knight of Arthurs Table Round;
King Hauds ſon of Schuwake;

And I deſire thee do thy worſt.
Ho, ho, quoth Tarquin tho,
One of us two ſhall end our lives
Before that we do go.

If thou be Lancelot du Lake,
  Then welcome ſhalt thou bee:
Wherfore ſee thou thy ſelf defend,
  For now defye I thee.

They buckled then together ſo,
  Like unto wild boares raſhing *;
And with their ſwords and ſhields they ran
  At one another flaſhing:

The ground beſprinkled was with blood:
  Tarquin began to yield;
For he gave backe for wearineſſe,
  And lowe did beare his ſhield.

This ſoone Sir Lancelot eſpyde,
  He leapt upon him then,
He pull'd him downe upon his knee,
  And ruſhing off his helm,

Forthwith he ſtrucke his necke in two,
  And, when he had ſoe done,
From priſon threeſcore knights and four
  Delivered everỹe one.

* RASHING *ſeems to be the old hunting term to expreſs the ſtroke made by the wild-boar with his fangs. To* RASE *has apparently a meaning ſomething ſimilar. See Mr.* STEEVENS's *Note on K. Lear, A. III. ſc. 7. (Ed. 1793, Vol. XIV. p. 193.) where the quartos read,*

" Nor thy fierce ſiſter
" In his anointed fleſh RASH *boariſh fangs."*

So in K. Richard III. A. III. ſc. 2. (Vol. X. p. 567, 583.)

" He dreamt
" To night the Boar had RASED *off his helm."*

X. CORYDON's

X.

CORYDON's FAREWELL TO PHILLIS,

— is an attempt to paint a lover's irreſolution, but ſo poorly executed, that it would not have been admitted into this collection, if it had not been quoted in Shakeſpeare's TWELFTH-NIGHT, *A. 2, ſc. 3.—It is found in a little ancient miſcellany, intituled, "The Golden Garland of "Princely Delights," 12mo. bl. let.*

In the ſame ſcene of the Twelfth-Night, SIR TOBY *ſings a ſcrap of an old ballad, which is preſerved in the Pepys Collection [Vol. I. pp. 33, 496.], but as it is not only a poor dull performance, but alſo very long, it will be ſufficient here to give the firſt ſtanza:*

THE BALLAD OF CONSTANT SUSANNA.

There dwelt a man in Babylon
  Of reputation great by fame;
He took to wife a faire woman,
  Suſanna ſhe was callde by name:
A woman fair and vertuous;
  Lady, lady:
Why ſhould we not of her learn thus
  To live godly?

If this ſong of CORYDON, *&c. has not more merit, it is at leaſt an evil of leſs magnitude.*

FAREWELL,

FAREWELL, dear love; ſince thou wilt needs be gone,
Mine eyes do ſhew, my life is almoſt done.
Nay I will never die, ſo long as I can ſpie
There be many mo, though that ſhe doe goe,
There be many mo, I fear not:
Why then let her goe, I care not.

Farewell, farewell; ſince this I find is true,
I will not ſpend more time in wooing you:
But I will ſeek elſewhere, if I may find love there:
Shall I bid her goe? what and if I doe?
Shall I bid her goe and ſpare not?
O no, no, no, I dare not.

Ten thouſand times farewell;—yet ſtay a while:—
Sweet, kiſs me once; ſweet kiſſes time beguile:
I have no power to move. How now am I in love?
Wilt thou needs be gone? Go then, all is one.
Wilt thou needs be gone? Oh, hie thee!
Nay ſtay, and do no more deny me.

Once more adieu, I ſee loath to depart
Bids oft adieu to her, that holds my heart.
But ſeeing I muſt loſe thy love, which I did chooſe,
Goe thy way for me, ſince that may not be.
Goe thy ways for me. But whither?
Goe, oh, but where I may come thither.

What ſhall I doe? my love is now departed.
She is as fair, as ſhe is cruel-hearted.
She would not be intreated, with prayers oft repeated,
If ſhe come no more, ſhall I die therefore?
If ſhe come no more, what care I?
Faith, let her goe, or come, or tarry.

XI.

GERNUTUS THE JEW OF VENICE.

In the "LIFE OF POPE SIXTUS V. *tranſlated from the Italian of Greg.* LETI, *by the Rev. Mr. Farneworth, folio,*" *is a remarkable paſſage to the following effect:*

"IT *was reported in Rome, that Drake had taken and* "*plundered St. Domingo in Hiſpaniola, and carried off an* "*immenſe booty. This account came in a private letter to* "*Paul Secchi, a very conſiderable merchant in the city,* "*who had large concerns in thoſe parts, which he had in-* "*ſured. Upon receiving this news, he ſent for the inſurer* "*Sampſon Ceneda, a Jew, and acquainted him with it.* "*The Jew, whoſe intereſt it was to have ſuch a report* "*thought falſe, gave many reaſons why it could not poſſibly* "*be true, and at laſt worked himſelf into ſuch a paſſion,* "*that he ſaid, I'll lay you a pound of fleſh it is a lye.* "*Secchi, who was of a fiery hot temper, replied, I'll lay* "*you a thouſand crowns againſt a pound of your fleſh that* "*it is true. The Jew accepted the wager, and articles* "*were immediately executed betwixt them, That, if Secchi* "*won, he ſhould himſelf cut the fleſh with a ſharp knife*

"*from*

"*from whatever part of the Jew's body he pleaſed. The* "*truth of the account was ſoon confirmed; and the Jew was* "*almoſt diſtracted, when he was informed, that Secchi had* "*ſolemnly ſwore he would compel him to an exact perform-*"*ance of his contract. A report of this tranſaction was* "*brought to the Pope, who ſent for the parties, and, being* "*informed of the whole affair, ſaid, When contracts are* "*made, it is but juſt they ſhould be fulfilled, as this ſhall:* "*Take a knife, therefore, Secchi, and cut a pound of fleſh* "*from any part you pleaſe of the Jew's body. We adviſe* "*you, however, to be very careful; for, if you cut but a* "*ſcruple more or leſs than your due, you ſhall certainly be* "*hanged.*"

The Editor of that book is of opinion, that the ſcene between Shylock and Antonio in the MERCHANT OF VENICE *is taken from this incident. But Mr. Warton, in his ingenious* "*Obſervations on the Faerie Queen, Vol. I. page* 128," *has referred it to the following ballad. Mr. Warton thinks this ballad was written before Shakeſpeare's play, as being not ſo circumſtantial, and having more of the nakedneſs of an original. Beſides, it differs from the play in many circumſtances, which a meer copyiſt, ſuch as we may ſuppoſe the ballad-maker to be, would hardly have given himſelf the trouble to alter. Indeed he expreſſly informs us, that he had his ſtory from the Italian writers. See the* CONNOISSEUR, *Vol. I. No.* 16.

After all, one would be glad to know what authority LETI *had for the foregoing fact, or at leaſt for connecting it with the taking of St. Domingo by Drake; for this expedition did not happen till* 1585, *and it is very certain that a play of the* JEWE, "*repreſenting the greedineſſe of worldly* "*chuſers, and bloody minds of uſurers,*" *had been exhibited at the play-houſe called* THE BULL *before the year* 1579, *being mentioned in Steph. Goſſon's* SCHOOLE OF ABUSE *, *which was printed in that year.*

* *Warton, ubi ſupra.*

As for Shakeſpeare's MERCHANT OF VENICE, *the earlieſt edition known of it is in quarto* 1600; *though it had been exhibited in the year* 1598, *being mentioned, together with eleven others of his plays, in Meres's* WITS TREASURY, *&c.* 1598. 12mo. *fol.* 282. *See Malone's Shakeſp.*

The following is printed from an ancient black-letter copy in the Popys collection *, *intitled, "A new Song, ſhewing "the crueltie of* GERNUTUS, *a* JEWE, *who, lending to a "merchant an hundred crowns, would have a pound of his "fleſhe, becauſe he could not pay him at the time appointed. "To the tune of Black and Yellow."*

THE FIRST PART.

IN Venice towne not long agoe
A cruel Jew did dwell,
Which lived all on uſurie,
As Italian writers tell.

Gernutus called was the Jew,
Which never thought to dye,
Nor ever yet did any good
To them in ſtreets that lie.

His life was like a barrow hogge,
That liveth many a day,
Yet never once doth any good,
Until men will him ſlay.

* *Compared with the Aſhmole Copy.*

Or like a filthy heap of dung,
That lyeth in a whoard;
Which never can do any good,
Till it be ſpread abroad.

So fares it with the uſurer,
He cannot ſleep in reſt,
For feare the thiefe will him purſue
To plucke him from his neſt.

His heart doth thinke on many a wile,
How to deceive the poore;
His mouth is almoſt ful of mucke,
Yet ſtill he gapes for more.

His wife muſt lend a ſhilling,
For every weeke a penny,
Yet bring a pledge, that is double worth,
If that you will have any.

And ſee, likewiſe, you keepe your day,
Or elſe you looſe it all:
This was the living of the wife,
Her cow ſhe did it call.

Ver. 32. *Her* Cow, *&c. ſeems to have ſuggeſted to Shakeſpeare* SHYLOCK'S *argument for uſury taken from Jacob's management of Laban's ſheep, Act I. to which* ANTONIO *replies,*

" *Was this inſerted to make intereſt good?*
" *Or are your gold and ſilver* EWES *and rams?*
" SHY. *I cannot tell, I make it* BREED AS FAST."

Within that citie dwelt that time
A marchant of great fame,
Which being diſtreſſed in his need,
Unto Gernutus came:

Deſiring him to ſtand his friend
For twelve month and a day,
To lend to him an hundred crownes:
And he for it would pay

Whatſoever he would demand of him,
And pledges he ſhould have.
No, (quoth the Jew with flearing lookes)
Sir, aſke what you will have.

No penny for the loane of it
For one year you ſhall pay;
You may doe me as good a turne,
Before my dying day.

But we will have a merry jeaſt,
For to be talked long:
You ſhall make me a bond, quoth he,
That ſhall be large and ſtrong:

And this ſhall be the forfeyture;
Of your owne fleſhe a pound.
If you agree, make you the bond,
And here is a hundred crownes.

With right good will! the marchant ſays:
And ſo the bond was made.
When twelve month and a day drew on
That backe it ſhould be payd,

The marchants ſhips were all at ſea,
And money came not in;
Which way to take, or what to doe
To thinke he doth begin:

And to Gernutus ſtrait he comes
With cap and bended knee,
And ſayde to him, Of curteſie
I pray you beare with mee.

My day is come, and I have not
The money for to pay:
And little good the forfeyture
Will doe you, I dare ſay.

With all my heart, Gernutus ſayd,
Commaund it to your minde:
In thinges of bigger waight then this
You ſhall me ready finde.

He goes his way; the day once paſt
Gernutus doth not ſlacke
To get a ſergiant preſently;
And clapt him on the backe:

And layd him into priſon ſtrong,
And ſued his bond withall;
And when the judgement day was come,
For judgement he did call.

The marchants friends came thither faſt,
With many a weeping eye,
For other means they could not find,
But he that day muſt dye.

The Second Part.

"*Of the Jews crueltie; ſetting foorth the mercifulneſſe*
"*of the Judge towards the Marchant. To the tune of,*
"*Blacke and Yellow.*"

SOME offered for his hundred crownes
Five hundred for to pay;
And ſome a thouſand, two or three,
Yet ſtill he did denay.

And at the laſt ten thouſand crownes
They offered, him to ſave.
Gernutus ſayd, I will no gold:
My forfeite I will have.

A pound of fleſhe is my demand,
And that ſhall be my hire.

Then ſayd the judge, Yet, good my friend,
Let me of you deſire

To take the fleſh from ſuch a place,
As yet you let him live:
Do ſo, and lo! an hundred crownes
To thee here will I give.

No: no: quoth he; no: judgment here:
For this it ſhall be tride,
For I will have my pound of fleſhe
From under his right ſide.

It grieved all the companie
His crueltie to ſee,
For neither friend nor foe could helpe
But he muſt ſpoyled bee.

The bloudie Jew now ready is
With whetted blade in hand *,
To ſpoyle the bloud of innocent,
By forfeit of his bond.

And as he was about to ſtrike
In him the deadly blow:
Stay (quoth the judge) thy crueltie;
I charge thee to do ſo.

* *The paſſage in Shakeſpeare bears ſo ſtrong a reſemblance to this, as to render it probable that the one ſuggeſted the other. See Act IV. ſc. 2.*
"Bass. Why doeſt thou whet thy knife ſo earneſtly? &c."

Sith needs thou wilt thy forfeit have;
Which is of fleſh a pound:
See that thou ſhed no drop of bloud,
Nor yet the man confound.

For if thou doe, like murderer,
Thou here ſhalt hanged be:
Likewiſe of fleſh ſee that thou cut
No more than longes to thee:

For if thou take either more or leſſe
To the value of a mite,
Thou ſhalt be hanged preſently,
As is both law and right.

Gernutus now waxt franticke mad,
And wotes not what to ſay;
Quoth he at laſt, Ten thouſand crownes,
I will that he ſhall pay;

And ſo I graunt to ſet him free.
The judge doth anſwere make;
You ſhall not have a penny given;
Your forfeyture now take.

At the laſt he doth demaund
But for to have his owne.
No, quoth the judge, doe as you liſt,
Thy judgement ſhall be ſhowne.

Either take your pound of fleſh, quoth he,
Or cancell me your bond.
O cruell judge, then quoth the Jew,
That doth againſt me ſtand!

And ſo with griping grieved mind
He biddeth them fare-well.
'Then' all the people prays'd the Lord,
That ever this heard tell.

Good people, that doe heare this ſong,
For trueth I dare well ſay,
That many a wretch as ill as hee
Doth live now at this day;

That ſeeketh nothing but the ſpoyle
Of many a wealthey man,
And for to trap the innocent
Deviſeth what they can.

From whome the Lord deliver me,
And every Chriſtian too,
And ſend to them like ſentence eke
That meaneth ſo to do.

*** *Since the firſt Edition of this book was printed, the Editor hath had reaſon to believe that both* SHAKESPEARE *and the Author of this Ballad are indebted for their Story of the Jew (however they came by it) to an Italian Novel, which was firſt printed at Milan in the year* 1554, *in a book intitled,* Il Pecorone, nel quale ſi

Var. 61. griped. *Aſhmol. copy.*

contengono Cinquanta Novelle antiche, &c. *republiſhed at Florence about the year* 1748, *or* 9.—*The Author was* SER. GIOVANNI FIORENTINO, *who wrote in* 1378; *thirty years after the time in which the ſcene of Boccace's Decameron is laid. (Vid. Manni Iſtoria del Decamerone di Giov. Boccac.* 4*to Fior.* 1744.)

That Shakeſpeare had his Plot from the Novel itſelf, is evident from his having ſome incidents from it, which are not found in the Ballad: and I think it will alſo be found that he borrowed from the Ballad ſome hints that were not ſuggeſted by the Novel. (See above, Pt. 2, *ver.* 25, *&c. where, inſtead of that ſpirited deſcription of* the whetted blade, *&c. the Proſe Narrative coldly ſays, "The "Jew had prepared a razor, &c." See alſo ſome other paſſages in the ſame piece.) This however is ſpoken with diffidence, as I have at preſent before me only the Abridgement of the Novel which Mr.* JOHNSON *has given us at the End of his Commentary on Shakeſpeare's Play. The Tranſlation of the Italian Story at large is not eaſy to be met with, having I believe never been publiſhed, though it was printed ſome years ago with this title,—"*THE NOVEL, "*from which the Merchant of Venice written by Shakeſpeare* "*is taken, tranſlated from the Italian. To which is added* "*a Tranſlation of a Novel from the Decamerone of Boc-* "*caccio. London, Printed for M. Cooper,* 1755, 8vo."

XII.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

This beautiful ſonnet is quoted in the MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR, *A.* 3, *ſc.* 1, *and hath been uſually aſcribed (together with the* REPLY) *to Shakeſpeare himſelf by the modern editors of his ſmaller poems. A copy of this madrigal,*

con-

containing only four ſtanzas (the 4th and 6th being wanting), accompanied with the firſt ſtanza of the anſwer, being printed in "THE PASSIONATE PILGRIME, *and* SONNETS TO SUNDRY NOTES OF MUSICKE, *by Mr.* WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, LOND. *printed for* W. IAGGARD, 1599." *Thus was this ſonnet, &c. publiſhed as Shakeſpeare's in his life-time.*

And yet there is good reaſon to believe that (not Shakeſpeare, but) CHRISTOPHER MARLOW *wrote the ſong, and Sir* WALTER RALEIGH *the "Nymph's Reply:" For ſo we are poſitively aſſured by Iſaac Walton, a writer of ſome credit, who has inſerted them both in his* COMPLEAT ANGLER **, under the character of "that ſmooth ſong, "which was made by Kit. Marlow, now at leaſt fifty "years ago: and . . an Anſwer to it, which was made "by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days . . . Old-"faſhioned poetry, but choicely good."——It alſo paſſed for Marlow's in the opinion of his contemporaries; for in the old Poetical Miſcellany, intitled* ENGLAND'S HELICON, *it is printed with the name of* Chr. Marlow *ſubjoined to it; and the Reply is ſubſcribed* Ignoto, *which is known to have been a ſignature of Sir* Walter Raleigh. *With the ſame ſignature* Ignoto, *in that collection, is an imitation of Marlow's beginning thus:*

"COME *live with me, and be my dear,*
"*And we will revel all the year,*
"*In plains and groves, &c.*"

Upon the whole I am inclined to attribute them to MARLOW, *and* RALEIGH; *notwithſtanding the authority of Shakeſpeare's Book of Sonnets. For it is well known that as he took no care of his own compoſitions, ſo was he utterly regardleſs what ſpurious things were fathered upon him. Sir* JOHN OLDCASTLE, *The* LONDON PRODIGAL, *and The*

* *Firſt printed in the year* 1653, *but probably written ſome time before.*

YORK-

YORKSHIRE TRAGEDY, *were printed with his name at full length in the title-pages, while he was living, which yet were afterwards rejected by his firſt editors* HEMINGE *and* CONDELL, *who were his intimate friends (as he mentions both in his will), and therefore no doubt had good authority for ſetting them aſide* *.

The following ſonnet appears to have been (as it deſerved) a great favourite with our earlier poets: for, beſides the imitation above-mentioned, another is to be found among DONNE'S *Poems, inlitled "The Bait," beginning thus:*

"COME *live with me, and be my love,*
"*And we will ſome new pleaſures prove*
"*Of golden ſands, &c.*"

As for CHR. MARLOW, *who was in high repute for his Dramatic writings, he loſt his life by a ſtab received in a brothel, before the year* 1593. *See A. Wood, I.* 138.

COME live with me, and be my love,
And we wil all the pleaſures prove
That hils and vallies, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.

There will we ſit upon the rocks,
And ſee the ſhepherds feed their flocks,
By ſhallow rivers, to whoſe falls
Melodious birds ſing madrigals.

* *Since the above was written, Mr.* MALONE, *with his uſual diſcernment, hath rejected the ſtanzas in queſtion from the other ſonnets, &c. of Shakeſpeare, in his correct edition of the* PASSIONATE PILGRIM, *&c. See his Shakeſp. Vol. X. p.* 340.

There

There will I make thee beds of roſes
With a thouſand fragrant poſies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Imbrodered all with leaves of mirtle;

A gown made of the fineſt wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Slippers lin'd choicely for the cold;
With buckles of the pureſt gold;

A belt of ſtraw, and ivie buds,
With coral claſps, and amber ſtuds:
And if theſe pleaſures may thee move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

The ſhepherd ſwains ſhall dance and ſing
For thy delight each May morning:
If theſe delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

THE NYMPH'S REPLY.

IF that the World and Love were young,
And truth in every ſhepherd's toung,
Theſe pretty pleaſures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fo'd,
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold,

And

And Philomel becometh dumb,
And all complain of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yield:
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
In fancies ſpring, but ſorrows fall.

Thy gowns, thy ſhoes, thy beds of roſes,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy poſies,
Soon break, ſoon wither, ſoon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reaſon rotten.

Thy belt of ſtraw, and ivie buds,
Thy coral claſps, and amber ſtuds;
All theſe in me no means can move
To come to thee, and be thy love.

But could youth laſt, and love ſtill breed,
Had joyes no date, nor age no need;
Then thoſe delights my mind might move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

XIII.

TITUS ANDRONICUS's COMPLAINT.

The reader has here an ancient ballad on the ſame ſubject as the play of TITUS ANDRONICUS, *and it is probable that the one was borrowed from the other: but which of them*

them was the original, it is not eaſy to decide. And yet, if the argument offered above in page 223, for the priority of the ballad of the JEW OF VENICE *may be admitted, ſomewhat of the ſame kind may be urged here; for this ballad differs from the play in ſeveral particulars, which a ſimple Ballad-writer would be leſs likely to alter than an inventive Tragedian. Thus in the ballad is no mention of the conteſt for the empire between the two brothers, the compoſing of which makes the ungrateful treatment of* TITUS *afterwards the more flagrant: neither is there any notice taken of his ſacrificing one of Tamora's ſons, which the tragic poet has aſſigned as the original cauſe of all her cruelties In the play Titus loſes twenty one of his ſons in war, and kills another for aſſiſting Baſſianus to carry off Lavinia: the reader will find it different in the ballad. In the latter ſhe is betrothed to the emperor's ſon: in the play to his brother. In the tragedy only Two of his ſons fall into the pit, and the Third being baniſhed returns to Rome with a victorious army, to avenge the wrongs of his houſe: in the ballad all Three are entrapped and ſuffer death. In the ſcene the Emperor kills Titus, and is in return ſtabbed by Titus's ſurviving ſon. Here Titus kills the Emperor, and afterwards himſelf.*

Let the Reader weigh theſe circumſtances and ſome others wherein he will find them unlike, and then pronounce for himſelf —After all, there is reaſon to conclude that this play was rather improved by Shakeſpeare with a few fine touches of his pen, than originally written by him; for, not to mention that the ſtyle is leſs figurative than his others generally are, this tragedy is mentioned with diſcredit in the Induction to Ben Jonſon's BARTHOLOMEW FAIR, *in* 1614, *as one that had then been exhibited "five and twenty, or thirty years:" which, if we take the loweſt number, throws it back to the year* 1589, *at which time Shakeſpeare was but* 25: *an earlier date than can be found for any other of his pieces* *:

* *Mr.* MALONE *thinks* 1591 *to be the æra when our author commenced a writer for the ſtage. See in his Shakeſp. the ingenious "Attempt "to aſcertain the order in which the plays of Shakeſpeare were written."*

and

and if it does not clear him entirely of it, ſhews at leaſt it was a firſt attempt *.

The following is given from a copy in "The Golden "Garland" intitled as above; compared with three others, two of them in black letter in the Pepys collection, intitled, "The Lamentable and Tragical Hiſtory of Titus Andro-"nicus, &c.—To the tune of, Fortune. Printed for E. "Wright."—Unluckily none of theſe have any dates.

YOU noble minds, and famous martiall wights,
That in defence of native country fights,
Give eare to me, that ten yeeres fought for Rome,
Yet reapt diſgrace at my returning home.

In Rome I lived in fame fulle threeſcore yeeres,
My name beloved was of all my peeres;
Full five and twenty valiant ſonnes I had,
Whoſe forwarde vertues made their father glad.

For when Romes foes their warlike forces bent,
Againſt them ſtille my ſonnes and I were ſent;
Againſt the Goths full ten yeeres weary warre
We ſpent, receiving many a bloudy ſcarre.

Juſt two and twenty of my ſonnes were ſlaine
Before we did returne to Rome againe:
Of five and twenty ſonnes, I brought but three
Alive, the ſtately towers of Rome to ſee.

* *Since the above was written, Shakeſpeare's memory has been fully vindicated from the charge of writing the above play by the beſt critieks. See what has been urged by* STEEVENS *and* MALONE *in their excellent editions of Shakeſpeare, &c.*

When

When wars were done, I conqueſt home did bring,
And did preſent my priſoners to the king,
The queene of Goths, her ſons, and eke a moore,
Which did ſuch murders, like was nere before.

The emperour did make this queene his wife,
Which bred in Rome debate and deadlie ſtrife;
The moore, with her two ſonnes did growe ſoe proud,
That none like them in Rome might bee allowd.

The moore ſoe pleas'd this new-made empreſs' eie,
That ſhe conſented to him ſecretlye
For to abuſe her huſbands marriage bed,
And ſoe in time a blackamore ſhe bred.

Then ſhe, whoſe thoughts to murder were inclinde,
Conſented with the moore of bloody minde
Againſt myſelfe, my kin, and all my friendes,
In cruell ſort to bring them to their endes.

Soe when in age I thought to live in peace,
Both care and griefe began then to increaſe:
Amongſt my ſonnes I had one daughter bright,
Which joy'd, and pleaſed beſt my aged ſight;

My deare Lavinia was betrothed than
To Ceſars ſonne, a young and noble man:
Who in a hunting by the emperours wife,
And her two ſonnes, bereaved was of life.

He being ſlaine, was caſt in cruel wiſe,
Into a darkſome den from light of ſkies:
The cruell moore did come that way as then
With my three ſonnes, who fell into the den.

The moore then fetcht the emperour with ſpeed,
For to accuſe them of that murderous deed;
And when my ſonnes within the den were found,
In wrongfull priſon they were caſt and bound.

But nowe, behold! what wounded moſt my mind,
The empreſſes two ſonnes of ſavage kind
My daughter raviſhed without remorſe,
And took away her honour, quite perforce.

When they had taſted of ſoe ſweete a flowre,
Fearing this ſweete ſhould ſhortly turne to ſowre,
They cutt her tongue, whereby ſhe could not tell
How that diſhonoure unto her befell.

Then both her hands they baſely cutt off quite,
Whereby their wickedneſſe ſhe could not write;
Nor with her needle on her ſampler ſowe
The bloudye workers of her direfull woe.

My brother Marcus found her in the wood,
Staining the graſſie ground with purple bloud,
That trickled from her ſtumpes, and bloudleſſe armes:
Noe tongue at all ſhe had to tell her harmes.

But

But when I ſawe her in that woefull caſe,
With teares of bloud I wet mine aged face:
For my Lavinia I lamented more
Then for my two and twenty ſonnes before.

When as I ſawe ſhe could not write nor ſpeake,
With grief mine aged heart began to breake;
We ſpred an heape of ſand upon the ground,
Whereby thoſe bloudy tyrants out we found.

For with a ſtaffe, without the helpe of hand,
She writt theſe wordes upon the plat of ſand:
"The luſtfull ſonnes of the proud emperèſſe
"Are doers of this hateful wickednèſſe."

I tore the milk-white hairs from off mine head,
I curſt the houre, wherein I firſt was bred,
I wiſht this hand, that fought for countrie's fame,
In cradle rockt, had firſt been ſtroken lame.

The moore delighting ſtill in villainy
Did ſay, to ſett my ſonnes from priſon free
I ſhould unto the king my right hand give,
And then my three impriſoned ſonnes ſhould live.

The moore I caus'd to ſtrike it off with ſpeede,
Whereat I grieved not to ſee it bleed,
But for my ſonnes would willingly impart,
And for their ranſome ſend my bleeding heart.

But as my life did linger thus in paine,
They ſent to me my bootleſſe hand againe,
And therewithal the heades of my three ſonnes,
Which filld my dying heart with freſher moanes.

Then paſt reliefe I upp and downe did goe,
And with my tears writ in the duſt my woe:
I ſhot my arrowes * towards heaven hie,
And for revenge to hell did often crye.

The empreſſe then, thinking that I was mad,
Like furies ſhe and both her ſonnes were clad,
(She nam'd Revenge, and Rape and Murder they)
To undermine and heare what I would ſay.

I fed their fooliſh veines † a certaine ſpace,
Untill my friendes did find a ſecret place,
Where both her ſonnes unto a poſt were bound,
And juſt revenge in cruell ſort was found.

I cut their throates, my daughter held the pan
Betwixt her ſtumpes, wherein the bloud it ran:
And then I ground their bones to powder ſmall,
And made a paſte for pyes ſtreight therewithall.

* *If the ballad was written before the play, I ſhould ſuppoſe this to be only a metaphorical expreſſion, taken from that in the Pſalms, "They ſhoot out their arrows, even bitter words." Pſ.* 64. 3.

† *i. e. encouraged them in their fooliſh humours, or fancies.*

Then

Then with their fleſhe I made two mighty pyes,
And at a banquet ſervde in ſtately wiſe:
Before the empreſſe ſet this loathſome meat;
So of her ſonnes own fleſh ſhe well did eat.

Myſelfe bereav'd my daughter then of life,
The empreſſe then I ſlewe with bloudy knife,
And ſtabb'd the emperour immediatelie,
And then myſelf: even ſoe did Titus die.

Then this revenge againſt the Moore was found,
Alive they ſett him halfe into the ground,
Whereas he ſtood untill ſuch time he ſtarv'd.
And ſoe God ſend all murderers may be ſerv'd.

XIV.

TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY.

*The firſt ſtanza of this little ſonnet, which an eminent critic * juſtly admires for its extreme ſweetneſs, is found in Shakeſpeare's* MEASURE FOR MEASURE, *A.* 4, *ſc.* 1. *Both the ſtanzas are preſerved in Beaum. and Fletcher's* BLOODY BROTHER, *A.* 5, *ſc.* 2. *Sewel and Gildon have printed it among Shakeſpeare's ſmaller poems, but they have done the ſame by twenty other pieces that were never writ by him, their book being a wretched heap of inaccuracies and miſtakes. It is not found in Jaggard's old edition of Shakeſpeare's* PASSIONATE PILGRIM †, *&c.*

* *Dr. Warburton in his Shakeſp.*

† *Mr. Malone, in his improved edition of Shakeſpeare's* SONNETS, *&c. hath ſubſtituted this inſtead of Marlow's Madrigal, printed above; for which he hath aſſigned reaſons, which the Reader may ſee in his Vol. X. p.* 340.

TAKE, oh take thoſe lips away,
That ſo ſweetlye were forſworne;
And thoſe eyes, the breake of day,
Lights, that do miſleade the morne:
But my kiſſes bring againe,
Seales of love, but ſeal'd in vaine.

Hide, oh hide thoſe hills of ſnowe,
Which thy frozen boſom beares,
On whoſe tops the pinkes that growe,
Are of thoſe that April wears:
But firſt ſet my poor heart free,
Bound in thoſe icy chains by thee.

XV.

KING LEIR AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

The Reader has here an ancient ballad on the ſubject of KING LEAR, *which (as a ſenſible female critic has well obſerved *) bears ſo exact an analogy to the argument of Shakeſpeare's play, that his having copied it could not be doubted, if it were certain, that it was written before the tragedy. Here is found the hint of Lear's madneſs, which the old chronicles † do not mention, as alſo the extravagant cruelty exerciſed on him by his daughters. In the death of*

* *Mrs. Lennox. Shakeſpeare illuſtrated, Vol. III. p. 202.*

† *See Jeffery of Monmouth, Holingſhed, &c. who relate Leir's hiſtory in many reſpects the ſame as the ballad.*

Lear

Lear they likewiſe very exactly coincide.—The misfortune is, that there is nothing to aſſiſt us in aſcertaining the date of the ballad but what little evidence ariſes from within; this the Reader muſt weigh and judge for himſelf.

It may be proper to obſerve, that Shakeſpeare was not the firſt of our Dramatic Poets who fitted the Story of LEIR *to the Stage. His firſt 4to edition is dated 1608; but three years before that had been printed a play intitled, "The "true Chronicle Hiſtory of Leir and his three daughters "Gonorill, Ragan, and Cordella, as it hath been divers "and ſundry times lately acted, 1605, 4to."—This is a very poor and dull performance, but happily excited Shakeſpeare to undertake the ſubject, which he has given with very different incidents. It is remarkable, that neither the circumſtances of Leir's madneſs, nor his retinue of a ſelect number of knights, nor the affecting deaths of Cordelia and Leir, are found in that firſt dramatic piece: in all which Shakeſpeare concurs with this ballad.*

But to form a true judgement of Shakeſpeare's merit, the curious Reader ſhould caſt his eye over that previous ſketch; which he will find printed at the end of THE TWENTY PLAYS *of Shakeſpeare, republiſhed from the quarto impreſſions by* GEORGE STEEVENS, *Eſq; with ſuch elegance and exactneſs as led us to expect that fine edition of all the works of our great Dramatic Poet, which he hath ſince publiſhed.*

The following Ballad is given from an ancient copy in the "Golden Garland," bl. let. intitled, "A lamentable ſong of "the Death of King Lear and his Three Daughters. To "the tune of When flying Fame."

KING Leir once ruled in this land
With princely power and peace;
And had all things with hearts content,
That might his joys increaſe.

Amongſt thoſe things that nature gave,
  Three daughters fair had he,
So princely ſeeming beautiful,
  As fairer could not be.

So on a time it pleas'd the king
  A queſtion thus to move,
Which of his daughters to his grace
  Could ſhew the deareſt love:
For to my age you bring content,
  Quoth he, then let me hear,
Which of you three in plighted troth
  The kindeſt will appear.

To whom the eldeſt thus began;
  Dear father, mind, quoth ſhe,
Before your face, to do you good,
  My blood ſhall render'd be:
And for your ſake my bleeding heart
  Shall here be cut in twain,
Ere that I ſee your reverend age
  The ſmalleſt grief ſuſtain.

And ſo will I, the ſecond ſaid;
  Dear father, for your ſake,
The worſt of all extremities
  I'll gently undertake:
And ſerve your highneſs night and day
  With diligence and love;

That ſweet content and quietneſs
Diſcomforts may remove.

In doing ſo, you glad my ſoul,
The aged king reply'd;
But what ſayſt thou, my youngeſt girl,
How is thy love ally'd?
My love (quoth young Cordelia then)
Which to your grace I owe,
Shall be the duty of a child,
And that is all I'll ſhow.

And wilt thou ſhew no more, quoth he,
Than doth thy duty bind?
I well perceive thy love is ſmall,
When as no more I find.
Henceforth I baniſh thee my court,
Thou art no child of mine;
Nor any part of this my realm
By favour ſhall be thine.

Thy elder ſiſters loves are more
Than well I can demand,
To whom I equally beſtow
My kingdome and my land,
My pompal ſtate and all my goods,
That lovingly I may
With thoſe thy ſiſters be maintain'd
Until my dying day.

Thus flattering ſpeeches won renown,
By theſe two ſiſters here;
The third had cauſeleſs baniſhment,
Yet was her love more dear:
For poor Cordelia patiently
Went wandring up and down,
Unhelp'd, unpity'd, gentle maid,
Through many an Engliſh town:

Untill at laſt in famous France
She gentler fortunes found;
Though poor and bare, yet ſhe was deem'd
The faireſt on the ground:
Where when the king her virtues heard,
And this fair lady ſeen,
With full conſent of all his court
He made his wife and queen.

Her father king Lear this while
With his two daughters ſtaid:
Forgetful of their promis'd loves,
Full ſoon the ſame decay'd;
And living in queen Ragan's court,
The eldeſt of the twain,
She took from him his chiefeſt means,
And moſt of all his train.

For whereas twenty men were wont
To wait with bended knee:

She gave allowance but to ten,
And after ſcarce to three:
Nay, one ſhe thought too much for him;
So took ſhe all away,
In hope that in her court, good king,
He would no longer ſtay.

Am I rewarded thus, quoth he,
In giving all I have
Unto my children, and to beg
For what I lately gave?
I'll go unto my Gonorell:
My ſecond child, I know,
Will be more kind and pitiful,
And will relieve my woe.

Full faſt he hies then to her court;
Where when ſhe heard his moan
Return'd him anſwer, That ſhe griev'd,
That all his means were gone:
But no way could relieve his wants;
Yet if that he would ſtay
Within her kitchen, he ſhould have
What ſcullions gave away.

When he had heard, with bitter tears,
He made his anſwer then;
In what I did let me be made
Example to all men.

I will

I will return again, quoth he,
Unto my Ragan's court;
She will not uſe me thus, I hope,
But in a kinder ſort.

Where when he came, ſhe gave command
To drive him thence away:
When he was well within her court
(She ſaid) he would not ſtay.
Then back again to Gonorell,
The woeful king did hie,
That in her kitchen he might have
What ſcullion boys ſet by.

But there of that he was deny'd,
Which ſhe had promis'd late:
For once refuſing, he ſhould not
Come after to her gate.
Thus twixt his daughters, for relief
He wandred up and down;
Being glad to feed on beggars food,
That lately wore a crown.

And calling to remembrance then
His youngeſt daughters words,
That ſaid the duty of a child
Was all that love affords:
But doubting to repair to her,
Whom he had baniſh'd ſo,

Grew frantick mad; for in his mind
He bore the wounds of woe:

Which made him rend his milk-white locks,
And treſſes from his head,
And all with blood beſtain his cheeks,
With age and honour ſpread.
To hills and woods and watry founts,
He made his hourly moan,
Till hills and woods, and ſenſleſs things,
Did ſeem to ſigh and groan.

Even thus poſſeſt with diſcontents,
He paſſed o're to France,
In hopes from fair Cordelia there,
To find ſome gentler chance;
Moſt virtuous dame! which when ſhe heard
Of this her father's grief,
As duty bound, ſhe quickly ſent
Him comfort and relief:

And by a train of noble peers,
In brave and gallant ſort,
She gave in charge he ſhould be brought
To Aganippus' court;
Whoſe royal king, with noble mind
So freely gave conſent,
To muſter up his knights at arms,
To fame and courage bent.

And ſo to England came with ſpeed,
To repoſſeſſe king Leir,
And drive his daughters from their thrones
By his Cordelia dear.
Where ſhe, true-hearted noble queen,
Was in the battel ſlain:
Yet he good king, in his old days,
Poſſeſt his crown again.

But when he heard Cordelia's death,
Who died indeed for love
Of her dear father, in whoſe cauſe
She did this battle move;
He ſwooning fell upon her breaſt,
From whence he never parted:
But on her boſom left his life,
That was ſo truly hearted.

The lords and nobles when they ſaw
The end of theſe events,
The other ſiſters unto death
They doomed by conſents;
And being dead, their crowns they left
Unto the next of kin:
Thus have you ſeen the fall of pride,
And diſobedient ſin.

XVI.

YOUTH AND AGE,

——is found in the little collection of Shakeſpeare's Sonnets, intitled the PASSIONATE PILGRIME **, the greateſt part of which ſeems to relate to the amours of Venus and Adonis, being little effuſions of fancy, probably written while he was compoſing his larger Poem on that ſubject. The following ſeems intended for the mouth of Venus, weighing the comparative merits of youthful Adonis and aged Vulcan. In the "Garland of Good Will" it is reprinted, with the addition of IV. more ſuch ſtanzas, but evidently written by a meaner pen.*

CRABBED Age and Youth
Cannot live together;
Youth is full of pleaſance,
Age is full of care:
Youth like ſummer morn,
Age like winter weather,
Youth like ſummer brave,
Age like winter bare:
Youth is full of ſport,
Ages breath is ſhort;

* *Mentioned above, Song XI. B. II.*

Youth

Youth is nimble, Age is lame:
Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold;
Youth is wild, and Age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee,
Youth, I do adore thee;
O, my love, my love is young!
Age, I do defie thee;
Oh ſweet ſhepheard, hie thee,
For methinks thou ſtayſt too long.

*** *See* MALONE's *Shakeſp. Vol. X. p.* 325.

XVII.

THE FROLICKSOME DUKE, OR THE TINKER's GOOD FORTUNE.

The following ballad is upon the ſame ſubject, as the INDUCTION *to Shakeſpeare's* TAMING OF THE SHREW: *whether it may be thought to have ſuggeſted the hint to the Dramatic poet, or is not rather of later date, the reader muſt determine*

The ſtory is told of* PHILIP *the* GOOD, *Duke of Burgundy; and is thus related by an old Engliſh writer:* "*The ſaid Duke, at the marriage of Eleonora, ſiſter to the king of Portugall, at Bruges in Flanders, which was ſolemniſed in the deepe of winter; when as by reaſon of unſeaſonable weather he could neither hawke nor hunt, and*

* *By Ludov. Vives in Epiſt. & by Pont. Heuter. Rerum Burgund. l.* 4.

"*was*

" *was now tired with cards, dice, &c. and ſuch other do-*
" *meſtick ſports, or to ſee ladies dance: with ſome of his*
" *courtiers, he would in the evening walke diſguiſed all*
" *about the towne. It ſo fortuned, as he was walking*
" *late one night, he found a countrey fellow dead drunke,*
" *ſnorting on a bulke; he cauſed his followers to bring him*
" *to his palace, and there ſtripping him of his old clothes,*
" *and attyring him after the court faſhion, when he*
" *wakened, he and they were all ready to attend upon his*
" *excellency, and perſuade him that he was ſome great Duke.*
" *The poor fellow admiring how he came there, was ſerved*
" *in ſtate all day long: after ſupper he ſaw them dance,*
" *heard muſicke, and all the reſt of thoſe court-like plea-*
" *ſures: but late at night, when he was well tipled, and*
" *again faſt aſleepe, they put on his old robes, and ſo con-*
" *veyed him to the place, where they firſt found him. Now*
" *the fellow had not made them ſo good ſport the day before,*
" *as he did now, when he returned to himſelf: all the jeſt*
" *was to ſee how he looked upon it. In concluſion, after*
" *ſome little admiration, the poore man told his friends he*
" *had ſeen a viſion; conſtantly believed it; would not*
" *otherwiſe be perſuaded, and ſo the jeſt ended.*" *Burton's*
" *Anatomy of Melancholy, Pt. II. ſect. 2. Memb. 4. 2d. Ed.* 1624, *fol.*

This ballad is given from a black-letter copy in the Pepys collection, which is intitled as above. " *To the tune of*
" *Fond boy.*"

NOW as fame does report a young duke keeps a court,
One that pleaſes his fancy with frolickſome ſport:
But amongſt all the reſt, here is one I proteſt,
Which will make you to ſmile when you hear the true jeſt:
A poor tinker he found, lying drunk on the ground,
As ſecure in a ſleep as if laid in a ſwound,

The

The duke ſaid to his men, William, Richard, and Ben,
Take him home to my palace, we'll ſport with him then.
O'er a horſe he was laid, and with care ſoon convey'd
To the palace, altho' he was poorly arrai'd:
Then they ſtript off his cloaths, both his ſhirt, ſhoes and hoſe,
And they put him to bed for to take his repoſe.

Having pull'd off his ſhirt, which was all over durt,
They did give him clean holland, this was no great hurt:
On a bed of ſoft down, like a lord of renown,
They did lay him to ſleep the drink out of his crown.
In the morning when day, then admiring he lay,
For to ſee the rich chamber both gaudy and gay.

Now he lay ſomething late, in his rich bed of ſtate,
Till at laſt knights and ſquires they on him did wait;
And the chamberling bare, then did likewiſe declare,
He deſir'd to know what apparel he'd ware:
The poor tinker amaz'd, on the gentleman gaz'd,
And admired how he to this honour was rais'd.

Tho' he ſeem'd ſomething mute, yet he choſe a rich ſuit,
Which he ſtraitways put on without longer diſpute;
With a ſtar on his ſide, which the tinker offt ey'd,
And it ſeem'd for to ſwell him 'no' little with pride;
For he ſaid to himſelf, Where is Joan my ſweet wife?
Sure ſhe never did ſee me ſo fine in her life.

From a convenient place, the right duke his good grace
Did obſerve his behaviour in every caſe.
To a garden of ſtate, on the tinker they wait,
Trumpets ſounding before him: thought he, this is great:
Where an hour or two, pleaſant walks he did view,
With commanders and ſquires in ſcarlet and blew.

A fine dinner was dreſt, both for him and his gueſts,
He was plac'd at the table above all the reſt,
In a rich chair 'or bed,' lin'd with fine crimſon red,
With a rich golden canopy over his head:
As he ſat at his meat, the muſick play'd ſweet,
With the choiceſt of ſinging his joys to compleat.

While the tinker did dine, he had plenty of wine,
Rich canary with ſherry and tent ſuperfine.
Like a right honeſt ſoul, faith, he took off his bowl,
Till at laſt he began for to tumble and roul
From his chair to the floor, where he ſleeping did ſnore,
Being ſeven times drunker than ever before.

Then the duke did ordain, they ſhould ſtrip him amain,
And reſtore him his old leather garments again:
'Twas a point next the worſt, yet perform it they muſt,
And they carry'd him ſtrait, where they found him at firſt;
Then he ſlept all the night, as indeed well he might;
But when he did waken, his joys took their flight.

For his glory 'to him' ſo pleaſant did ſeem,
That he thought it to be but a meer golden dream;
Till at length he was brought to the duke, where he ſought
For a pardon, as fearing he had ſet him at nought;
But his highneſs he ſaid, Thou'rt a jolly bold blade,
Such a frolick before I think never was plaid.

Then his highneſs beſpoke him a new ſuit and cloak,
Which he gave for the ſake of this frolickſome joak;
Nay, and five-hundred pound, with ten acres of ground,
Thou ſhalt never, ſaid he, range the counteries round,
Crying old braſs to mend, for I'll be thy good friend,
Nay, and Joan thy ſweet wife ſhall my ducheſs attend.

Then the tinker reply'd, What! muſt Joan my ſweet bride
Be a lady in chariots of pleaſure to ride?
Muſt we have gold and land ev'ry day at command?
Then I ſhall be a ſquire I well underſtand:
Well I thank your good grace, and your love I embrace,
I was never before in ſo happy a caſe.

XVIII.

THE FRIAR OF ORDERS GRAY.

Diſperſed thro' Shakeſpeare's plays are innumerable little fragments of ancient ballads, the entire copies of which could not be recovered. Many of theſe being of the moſt beautiful and pathetic ſimplicity, the Editor was tempted to ſelect ſome of them, and with a few ſupplemental ſtanzas to connect them together, and form them into a little TALE, *which is here ſubmitted to the Reader's candour.*

One ſmall fragment was taken from Beaumont and Fletcher.

IT was a friar of orders gray
Walkt forth to tell his beades;
And he met with a lady faire
Clad in a pilgrime's weedes.

Now Chriſt thee ſave, thou reverend friar,
I pray thee tell to me,
If ever at yon holy ſhrine
My true love thou didſt ſee.

And how ſhould I know your true love
From many another one?
O by his cockle hat, and ſtaff,
And by his ſandal ſhoone *.

But chiefly by his face and mien,
That were ſo fair to view;
His flaxen locks that ſweetly curl'd,
And eyne of lovely blue.

O lady, he is dead and gone!
Lady, he's dead and gone!
And at his head a green graſs turfe,
And at his heels a ſtone.

Within theſe holy cloyſters long
He languiſht, and he dyed,
Lamenting of a ladyes love,
And 'playning of her pride.

Here bore him barefac'd on his bier
Six proper youths and tall,
And many a tear bedew'd his grave
Within yon kirk-yard wall.

* *Theſe are the diſtinguiſhing marks of a Pilgrim. The chief places of devotion being beyond ſea, the pilgrims were wont to put cockle-ſhells in their hats to denote the intention or performance of their devotion. Warb. Shakeſp. Vol. VIII. p. 224.*

And

And art thou dead, thou gentle youth!
And art thou dead and gone!
And didſt thou dye for love of me!
Break, cruel heart of ſtone!

O weep not, lady, weep not ſoe;
Some ghoſtly comfort ſeek:
Let not vain ſorrow rive thy heart,
Ne teares bedew thy cheek.

O do not, do not, holy friar,
My ſorrow now reprove;
For I have loſt the ſweeteſt youth,
That e'er wan ladyes love.

And nowe, alas! for thy ſad loſſe,
I'll evermore weep and ſigh;
For thee I only wiſht to live,
For thee I wiſh to dye.

Weep no more, lady, weep no more,
Thy ſorrowe is in vaine:
For violets pluckt the ſweeteſt ſhowers
Will ne'er make grow againe.

Our joys as winged dreams doe flye,
Why then ſhould ſorrow laſt?
Since grief but aggravates thy loſſe,
Grieve not for what is paſt.

O ſay not ſoe, thou holy friar;
I pray thee, ſay not ſoe:
For ſince my true-love dyed for mee,
'Tis meet my tears ſhould flow.

And will he ne'er come again?
Will he ne'er come again?
Ah! no, he is dead and laid in his grave,
For ever to remain.

His cheek was redder than the roſe;
The comlieſt youth was he!
But he is dead and laid in his grave:
Alas, and woe is me!

Sigh no more, lady, ſigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever:
One foot on ſea and one on land,
To one thing conſtant never.

Hadſt thou been fond, he had been falſe,
And left thee ſad and heavy;
For young men ever were fickle found,
Since ſummer trees were leafy.

Now ſay not ſo, thou holy friar,
I pray thee ſay not ſoe;
My love he had the trueſt heart:
O he was ever true!

And art thou dead, thou much-lov'd youth,
And didſt thou dye for mee?
Then farewell home; for ever-more
A pilgrim I will bee.

But firſt upon my true-loves grave
My weary limbs I'll lay,
And thrice I'll kiſs the green-graſs turf,
That wraps his breathleſs clay.

Yet ſtay, fair lady; reſt awhile
Beneath this cloyſter wall:
See through the hawthorn blows the cold wind,
And drizzly rain doth fall.

O ſtay me not, thou holy friar;
O ſtay me not, I pray;
No drizzly rain that falls on me,
Can waſh my fault away.

Yet ſtay, fair lady, turn again,
And dry thoſe pearly tears;
For ſee beneath this gown of gray
Thy owne true-love appears.

Here forc'd by grief, and hopeleſs love,
Theſe holy weeds I ſought;
And here amid theſe lonely walls
To end my days I thought.

But haply for my year of grace ‡
Is not yet paſt away,
Might I ſtill hope to win thy love,
No longer would I ſtay.

Now farewell grief, and welcome joy
Once more unto my heart;
For ſince I have found thee, lovely youth,
We never more will part.

‡ *The year of probation, or noviciate.*

*** *As the foregoing ſong has been thought to have ſuggeſted to our late excellent Poet Dr.* GOLDSMITH, *the Plan of his beautiful ballad of* EDWIN AND EMMA *(firſt printed in his "Vicar of Wakefield") it is but juſtice to his memory to declare, that his Poem was written firſt, and that if there is any imitation in the caſe, they will be found both to be indebted to the beautiful old ballad* GENTLE HERDSMAN, *&c. printed in the ſecond volume of this Work, which the Doctor had much admired in manuſcript, and has finely improved. See Vol. II. Book I. ſong xiv. ver.* 37, *pag.* 81. *&c.*

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

RELIQUES

OF ANCIENT POETRY,

&c.

SERIES THE FIRST.

BOOK III.

I.

THE MORE MODERN BALLAD OF CHEVY CHACE.

At the beginning of this volume we gave the old original Song of CHEVY CHACE. *The reader has here the more improved edition of that fine Heroic ballad. It will afford*

an

an agreeable entertainment to the curious to compare them together, and to ſee how far the latter bard has excelled his predeceſſor, and where he has fallen ſhort of him. For tho' he has every where improved the verſification, and generally the ſentiment and diction; yet ſome few paſſages retain more dignity in the ancient copy; at leaſt the obſoleteneſs of the ſtyle ſerves as a veil to hide whatever might appear too familiar or vulgar in them. Thus, for inſtance, the cataſtrophe of the gallant Witherington is in the modern copy expreſt in terms which never fail at preſent to excite ridicule: whereas in the original it is related with a plain and pathetic ſimplicity, that is liable to no ſuch unlucky effect: See the ſtanza in page 14, which, in modern orthography, &c. would run thus:

"For Witherington my heart is woe,
"That ever he ſlain ſhould be:
"For when his legs were hewn in two,
"He knelt and fought on his knee."

So again the ſtanza which deſcribes the fall of Montgomery is ſomewhat more elevated in the ancient copy:

"The dint it was both ſad and ſore,
"He on Montgomery ſet:
"The ſwan-feathers his arrow bore
"With his hearts blood were wet." p. 13.

WE might alſo add, that the circumſtances of the battle are more clearly conceived and the ſeveral incidents more diſtinctly marked in the old original, than in the improved copy. It is well known that the ancient Engliſh weapon was the long bow, and that this nation excelled all others in archery; while the Scottiſh warriours chiefly depended on the uſe of the ſpear: this characteriſtic difference never eſcapes our ancient bard, whoſe deſcription of the firſt onſet (p. 9.) is to the following effect:

"The

"The propoſal of the two gallant earls to determine the diſpute by ſingle combat being over-ruled; the Engliſh, ſays he, who ſtood with their bows ready bent, gave a general diſcharge of their arrows, which ſlew ſeven ſcore ſpearmen of the enemy: but, notwithſtanding ſo ſevere a loſs, Douglas like a brave captain kept his ground. He had divided his forces into three columns, who, at ſoon as the Engliſh had diſcharged the firſt volley, bore down upon them with their ſpears, and breaking through their ranks reduced them to cloſe fighting. The archers upon this dropt their bows and had recourſe to their ſwords, and there followed ſo ſharp a conflict, that multitudes on both ſides loſt their lives." *In the midſt of this general engagement, at length, the two great earls meet, and after a ſpirited rencounter agree to breathe; upon which a parley enſues, that would do honour to Homer himſelf.*

Nothing can be more pleaſingly diſtinct and circumſtantial than this: whereas, the modern copy, tho' in general it has great merit, is here unluckily both confuſed and obſcure. Indeed the original words ſeem here to have been totally miſunderſtood. "*Yet bydys the yerl Douglas upon the* BENT," *evidently ſignifies,* "*Yet the earl Douglas abides in the* FIELD:" *Whereas the more modern bard ſeems to have underſtood by* BENT, *the inclination of his mind, and accordingly runs quite off from the ſubject* *:

"*To drive the deer with hound and horn*
"*Earl Douglas had the bent.*" v. 109.

ONE may alſo obſerve a generous impartiality in the old original bard, when in the concluſion of his tale he repreſents both nations as quitting the field without any reproachful reflection on either: though he gives to his own countrymen the credit of being the ſmaller number.

* *In the preſent Edition, inſtead of the unmeaning lines here cenſured, an inſertion is made of four ſtanzas modernized from the ancient copy.*

"*Of*

" *Of fifteen hundred archers of England*
" *Went away but fifty and three;*
" *Of twenty hundred ſpearmen of Scotland,*
" *But even five and fifty.*" p. 14.

He attributes FLIGHT *to neither party, as hath been done in the modern copies of this ballad, as well Scotch as Engliſh. For, to be even with our latter bard, who makes the Scots to* FLEE, *ſome reviſer of North Britain has turned his own arms againſt him, and printed an edition at Glaſgow, in which the lines are thus tranſpoſed:*

" *Of fifteen hundred Scottiſh ſpeirs*
" *Went hame but fifty-three:*
" *Of twenty hundred Engliſhmen*
" *Scarce fifty five did flee.*"

And to countenance this change he has ſuppreſſed the two ſtanzas between ver. 240 *and ver.* 249.—*From that Edition I have here reformed the Scottiſh names, which in the modern Engliſh ballad appeared to be corrupted.*

When I call the preſent admired ballad modern, I only mean that it is comparatively ſo; for that it could not be writ much later than the time of Q. Elizabeth, I think may be made appear; nor yet does it ſeem to be older than the beginning of the laſt century. Sir Philip Sidney, when he com-*

* *A late writer has ſtarted a notion that the more modern copy* " *was* " *written to be ſung by a party of Engliſh, headed by a Douglas in the* " *year* 1524; *which is the true reaſon why, at the ſame time that it* " *gives the advantage to the Engliſh Soldiers above the Scotch, it gives* " *yet ſo lovely and ſo manifeſtly ſuperior a character to the Scotch com-* " *mander above the Engliſh.*" *See Say's Eſſay on the Numbers of Pa-* " *radiſe Loſt,* 4to. 1745, *p.* 167.

This appears to me a groundleſs conjecture: the language ſeems too modern for the date above-mentioned; and, had it been printed even ſo early as Queen Elizabeth's reign, I think I ſhould have met with ſome copy wherein the firſt line would have been,

God proſper long our noble queen,

as was the caſe with the Blind Beggar *of* Bednal Green; *ſee Vol. II. Book II. No. X. ver.* 23.

plains of the antiquated phraſe of CHEVY CHASE, *could never have ſeen this improved copy, the language of which is not more ancient than that he himſelf uſed. It is probable that the encomiums of ſo admired a writer excited ſome bard to reviſe the ballad, and to free it from thoſe faults he had objected to it. That it could not be much later than that time, appears from the phraſe* DOLEFUL DUMPS; *which in that age carried no ill ſound with it, but to the next generation became ridiculous. We have ſeen it paſs uncenſured in a ſonnet that was at that time in requeſt, and where it could not fail to have been taken notice of, had it been in the leaſt exceptionable: ſee above, B. II. Song V. ver. 2: Yet, in about half a century after, it was become burleſque. Vide Hudibras, Pt. I. c. 3, v. 95.*

*THIS much premiſed, the reader that would ſee the general beauties of this ballad ſet in a juſt and ſtriking light, may conſult the excellent criticiſm of Mr. Addiſon *. With regard to its ſubject: it has already been conſidered in page 3d. The conjectures there offered will receive confirmation from a paſſage in the Memoirs of Carey Earl of Monmouth, 8vo. 1759, p. 165; whence we learn that it was an ancient cuſtom with the borderers of the two kingdoms, when they were at peace, to ſend to the Lord Wardens of the oppoſite Marches for leave to hunt within their diſtricts. If leave was granted, then towards the end of ſummer they would come and hunt for ſeveral days together "with their* GREY-HOUNDS FOR DEER:" *but if they took this liberty unpermitted, then the Lord Warden of the border ſo invaded, would not fail to interrupt their ſport and chaſtiſe their boldneſs. He mentions a remarkable inſtance that happened while he was Warden, when ſome Scotch Gentlemen coming to hunt in defiance of him, there muſt have enſued ſuch an action as this of Chevy Chace, if the intruders had been proportionably numerous and well-armed; for, upon their being attacked by his men at arms, he tells us, "ſome hurt was done, tho'*

* *In the Spectator, No. 70, 74.*

"*be*

" he had given eſpeciall order that they ſhould ſhed as little " blood as poſſible." They were in effect overpowered and taken priſoners, and only releaſed on their promiſe to abſtain from ſuch licentious ſporting for the future.

The following text is given from a copy in the Editor's folio MS. compared with two or three others printed in black-letter.—In the ſecond volume of Dryden's Miſcellanies may be found a tranſlation of Chevy-Chace into Latin Rhymes. The tranſlator, Mr. Henry Bold, of New College, undertook it at the command of Dr. Compton, biſhop of London; who thought it no derogation to his epiſcopal character, to avow a fondneſs for this excellent old ballad. See the preface to Bold's Latin Songs, 1685, 8vo.

GOD proſper long our noble king,
Our lives and ſafetyes all;
A woefull hunting once there did
In Chevy-Chace befall;

To drive the deere with hound and horne,
Erle Percy took his way;
The child may rue that is unborne,
The hunting of that day.

The ſtout Erle of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleaſure in the Scottiſh woods
Three ſummers days to take;

The cheefeſt harts in Chevy-Chace
To kill and beare away.

Theſe tydings to Erle Douglas came,
In Scottland where he lay:

Who ſent Erle Percy preſent word,
He wold prevent his ſport.
The Engliſh Erle, not fearing that,
Did to the woods reſort

With fifteen hundred bow-men bold;
All choſen men of might,
Who knew full well in time of neede
To ayme their ſhafts arright.

The gallant greyhounds ſwiftly ran,
To chaſe the fallow deere:
On munday they began to hunt,
Ere day-light did appeare;

And long before high noone they had
An hundred fat buckes ſlaine;
Then having dined, the drovyers went
To rouze the deare againe.

The bow-men muſtered on the hills,
Well able to endure;
Theire backſides all, with ſpeciall care,
That day were guarded ſure.

Ver. 36. That they were. *fol. MS.*

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,
The nimble deere to take *,
That with their cryes the hills and dales
An eccho shrill did make.

Lord Percy to the quarry went,
To view the slaughter'd deere;
Quoth he, Erle Douglas promised
This day to meet me heere:

But if I thought he wold not come,
Noe longer wold I stay.
With that, a brave younge gentleman
Thus to the Erle did say:

Loe, yonder doth Erle Douglas come,
His men in armour bright;
Full twenty hundred Scottish speres
All marching in our sight;

* *The Chiviot Hills and circumjacent Wastes are at present void of Deer, and almost stript of their Woods: but formerly they had enough of both to justify the Description attempted here and in the Ancient Ballad of* CHEVY-CHASE. *Leyland, in the reign of Hen.* VIII. *thus describes this County: "In Northumberland, as I heare say, be no Forests, except Chivet Hills; "where is much* BRUSHE-WOOD, *and some* OKKE; *Grounde ovar-"growne with Linge, and some with Mosse. I have harde say that "Chivet Hilles stretchethe xx miles. There is greate Plentē of* REDDE-"DERE, *and* ROO BUKKES." *Itin. Vol. VII. pag.* 56.——*This passage, which did not occur when pages* 22. 24. *were printed off, confirm the accounts there given of the* STAGGE *and the* ROE.

All

All men of pleaſant Tivydale,
Faſt by the river Tweede:
O ceaſe your ſports, Erle Percy ſaid,
And take your bowes with ſpeede:

And now with me, my countrymen,
Your courage forth advance;
For there was never champion yett,
In Scotland or in France,

That ever did on horſebacke come,
But if my hap it were,
I durſt encounter man for man,
With him to break a ſpere.

Erle Douglas on his milke-white ſteede,
Moſt like a baron bold,
Rode formoſt of his company,
Whoſe armour ſhone like gold.

Show me, ſayd hee, whoſe men you bee,
That hunt ſoe boldly heere,
That, without my conſent, doe chaſe
And kill my fallow-deere.

The firſt man that did anſwer make,
Was noble Percy hee;
Who ſayd, Wee liſt not to declare,
Nor ſhew whoſe men wee bee:

Yet wee will ſpend our deereſt blood,
Thy cheefeſt harts to ſlay.
Then Douglas ſwore a ſolempne oathe,
And thus in rage did ſay,

Ere thus I will out-braved bee,
One of us two ſhall dye:
I know thee well, an erle thou art;
Lord Percy, ſoe am I.

But truſt me, Percy, pittye it were,
And great offence to kill
Any of theſe our guiltleſſe men,
For they have done no ill.

Let thou and I the battell trye,
And ſet our men aſide.
Accurſt bee he, Erle Percy ſayd,
By whome this is denyed.

Then ſtept a gallant ſquier forth,
Witherington was his name,
Who ſaid, I wold not have it told
To Henry our king for ſhame,

That ere my captaine fought on foote,
And I ſtood looking on.
You bee two erles, ſayd Witherington,
And I a ſquier alone:

Ile doe the beſt that doe I may,
While I have power to ſtand:
While I have power to weeld my ſword,
Ile fight with hart and hand.

Our Engliſh archers bent their bowes,
Their harts were good and trew;
Att the firſt flight of arrowes ſent,
Full four-ſcore Scots they flew.

*[Yet bides Earl Douglas on the bent,
As Chieftain ſtout and good.
As valiant Captain, all unmov'd
The ſhock he firmly ſtood.

His hoſt he parted had in three,
As Leader ware and try'd,
And ſoon his ſpearmen on their foes
Bare down on every ſide.

* *The 4 ſtanzas here incloſed in Brackets, which are borrowed chiefly from the ancient Copy, are offered to the Reader inſtead of the following lines, which occur in the Editor's folio MS.*

To drive the deere with hound and horne,
Douglas bade on the bent;
Two captaines moved with mickle might
Their ſperes to ſhivers went.

Throughout the Engliſh archery
They dealt full many a wound:
But ſtill our valiant Engliſhmen
All firmly kept their ground:

And throwing ſtrait their bows away,
They graſp'd their ſwords ſo bright:
And now ſharp blows, a heavy ſhower,
On ſhields and helmets light.]

They cloſed full faſt on everye ſide,
Noe ſlacknes there was found;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gaſping on the ground.

O Chriſt! it was a griefe to ſee,
And likewiſe for to heare,
The cries of men lying in their gore,
And ſcattered here and there.

At laſt theſe two ſtout erles did meet,
Like captaines of great might:
Like lyons wood, they layd on lode,
And made a cruell fight:

They fought untill they both did ſweat,
With ſwords of tempered ſteele;
Until the blood, like drops of rain,
They trickling downe did feele.

Yeeld thee, Lord Percy, Douglas ſayd;
In faith I will thee bringe,
Where thou ſhalt high advanced bee
By James our Scottiſh king:

Thy ranſome I will freely give,
And this report of thee,
Thou art the moſt couragious knight,
That ever I did ſee.

Noe, Douglas, quoth Erle Percy then,
Thy proffer I doe ſcorne;
I will not yeelde to any Scott,
That ever yett was borne.

With that, there came an arrow keene
Out of an Engliſh bow,
Which ſtruck Erle Douglas to the heart.
A deepe and deadlye blow:

Who never ſpake more words than theſe,
Fight on, my merry men all;
For why, my life is at an end;
Lord Percy ſees my fall.

Then leaving liffe, Erle Percy tooke
The dead man by the hand;
And ſaid, Erle Douglas, for thy life
Wold I had loſt my land.

O Chriſt! my verry hart doth bleed
With ſorrow for thy ſake;
For ſure, a more redoubted knight
Miſchance cold never take.

A knight amongſt the Scotts there was,
Which ſaw Erle Douglas dye,
Who ſtreight in wrath did vow revenge
Upon the Lord Percye:

Sir Hugh Mountgomery was he call'd,
Who, with a ſpere moſt bright,
Well-mounted on a gallant ſteed,
Ran fiercely through the fight;

And paſt the Engliſh archers all,
Without all dread or feare;
And through Earl Percyes body then
He thruſt his hatefull ſpere;

With ſuch a vehement force and might
He did his body gore,
The ſtaff ran through the other ſide
A large cloth-yard, and more.

So thus did both theſe nobles dye,
Whoſe courage none could ſtaine:
An Engliſh archer then perceiv'd
The noble erle was ſlaine;

He

He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a truſty tree;
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
Up to the head drew hee:

Againſt Sir Hugh Mountgomerye,
So right the ſhaft he ſett,
The grey gooſe-winge that was thereon,
In his harts bloode was wett.

This fight did laſt from breake of day,
Till ſetting of the ſun;
For when they rung the evening-bell *,
The battel ſcarce was done.

With ſtout Erle Percy, there was ſlaine
Sir John of Egerton †,
Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,
Sir James that bold barròn:

And with Sir George and ſtout Sir James,
Both knights of good account,
Good Sir Ralph Raby there was ſlaine,
Whoſe proweſſe did ſurmount.

For Witherington needs muſt I wayle,
As one in doleful dumpes ‡;

* *Sc. the Curfew bell, uſually rung at* 8 *o'clock.*
† *For the ſurnames, ſee the Notes at the End of the Ballad.*
‡ *i. e.* "*I, as one in deep concern, muſt lament.*" *The conſtruction here has generally been miſunderſtood. The old MS. reads* wofull dumpes.

For when his leggs were ſmitten off,
He fought upon his ſtumpes.

And with Erle Douglas, there was ſlaine
Sir Hugh Mountgomerye,
Sir Charles Murray, that from the feeld
One foote wold never flee.

Sir Charles Murray, of Ratcliff, too,
His ſiſters ſonne was hee;
Sir David Lamb, ſo well eſteem'd,
Yet ſaved cold not bee.

And the Lord Maxwell in like caſe
Did with Erle Douglas dye:
Of twenty hundred Scottiſh ſperes,
Scarce fifty-five did flye.

Of fifteen hundred Engliſhmen,
Went home but fifty-three;
The reſt were ſlaine in Chevy-Chaſe,
Under the greene woode tree.

Next day did many widdowes come,
Their huſbands to bewayle;
They waſht their wounds in briniſh teares,
But all wold not prevayle.

Theyr bodyes, bathed in purple gore,
They bare with them away:
They kiſt them dead a thouſand times,
Ere they were cladd in clay.

The newes was brought to Eddenborrow,
Where Scottlands king did raigne,
That brave Erle Douglas ſuddenlye
Was with an arrow ſlaine:

O heavy newes, King James did ſay,
Scottland may witneſſe bee,
I have not any captaine more
Of ſuch account as hee.

Like tydings to King Henry came,
Within as ſhort a ſpace,
That Percy of Northumberland
Was ſlaine in Chevy-Cheſe:

Now God be with him, ſaid our king,
Sith it will noe better bee;
I truſt I have, within my realme,
Five hundred as good as hee:

Yett ſhall not Scotts nor Scotland ſay,
But I will vengeance take:
I'll be revenged on them all,
For brave Erle Percyes ſake.

This vow full well the king perform'd
After, at Humbledowne;
In one day, fifty knights were ſlayne,
With lords of great renowne:

And of the reſt, of ſmall account,
Did many thouſands dye:

Thus endeth the hunting of Chevy-Chaſe,
Made by the Erle Percy.

God ſave our king, and bleſs this land
With plentye, joy, and peace;
And grant henceforth, that foule debate
'Twixt noblemen may ceaſe.

*** *Since the former impreſſion of theſe volumes hath been publiſhed, a new edition of* COLLINS'S PEERAGE, *1779, &c. IX. Vols. 8vo. which contains, in Volume II. p.* 334, *an hiſtorical paſſage, which may be thought to throw conſiderable light on the ſubject of the preceding Ballad: viz.*

" *In this . . . year,* 1436, *according to Hector Boethius,* " *was fought the Battle of Pepperden, not far from the* " *Cheviot Hills, between the Earl of Northumberland* " [*IId Earl, ſon of Hotſpur,*] *and Earl William Douglas,* " *of Angus, with a ſmall army of about four thouſand* " *men each, in which the latter had the advantage. As* " *this ſeems to have been a private conflict between theſe two* " *great Chieftains of the Borders, rather than a national* " *war, it has been thought to have given riſe to the cele-* " *brated old Ballad of* CHEVY-CHASE; *which, to ren-* " *der it more pathetic and intereſting, has been heightened* " *with tragical incidents wholly fictitious.*" [*See Ridpath's Border Hiſt.* 4to. *p.* 401.]

THE ſurnames in the foregoing Ballad are altered, either by accident or deſign, from the old original copy, and in common editions extremely corrupted. They are here rectified, as much as they could be. Thus,

Pag. 279.

Ver. 202. Egerton.] *This name is reſtored (inſtead of* Ogerton, *com. Ed.) from the Editor's folio MS. The pieces in that MS. appear to have been collected, and many of them compoſed (among which might be this ballad) by an*

an inhabitant of Cheſhire; who was willing to pay a Compliment here to one of his countrymen, of the eminent Family De *or* Of Egerton *(ſo the name was firſt written) anceſtors of the preſent Duke of Bridgwater: and this he could do with the more propriety, as the* PERCIES *had formerly great intereſt in that county: At the fatal battle of Shrewſbury all the flower of the Cheſhire gentlemen loſt their lives fighting in the cauſe of* HOTSPUR.

Ver. 203. Ratcliff.] *This was a family much diſtinguiſhed in Northumberland.* Edw. Radcliffe, mil. *was ſheriff of that county in* 17 *of Hen. VII. and others of the ſame ſurname afterwards. (See Fuller, p.* 313.*) Sir* George Ratcliff, *Knt. was one of the commiſſioners of incloſure in* 1552. *See Nicholſon, p.* 330.*) Of this family was the late Earl of* Derwentwater, *who was beheaded in* 1715. *The Editor's folio MS however, reads here,* Sir Robert Harcliffe and Sir William.

The Harcleys *were an eminent family in Cumberland. See Fuller, p.* 224. *Whether this may be thought to be the ſame name, I do not determine.*

Ver. 204. Baron.] *This is apparently altered, (not to ſay corrupted) from* Hearone, *in p.* 14, *ver.* 114.

Ver. 207. Raby.] *This might be intended to celebrate one of the ancient poſſeſſors of* Raby Caſtle, *in the county of Durham. Yet it is written* Rebbye, *in the fol MS. and looks like a corruption of* Rugby *or* Rokeby, *an eminent family in Yorkſhire, ſee p.* 14, *p.* 35. *It will not be wondered that the* PERCIES *ſhould be thought to bring followers out of that county, where they themſelves were originally ſeated, and had always ſuch extenſive property and influence.*

Pag. 280.

Ver. 215. Murray.] *So the Scottiſh copy. In the com. edit. it is* Carrel *or* Currel; *and* Morrell *in the fol. MS.*

Ver.

Ver. 217. Murray.] *So the Scot. edit.—The common copies read* Murrel. *The fol. MS. gives the line in the following peculiar manner,*

"Sir Roger Hever of Harcliffe too."

Ver. 219. Lamb.] *The folio MS. has*

"Sir David Lambwell, well eſteemed."

This ſeems evidently corrupted from Lwdale *or* Liddell, *in the old copy, ſee pages* 15, 36.

II.

DEATH's FINAL CONQUEST.

Theſe fine moral ſtanzas were originally intended for a ſolemn funeral ſong, in a play of James Shirley's, intitled, "The Contention of Ajax and Ulyſſes:" no date, 8vo — *Shirley flouriſhed as a Dramatic writer early in the reign of Charles I: but he outlived the Reſtoration. His death happened October* 29, 1666. *Æt.* 72.

This little poem was written long after many of theſe that follow, but is inſerted here as a kind of Dirge to the foregoing piece. It is ſaid to have been a favourite Song with K. Charles II.

THE glories of our birth and ſtate
Are ſhadows, not ſubſtantial things;
There is no arm our againſt fate:
Death lays his icy hands on kings:
Scepter and crown
Muſt tumble down,

And

And in the duſt be equal made
With the poor crooked ſcythe and ſpade.

Some men with ſwords may reap the field,
And plant freſh laurels where they kill:
But their ſtrong nerves at laſt muſt yield;
They tame but one another ſtill.
Early or late
They ſtoop to fate,
And muſt give up their murmuring breath,
When they pale captives creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boaſt no more your mighty deeds;
Upon death's purple altar now
See where the victor victim bleeds:
All heads muſt come
To the cold tomb,
Only the actions of the juſt
Smell ſweet, and bloſſom in the duſt.

III.

THE RISING IN THE NORTH.

The ſubject of this ballad is the great Northern Inſurrection in the 12th year of Elizabeth, 1569; *which proved*

ſo

ſo fatal to Thomas Percy, the ſeventh Earl of Northumberland.

There had not long before been a ſecret negotiation entered into between ſome of the Scottiſh and Engliſh nobility, to bring about a marriage between Mary Q. of Scots, at that time a priſoner in England, and the Duke of Norfolk, a nobleman of excellent character, and firmly attached to the Proteſtant religion. This match was propoſed to all the moſt conſiderable of the Engliſh nobility, and among the reſt to the Earls of Northumberland and Weſtmoreland, two noblemen very powerful in the North. As it ſeemed to promiſe a ſpeedy and ſafe concluſion of the troubles in Scotland, with many advantages to the crown of England, they all conſented to it, provided it ſhould prove agreeable to Q. Elizabeth. The Earl of Leiceſter (Elizabeth's favourite) undertook to break the matter to her, but before he could find an opportunity, the affair had come to her ears by other hands, and ſhe was thrown into a violent flame. The Duke of Norfolk, with ſeveral of his friends, was committed to the tower, and ſummons were ſent to the Northern Earls inſtantly to make their appearance at court. It is ſaid that the Earl of Northumberland, who was a man of a mild and gentle nature, was deliberating with himſelf whether he ſhould not obey the meſſage, and rely upon the queen's candour and clemency, when he was forced into deſperate meaſures by a ſudden report at midnight, Nov. 14, that a party of his enemies were come to ſeize on his perſon. The Earl was then at his houſe at Topcliffe in Yorkſhire. When riſing haſtily out of bed, he withdrew to the Earl of Weſtmoreland, at Brancepeth, where the country came in to them, and preſſed them to take arms in their own defence. They accordingly ſet up their ſtandards, declaring their intent was to reſtore the ancient religion, to get the ſucceſſion of the crown firmly ſettled, and to prevent the deſtruction of the*

* *This circumſtance is overlooked in the ballad.*

ancient

ancient nobility, &c. Their common banner (on which was diſplayed the croſs, together with the five wounds of Chriſt) was borne by an ancient gentleman, Richard Norton, Eſq; of Norton-conyers: who, with his ſons (among whom, Chriſtopher, Marmaduke, and Thomas, are expreſſly named by Camden), diſtinguiſhed himſelf on this occaſion. Having entered Durham, they tore the Bible, &c. and cauſed maſs to be ſaid there: they then marched on to Clifford-moor near Wetherbye, where they muſtered their men. Their intention was to have proceeded on to York, but, altering their minds, they fell upon Barnard's caſtle, which Sir George Bowes held out againſt them for eleven days. The two earls, who ſpent their large eſtates in hoſpitality, and were extremely beloved on that account, were maſters of little ready money; the E. of Northumberland bringing with him only 8000 crowns, and the E. of Weſtmoreland nothing at all for the ſubſiſtence of their forces, they were not able to march to London, as they had at firſt intended. In theſe circumſtances, Weſtmoreland began ſo viſibly to deſpond, that many of his men ſlunk away, tho' Northumberland ſtill kept up his reſolution, and was maſter of the field till December 13, when the Earl of Suſſex, accompanied with Lord Hunſden and others, having marched out of York at the head of a large body of forces, and being followed by a ſtill larger army under the command of Ambroſe Dudley, Earl of Warwick, the inſurgents retreated northward towards the borders, and there diſmiſſing their followers, made their eſcape into Scotland. Tho' this inſurrection had been ſuppreſſed with ſo little bloodſhed, the Earl of Suſſex and Sir George Bowes marſhal of the army put vaſt numbers to death by martial law, without any regular trial. The former of theſe cauſed at Durham ſixty three conſtables to be hanged at once. And the latter made his boaſt, that, for ſixty miles in length, and forty in breadth, betwixt Newcaſtle and Wetherby, there was hardly a town or village wherein he had not executed ſome of the inhabitants. This exceeds*

* *Beſides this, the ballad mentions the ſeparate banners of the two Noblemen.*

the

the cruelties practiſed in the Weſt after Monmouth's rebellion: but that was not the age of tenderneſs and humanity.

Such is the account collected from Stow, Speed, Camden, Guthrie, Carte, and Rapin; it agrees in moſt particulars with the following ballad, which was apparently the production of ſome northern minſtrel, who was well affected to the two noblemen. It is here printed from two MS. copies, one of them in the editor's folio collection. They contained conſiderable variations, out of which ſuch readings were choſen as ſeemed moſt poetical and conſonant to hiſtory.

LISTEN, lively lordings all,
Lithe and liſten unto mee,
And I will ſing of a noble earle,
The nobleſt earle in the north countrie.

Earle Percy is into his garden gone,
And after him walkes his faire ladie *:
I heard a bird ſing in mine eare,
That I muſt either fight, or flee.

Now heaven forefend, my deareſt lord,
That ever ſuch harm ſhould hap to thee:
But goe to London to the court,
And faire fall truth and honeſtie.

Now nay, now nay, my ladye gay,
Alas! thy counſell ſuits not mee;
Mine enemies prevail ſo faſt,
That at the court I may not bee.

* *This lady was Anne, daughter of Henry Somerſet, E. of Worceſter.*

O goe

O goe to the court yet, good my lord,
And take thy gallant men with thee;
If any dare to doe you wrong,
Then your warrant they may bee.

Now nay, now nay, thou lady faire,
The court is full of ſubtiltie;
And if I goe to the court, lady,
Never more I may thee ſee.

Yet goe to the court, my lord, ſhe ſayes,
And I myſelfe will ryde wi' thee:
At court then for my deareſt lord,
His faithfull borrowe I will bee.

Now nay, now nay, my lady deare;
Far lever had I loſe my life,
Than leave among my cruell foes
My love in jeopardy and ſtrife.

But come thou hither, my little foot-page,
Come thou hither unto mee,
To maiſter Norton thou muſt goe
In all the haſte that ever may bee.

Commend me to that gentleman,
And beare this letter here fro mee;
And ſay that earneſtly I praye,
He will ryde in my companie.

One while the little foot-page went,
And another while he ran;
Untill he came to his journeys end,
The little foot-page never blan.

When to that gentleman he came,
Down he kneeled on his knee;
And tooke the letter betwixt his hands,
And lett the gentleman it ſee.

And when the letter it was redd
Affore that goodlye companye,
I wis, if you the truthe wold know,
There was many a weeping eye.

He ſayd, Come thither, Chriſtopher Norton,
A gallant youth thou ſeemſt to bee;
What doeſt thou counſell me, my ſonne,
Now that good erle's in jeopardy?

Father, my counſelle's fair and free;
That erle he is a noble lord,
And whatſoever to him you hight,
I wold not have you breake your word.

Gramercy, Chriſtopher, my ſonne,
Thy counſell well it liketh mee,
And if we ſpeed and ſcape with life,
Well advanced ſhalt thou bee.

Come you hither, my nine good ſonnes,
Gallant men I trowe you bee:
How many of you, my children deare,
Will ſtand by that good erle and mee?

Eight of them did anſwer make,
Eight of them ſpake haſtilie,
O father, till the daye we dye
We'll ſtand by that good erle and thee.

Gramercy now, my children deare,
You ſhowe yourſelves right bold and brave;
And whetherſoe'er I live or dye,
A fathers bleſſing you ſhal have.

But what ſayſt thou, O Francis Norton,
Thou art mine eldeſt ſonn and heire:
Somewhat lyes brooding in thy breaſt;
Whatever it bee, to mee declare.

Father, you are an aged man,
Your head is white, your bearde is gray;
It were a ſhame at theſe your yeares
For you to ryſe in ſuch a fray.

Now fye upon thee, coward Francis,
Thou never learnedſt this of mee:
When thou wert yong and tender of age,
Why did I make ſoe much of thee?

But, father, I will wend with you,
Unarm'd and naked will I bee;
And he that ſtrikes againſt the crowne,
Ever an ill death may he dee.

Then roſe that reverend gentleman,
And with him came a goodlye band
To join with the brave Erle Percy,
And all the flower o' Northumberland.

With them the noble Nevill came,
The erle of Weſtmorland was hee:
At Wetherbye they muſtred their hoſt,
Thirteen thouſand faire to ſee.

Lord Weſtmorland his aneyent raiſde,
The Dun Bull he rays'd on hye,
And three Dogs with golden collars
Were there ſett out moſt royallye *.

* *Ver.* 102. Dun Bull, &c.] *The ſupporters of the* NEVILLES *Earls of Weſtmoreland were Two Bulls Argent, ducally collar'd Gold, armed Or, &c. But I have not diſcovered the Device mentioned in the Ballad, among the Badges, &c. given by that Houſe. This however is certain, that, among thoſe of the* NEVILLES, *Lords Abergavenny (who were of the ſame family) is a* DUN COW *with a golden Collar: and the* NEVILLES *of Chyte in Yorkſhire (of the Weſtmoreland Branch) gave for their Creſt, in* 1513, *a* DOG'S *(Grey-hound's) Head eraſed.—So that it is not improbable but* CHARLES NEVILLE, *the unhappy Earl of Weſtmoreland here mentioned, might on this occaſion give the above Device on his Banner.—After all our old Minſtrel's verſes here may have undergone ſome corruption; for, in another Ballad in the ſame folio MS. and apparently written by the ſame hand, containing the Sequel of this Lord Weſtmoreland's Hiſtory, his Banner is thus deſcribed, more conformable to his known Bearings:*

"Sett me up my faire Dun Bull,
"With Gilden Hornes, hee beares all ſoe hye."

Earle

Erle Percy there his ancyent ſpred,
The Halfe-Moone ſhining all ſoe faire *:
The Nortons ancyent had the croſſe,
And the five wounds our Lord did beare.

Then Sir George Bowes he ſtraitwaye roſe,
After them ſome ſpoyle to make:
Thoſe noble erles turn'd backe againe,
And aye they vowed that knight to take.

That baron he to his caſtle fled,
To Barnard caſtle then fled hee.
The uttermoſt walles were eathe to win,
The earles have wonne them preſentlie.

The uttermoſt walles were lime and bricke;
But thoughe they won them ſoon anone,
Long e'er they wan the innermoſt walles,
For they were cut in rocke of ſtone.

Then

* *Ver.* 106. The Half-Moone, &c.] *The* SILVER CRESCENT *is a well-known Creſt or Badge of the Northumberland family. It was probably brought home from ſome of the Cruzades againſt the Sarazens. In an ancient Pedigree in verſe, finally illuminated on a Roll of Vellum, and written in the reign of Henry VII. (in poſſeſſion of the family) we have this fabulous account given of its original.—The author begins with accounting for the name of* Gernon *or* Algernon, *often born by the* Percies; *who, he ſays, were*

.... Gernons fyrſt named of Brutys bloude of Troy:
Which valliantly fyghtynge in the land of Persè [*Perſia*]
At pointe terrible ayance the miſcreants on nyght,
An hevynly myſtery was ſchuwyd hym, old bookys reherſe;
In hys ſcheld did ſchyne a MOON veryfying her lyght,

Then newes unto leeve London came
In all the ſpeede that ever might bee,
And word is brought to our royall queene
Of the ryſing in the North countrie.

Her grace ſhe turned her round about,
And like a royall queene ſhee ſwore *,
I will ordayne them ſuch a breakfaſt,
As never was in the North before.

Shee caus'd thirty thouſand men berays'd,
With horſe and harneis faire to ſee;
She cauſed thirty thouſand men be raiſed,
To take the earles i'th' North countrie.

Wi' them the falſe Erle Warwick went,
Th' erle Suſſex and the lord Hunſdèn;
Untill they to Yorke caſtle came
I wiſs, they never ſtint ne blan.

Which to all the ooſte yave a perfytte fyght,
To vaynquys his enemys, and to deth them perſue;
And therefore the *Persès* [Percies] the Creſſant doth renew.

In the dark ages no Family was deemed conſiderable that did not derive its deſcent from the Trojan Brutus; or that was not diſtinguiſhed by prodigies and miracles.

* *This is quite in character: her majeſty would ſometimes ſwear at her nobles, as well as box their ears.*

Now

Now ſpred thy ancyent, Weſtmorland,
Thy dun bull faine would we ſpye:
And thou, the Erle o' Northumberland,
Now rayſe thy half moone up on hye.

But the dun bulle is fled and gone,
And the halfe moone vaniſhed away:
The Erles, though they were brave and bold,
Againſt ſoe many could not ſtay.

Thee, Norton, wi' thine eight good ſonnes,
They doom'd to dye, alas! for ruth!
Thy reverend lockes thee could not ſave,
Nor them their faire and blooming youthe.

Wi' them full many a gallant wight
They cruellye bereav'd of life:
And many a childe made fatherleſſe,
And widowed many a tender wife.

IV.

NORTHUMBERLAND BETRAYED BY DOUGLAS.

This ballad may be conſidered as the ſequel of the preceding. After the unfortunate Earl of Northumberland

had ſeen himſelf forſaken of his followers, he endeavoured to withdraw into Scotlund, but falling into the hands of the thieviſh borderers, was ſtript and otherwiſe ill-treated by them. At length he reached the houſe of Hector, of Harlaw, an Armſtrong, with whom he hoped to lie concealed: for, Hector had engaged his honour to be true to him, and was under great obligations to this unhappy nobleman. But this faithleſs wretch betrayed his gueſt for a ſum of money to Murray the Regent of Scotland, who ſent him to the caſtle of Lough-leven, then belonging to William Douglas.—All the writers of that time aſſure us, that Hector, who was rich before, fell ſhortly after into poverty, and became ſo infamous, that TO TAKE HECTOR'S CLOAK, *grew into a proverb to expreſs a man who betrays his friend. See Camden, Carleton, Holingſhed, &c.*

Lord Northumberland continued in the caſtle of Lough-leven, till the year 1572; *when James Douglas Earl of Morton being elected Regent, he was given up to the Lord Hunſden at Berwick, and being carried to York ſuffered death. As Morton's party depended on Elizabeth for protection, an elegant Hiſtorian thinks "it was ſcarce poſſible for them to refuſe putting into her hands a perſon who had taken up arms againſt her. But, as a ſum of money was paid on that account, and ſhared between Morton and his kinſman Douglas, the former of whom, during his exile in England, had been much indebted to Northumberland's friendſhip, the abandoning this unhappy nobleman to inevitable deſtruction, was deemed an ungrateful and mercenary act." Robertſon's Hiſt.*

So far Hiſtory coincides with this ballad, which was apparently written by ſome Northern Bard ſoon after the event. The interpoſal of the WITCH-LADY *(v.* 53.*) is probably his own invention: yet, even this hath ſome countenance from hiſtory; for, about* 25 *years before, the Lady Jane Douglas, Lady Glamis, ſiſter of the earl of Angus, and nearly related to Douglas of Lough-leven, had ſuffered death for the pretended crime of witchcraft; who, it is preſumed, is the Witch-lady alluded to in verſe* 133.

The

The following is ſelected (like the former) from two copies, which contained great variations; one of them in the Editor's folio MS. In the other copy ſome of the ſtanzas at the beginning of this Ballad are nearly the ſame with what in that MS. are made to begin another Ballad on the eſcape of the E. of Weſtmoreland, who got ſafe into Flanders, and is feigned in the ballad to have undergone a great variety of adventures.

HOW long ſhall fortune faile me nowe,
And harrowe me with fear and dread?
How long ſhall I in bale abide,
In miſery my life to lead?

To fall from my bliſs, alas the while!
It was my ſore and heavye lott:
And I muſt leave my native land,
And I muſt live a man forgot.

One gentle Armſtrong I doe ken,
A Scot he is much bound to mee:
He dwelleth on the border ſide,
To him I'll goe right priviſe.

Thus did the noble Percy 'plaine,
With a heavy heart and wel-away,
When he with all his gallant men
On Bramham moor had loſt the day.

But when he to the Armſtrongs came,
They dealt with him all treacherouſlye;
For they did ſtrip that noble earle:
And ever an ill death may they dye.

Falſe Hector to Earl Murray ſent,
To ſhew him where his gueſt did hide:
Who ſent him to the Lough-levèn,
With William Douglas to abide.

And when he to the Douglas came,
He halched him right curteouſlie:
Say'd, Welcome, welcome, noble earle,
Here thou ſhalt ſafelye bide with mee.

When he had in Lough-leven been
Many a month and many a day;
To the regent * the lord warden † ſent,
That banniſht earle for to betray.

He offered him great ſtore of gold,
And wrote a letter fair to ſee:
Saying, Good my lord, grant me my boon,
And yield that baniſht man to mee.

Earle Percy at the ſupper ſate
With many a goodly gentleman:
The wylie Douglas then beſpake,
And thus to flyte with him began:

* *James Douglas Earl of Morton, elected regent of Scotland November* 24, 1572.

† *Of one of the Engliſh marches. Lord Hunſden.*

What

What makes you be ſo ſad, my lord,
And in your mind ſo ſorrowfullyè?
To-morrow a ſhootinge will bee held
Among the lords of the North countryè.

The butts are ſett, the ſhooting's made,
And there will be great royaltye:
And I am ſworne into my bille,
Thither to bring my lord Percye.

I'll give thee my hand, thou gentle Douglas,
And here by my true faith, quoth hee,
If thou wilt ryde to the worldes end,
I will ryde in thy companye.

And then beſpake a lady faire,
Mary à Douglas was her name:
You ſhall byde here, good Engliſh lord,
My brother is a traiterous man.

He is a traitor ſtout and ſtronge,
As I tell you in privitie:
For he hath tane liverance of the erle *,
Into England nowe to 'liver thee.

Now nay, now nay, thou goodly lady,
The regent is a noble lord:
Ne for the gold in all Englànd,
The Douglas wold not break his word.

* *Of the earl of Morton, the Regent.*

When

When the regent was a baniſht man,
With me he did faire welcome find;
And whether weal or woe betide,
I ſtill ſhall find him true and kind.

Betweene England and Scotland it wold breake truce,
And friends againe they wold never bee,
If they ſhold 'liver a baniſht erle
Was driven out of his own countrie.

Alas! alas! my lord, ſhe ſayes,
Nowe mickle is their traitorie;
Then lett my brother ryde his wayes,
And tell thoſe Engliſh lords from thee,

How that you cannot with him ryde,
Becauſe you are in an ile of the ſea *,
Then ere my brother come againe
To Edenborow caſtle † Ile carry thee.

To the Lord Hume I will thee bring,
He is well knowne a true Scots lord,
And he will loſe both land and life,
Ere he with thee will break his word.

* *i. e. Lake of Leven, which hath communication with the ſea.*

† *At that time in the hands of the oppoſite faction.*

Much

Much is my woe, Lord Percy ſayd,
When I thinkíe on my own countrie,
When I thinke on the heavye happe
My friends have ſuffered there for mee.

Much is my woe, Lord Percy ſayd,
And ſore thoſe wars my minde diſtreſſe;
Where many a widow loſt her mate,
And many a child was fatherleſſe.

And now that I a baniſht man,
Shold bring ſuch evil happe with mee,
To cauſe my faire and noble friends
To be ſuſpect of treacherie:

This rives my heart with double woe;
And lever had I dye this day,
Than thinke a Douglas can be falſe,
Or ever he will his gueſt betray.

If you'll give me no truſt, my lord,
Nor unto mee no credence yield;
Yet ſtep one moment here aſide,
Ile ſhowe you all your foes in field.

Lady, I never loved witchcraft,
Never dealt in privy wyle;
But evermore held the high-waye
Of truth and honour, free from guile.

If

If you'll not come yourſelfe my lorde,
Yet ſend your chamberlaine with mee;
Let me but ſpeak three words with him,
And he ſhall come again to thee.

James Swynard with that lady went,
She ſhowed him through the weme of her ring
How many Engliſh lords there were
Waiting for his maſter and him.

And who walkes yonder, my good lady,
So royallyè on yonder greene?
O yonder is the lord Hunſdèn *:
Alas! he'll doe you drie and teene.

And who beth yonder, thou gay ladye,
That walkes ſo proudly him beſide?
That is Sir William Drury †, ſhee ſayd,
A keene captàine hee is and tryde.

How many miles is itt, madàme,
Betwixt yond Engliſh lords and mee?
Marry it is thrice fifty miles,
To ſaile to them upon the ſea.

* *The Lord Warden of the Eaſt marſhes.*

† *Governor of Berwick.*

I never

I never was on Engliſh ground,
Ne never ſawe it with mine eye,
But as my book it ſheweth mee,
And through my ring I may deſcrye.

My mother ſhee was a witch ladye,
And of her ſkille ſhe learned mee;
She wold let me ſee out of Lough-leven
What they did in London citie.

But who is yond, thou lady faire,
That looketh with ſic an auſterne face?
Yonder is Sir John Foſter *, quoth ſhee,
Alas! he'll do ye ſore diſgrace.

He pulled his hatt down over his browe;
He wept; his heart he was full of woe:
And he is gone to his noble Lord,
Thoſe ſorrowful tidings him to ſhow.

Now nay, now nay, good James Swynàrd,
I may not believe that witch ladie:
The Douglaſſes were ever true,
And they can ne'er prove falſe to mee.

I have now in Lough-leven been
The moſt part of theſe yeais three,

* *Warden of the Middle-march.*

Yett

Yett have I never had noe outrake,
Ne no good games that I cold ſee.

Therefore I'll to yond ſhooting wend,
As to the Douglas I have hight:
Betide me weale, betide me woe,
He ne'er ſhall find my promiſe light.

He writhe a gold ring from his finger,
And gave itt to that gay ladie:
Sayes, It was all that I cold ſave,
In Harley woods where I cold bee *.

And wilt thou goe, thou noble lord,
Then farewell truth and honeſtie;
And farewell heart and farewell hand;
For never more I ſhall thee ſee.

The wind was faire, the boatmen call'd,
And all the ſaylors were on borde;
Then William Douglas took to his boat,
And with him went that noble lord.

Then he caſt up a ſilver wand,
Says, Gentle lady, fare thee well!
The lady fett a ſigh ſoe deep,
And in a dead ſwoone down ſhee fell.

* *i. e. Where I was. An ancient Idiom.*

Now

Now let us goe back, Douglas, he ſayd,
A ſickneſs hath taken yond faire ladie;
If ought befall yond lady but good,
Then blamed for ever I ſhall bee.

Come on, come on, my lord, he ſayes;
Come on, come on, and let her bee:
There's ladyes enow in Lough-leven
For to cheere that gay ladie.

If you'll not turne yourſelf, my lord,
Let me goe with my chamberlaine;
We will but comfort that faire lady,
And wee will return to you againe.

Come on, come on, my lord, he ſayes,
Come on, come on, and let her bee:
My ſiſter is craftye, and wold beguile
A thouſand ſuch as you and mee.

When they had ſayled * fifty myle,
Now fifty mile upon the ſea;
Hee ſent his man to aſk the Douglas,
When they ſhold that ſhooting ſee.

* *There is no navigable ſtream between Lough-leven and the ſea: but a Ballad-maker is not obliged to underſtand Geography.*

Faire words, quoth he, they make fooles faine,
And that by thee and thy lord is ſeen:
You may hap to thinke itt ſoone enough,
Ere you that ſhooting reach, I ween.

Jamye his hatt pulled over his browe,
He thought his lord then was betray'd;
And he is to Erle Percy againe,
To tell him what the Douglas ſayd.

Hold upp thy head, man, quoth his lord;
Nor therefore lett thy courage fayle,
He did it but to prove thy heart,
To ſee if he cold make it quail.

When they had other fifty ſayld,
Other fifty mile upon the ſea,
Lord Percy called to Douglas himſelfe,
Sayd, What wilt thou nowe doe with mee?

Looke that your brydle be wight, my lord,
And your horſe goe ſwift as ſhipp att ſea:
Looke that your ſpurres be bright and ſharpe,
That you may pricke her while ſhe'll away.

What needeth this, Douglas, he ſayth;
What needeſt thou to flyte with mee?
For I was counted a horſeman good
Before that ever I mett with thee.

A falſe

A falſe Hector hath my horſe,
Who dealt with mee ſo treacherouſlie:
A falſe Armſtrong hath my ſpurres,
And all the geere belongs to mee.

When they had ſayled other fifty mile,
Other fifty mile upon the ſea:
They landed low by Berwicke ſide,
A deputed 'laird' landed Lord Percye.

Then he at Yorke was doomde to dye,
It was, alas! a ſorrowful ſight:
Thus they betrayed that noble earle,
Who ever was a gallant wight.

Ver. 224. *Fol. MS. reads* land, *and has not the following ſtanza.*

V.

MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS.

This excellent philoſophical ſong appears to have been famous in the ſixteenth century. It is quoted by Ben Jonſon in his play of "Every Man out of his Humour," firſt acted in 1599, *A.* 1. *Sc.* 1. *where an impatient perſon ſays,*

"*I am no ſuch pil'd cynique to believe*
"*That beggery is the onely happineſſe,*

" *Or, with a number of theſe patient fooles,*
" *To ſing, 'My minde to me a kingdome is,'*
" *When the lanke hungrie belly barkes for foode.*"

It is here chiefly printed from a thin quarto Muſic book, intitled, " *Pſalmes, Sonets, and Songs of ſadnes and* " *pietie, made into Muſicke of five parts: &c. By Wil-* " *liam Byrd, one of the Gent. of the Queenes Majeſties ho-* " *norable Chappell.—Printed by Thomas Eaſt, &c.*" 4*to. no date: but Ames in his Typog. has mentioned another edit. of the ſame book, dated* 1588, *which I take to have been later than this.*

Some improvements, and an additional ſtanza (ſc. the 5*th), were had from two other ancient copies; one of them in black letter in the Pepys Collection, thus inſcribed,* " *A* " *ſweet and pleaſant ſonet, intitled, 'My Minde to me a* " *Kingdom is.' To the tune of, In Crete, &c.*"

Some of the ſtanzas in this poem were printed by Byrd ſeparate from the reſt: they are here given in what ſeemed the moſt natural order.

MY minde to me a kingdome is;
Such perfect joy therein I finde
As farre exceeds all earthly bliſſe,
That God or Nature hath aſſignde:
Though much I want, that moſt would have,
Yet ſtill my mind forbids to crave.

Content I live, this is my ſtay;
I ſeek no more than may ſuffice:
I preſſe to beare no haughtie ſway;
Look what I lack my mind ſupplies.
Loe!

Loe! thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.

I ſee how plentie ſurfets oft,
And haſtie clymbers ſooneſt fall:
I ſee that ſuch as ſit aloft
Miſhap doth threaten moſt of all:
Theſe get with toile, and keep with feare:
Such cares my mind could never beare.

No princely pompe, nor welthie ſtore,
No force to winne the victorie,
No wylie wit to ſalve a ſore,
No ſhape to winne a lovers eye;
To none of theſe I yeeld as thrall,
For why my mind deſpiſeth all.

Some have too much, yet ſtill they crave,
I little have, yet ſeek no more:
They are but poore, tho' much they have;
And I am rich with little ſtore:
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lacke, I lend; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at anothers loſſe,
I grudge not at anothers gaine;
No worldly wave my mind can toſſe,
I brooke that is anothers bane:

I feare no foe, nor fawne on friend;
I lothe not life, nor dread mine end.

I joy not in no earthly bliſſe;
I weigh not Creſus' welth a ſtraw;
For care, I care not what it is;
I feare not fortunes fatall law:
My mind is ſuch as may not move
For beautie bright or force of love.

I wiſh but what I have at will;
I wander not to ſeeke for more;
I like the plaine, I clime no hill;
In greateſt ſtormes I ſitte on ſhore,
And laugh at them that toile in vaine
To get what muſt be loſt againe.

I kiſſe not where I wiſh to kill;
I feigne not love where moſt I hate;
I breake no ſleep to winne my will;
I wayte not at the mightie's gate;
I ſcorne no poore, I feare no rich;
I feele no want, nor have too much.

The court, ne cart, I like, ne loath;
Extreames are counted worſt of all;
The golden meane betwixt them both,
Doth ſureſt fit, and fears no fall:

This

This is my choyce, for why I finde,
No wealth is like a quiet minde.

My welth is health, and perfect eaſe;
My conſcience clere my chiefe defence:
I never ſeeke by brybes to pleaſe,
Nor by deſert to give offence:
Thus do I live, thus will I die;
Would all did ſo well as I!

VI.

THE PATIENT COUNTESS.

The ſubject of this tale is taken from that entertaining Colloquy of ERASMUS, *intitled,* "*Uxor* Μεμψιγαμος, *ſive Conjugium:*" *which has been agreeably modernized by the late Mr.* SPENCE, *in his little Miſcellaneous Publication, intitled,* "MORALITIES, *&c. by Sir Harry Beaumont,*" 1753, 8*vo. pag.* 42.

The following ſtanzas are extracted from an ancient poem intitled ALBION'S ENGLAND, *written by* W. WARNER, *a celebrated Poet in the reign of Q. Elizabeth, though his name and works are now equally forgotten. The Reader will find ſome account of him in Vol. II. Book II. Song* 24.

The following ſtanzas are printed from the author's improved edition of his work, printed in 1602, 4*to.; the third impreſſion of which appeared ſo early as* 1592, *in bl. let.* 4*to.—The edition in* 1602 *is in thirteen Books; and ſo it is reprinted in* 1612, 4*to.; yet, in* 1606, *was publiſhed* "*A Continuance of Albion's England, by the firſt author,* "*W. W. Lond.* 4*to.:*" *this contains Books xiv. xv. xvi.*

In Ames's Typography, is preſerved the memory of another publication of this writer's, intitled " WARNER'S POETRY," *printed in* 1586. 12mo. *and reprinted in* 1602. *There is alſo extant, under the name of Warner,* "Syrinx, "or ſeven fold Hiſt. pleaſant, and profitable, comical, and "tragical." *to.*

It is proper to premiſe, that the following lines were not written by the Author in ſtanzas but in long Alexandrines of 14 ſyllables; which the narrowneſs of our page made it here neceſſary to ſubdivide.

IMpatience chaungeth ſmoke to flame,
But jelouſie is hell;
Some wives by patience have reduc'd
Ill huſbands to live well:
As did the ladie of an earle,
Of whom I now ſhall tell.

An earle 'there was' had wedded, lov'd;
Was lov'd, and lived long
Full true to his fayre counteſſe; yet
At laſt he did her wrong.

Once hunted he untill the chace,
Long faſting, and the heat
Did houſe him in a peakiſh graunge
Within a foreſt great.

Where knowne and welcom'd (as the place
And perſons might affoorde)
Browne bread, whig, bacon, curds and milke
Were ſet him on the borde.

A cuſhion

A cuſhion made of liſts, a ſtoole
Halfe backed with a hoope
Were brought him, and he ſitteth down
Beſides a ſorry coupe.

The poore old couple wiſht their bread
Were wheat, their whig were perry,
Their bacon beefe, their milke and curds
Were creame, to make him merry.

Meane while (in ruſſet neatly clad,
With linen white as ſwanne,
Herſelfe more white, ſave roſie where
The ruddy colour ranne:

Whome naked nature, not the aydes
Of arte made to excell)
The good man's daughter ſturres to ſee
That all were feat and well;
The earle did marke her, and admire
Such beautie there to dwell.

Yet fals he to their homely fare,
And held him at a feaſt:
But as his hunger ſlaked, ſo
An amorous heat increaſt.

When this repaſt was paſt, and thanks,
And welcome too; he ſayd

Unto

Unto his hoſt and hoſteſſe, in
The hearing of the mayd:

Yee know, quoth he, that I am lord
Of this, and many townes;
I alſo know that you be poore,
And I can ſpare you pownes.

Soe will I, ſo yee will conſent,
That yonder laſſe and I
May bargaine for her love; at leaſt,
Doe give me leave to trye.
Who needs to know it? nay who dare
Into my doings pry?

Firſt they miſlike, yet at the length
For lucre were miſled;
And then the gameſome earle did wowe
The damſell for his bed.

He took her in his armes, as yet
So coyiſh to be kiſt,
As mayds that know themſelves belov'd,
And yieldingly reſiſt.

In few, his offers were ſo large
She laſtly did conſent;
With whom he lodged all that night,
And early home he went.

He tooke occaſion oftentimes
In ſuch a ſort to hunt.
Whom when his lady often miſt,
Contrary to his wont,

And laſtly was informed of
His amorous haunt elſewhere;
It greev'd her not a little, though
She ſeem'd it well to beare.

And thus ſhe reaſons with herſelfe,
Some fault perhaps in me:
Somewhat is done, that ſo he doth:
Alas! what may it be?

How may I winne him to myſelf?
He is a man, and men
Have imperfections; it behooves
Me pardon nature then.

To checke him were to make him checke *,
Although hee now were chaſte:
A man controuled of his wife,
To her makes leſſer haſte,

* *To* CHECK *is a term in falconry, applied when a hawk ſtops and turns away from his proper purſuit: To* CHECK *alſo ſignifies to reprove or chide. It is in this verſe uſed in both ſenſes.*

If duty then, or daliance may
Prevayle to alter him;
I will be dutifull, and make
My ſelfe for daliance trim.

So was ſhe, and ſo lovingly
Did entertaine her lord,
As fairer, or more faultles none
Could be for bed or bord.

Yet ſtill he loves his leiman, and
Did ſtill purſue that game,
Suſpecting nothing leſs, than that
His lady knew the ſame:
Wherefore to make him know ſhe knew,
She this deviſe did frame:

When long ſhe had been wrong'd, and fought
The foreſayd meanes in vaine,
She rideth to the ſimple graunge
But with a ſlender traine.

She lighteth, entreth, greets them well,
And then did looke about her:
The guiltie houſhold knowing her,
Did wiſh themſelves without her;
Yet, for ſhe looked merily,
The leſſe they did miſdoubt her.

When ſhe had ſeen the beauteous wench
(Then bluſhing fairnes fairer)
Such beauty made the counteſſe hold
Them both excus'd the rather.

Who would not bite at ſuch a bait?
Though ſhe: and who (though loth)
So poore a wench, but gold might tempt?
Sweet errors lead them both.

Scarſe one in twenty that had bragg'd
Of proffer'd gold denied,
Or of ſuch yeelding beautie bau'kt,
But, tenne to one, had lied.

Thus thought ſhe: and ſhe thus declares
Her cauſe of coming thether;
My lord, oft hunting in theſe partes,
Through travel, night or wether,

Hath often lodged in your houſe;
I thanke you for the ſame;
For why? it doth him jolly eaſe
To lie ſo neare his game.

But, for you have not furniture
Beſeeming ſuch a gueſt,
I bring his owne, and come myſelfe
To ſee his lodging dreſt.

With that two ſumpters were diſcharg'd,
In which were hangings brave,
Silke coverings, curtens, carpets, plate,
And al ſuch turn ſhould have.

When all was handſomly diſpos'd,
She prayes them to have care
That nothing hap in their default,
That might his health impair:

And, Damſell, quoth ſhee, for it ſeemes
This houſhold is but three,
And for thy parents age, that this
Shall chiefely reſt on thee;

Do me that good, elſe would to God
He hither come no more.
So tooke ſhe horſe, and ere ſhe went
Beſtowed gould good ſtore.

Full little thought the countie that
His counteſſe had done ſo;
Who now return'd from far affaires
Did to his ſweet-heart go.

No ſooner ſat he foote within
The late deformed cote,
But that the formall change of things
His wonding eies did note.

But when he knew thoſe goods to be
His proper goods; though late,
Scarce taking leave, he home returnes
The matter to debate.

The counteſſe was a-bed, and he
With her his lodging tooke;
Sir, welcome home (quoth ſhee); this night
For you I did not looke.

Then did he queſtion her of ſuch
His ſtuffe beſtowed ſoe.
Forſooth, quoth ſhe, becauſe I did
Your love and lodging knowe;

Your love to be a proper wench,
Your lodging nothing leſſe;
I held it for your health, the houſe
More decently to dreſſe.

Well wot I, notwithſtanding her,
Your lordſhip loveth me;
And greater hope to hold you ſuch
By quiet, then brawles, 'you' ſee.

Then for my duty, your delight,
And to retaine your favour,
All done I did, and patiently
Expect your wonted 'haviour.

Her

Her patience, witte and anſwer wrought
His gentle teares to fall:
When (kiſſing her a ſcore of times)
Amend, ſweet wife, I ſhall:
He ſaid, and did it; 'ſo each wife
'Her huſband may' recall.

VII.

DOWSABELL.

The following ſtanzas were written by MICHAEL DRAYTON, *a poet of ſome eminence in the reigns of Q. Elizabeth, James I. and Charles I.* They are inſerted in one of his Paſtorals, the firſt edition of which bears this whimſical title.* "*Idea. The Shepheards Garland fa-*"*ſhioned in nine Eglogs. Rowlands ſacrifice to the nine* "*muſes. Lond.* 1593." 4to. *They are inſcribed with the Author's name at length* "*To the noble and valerous* "*gentleman maſter Robert Dudley, &c.*" *It is very remarkable that when Drayton reprinted them in the firſt folio Edit. of his works,* 1619, *he had given thoſe Eclogues ſo thorough a reviſal, that there is hardly a line to be found the ſame as in the old edition. This poem had received the feweſt corrections, and therefore is chiefly given from the ancient copy, where it is thus introduced by one of his Shepherds:*

* *He was born in* 1563, *and died in* 1631. *Biog. Brit.*

Liſten

Liſten to mee, my lovely ſhepheards joye,
And thou ſhalt heare, with mirth and mickle glee,
A pretie tale, which when I was a boy,
My toothles grandame oft hath tolde to me.

The Author has profeſſedly imitated the ſtyle and metre of ſome of the old metrical Romances, particularly that of SIR ISENBRAS *, (alluded to in v. 3.) as the Reader may judge from the following ſpecimen:*

Lordynges, lyſten, and you ſhal here, &c.
* * * * *
Ye ſhall well heare of a knight,
That was in warre full wyght,
And doughtye of his dede:
His name was Syr Iſenbras,
Man nobler then he was
Lyued none with breade.
He was lyvely, large, and longe,
With ſhoulders broade, and armes ſtronge,
That myghtie was to ſe:
He was a hardye man, and hye,
All men hym loved that hym ſe,
For a gentyll knight was he:
Harpers loved him in hall,
With other minſtrells all,
For he gave them golde and fee, &c.

This ancient Legend was printed in black-letter, 4to, by **Wyllyam Copland**; *no date.—In the Cotton Library (Calig. A. 2.) is a MS. copy of the ſame Romance containing the greateſt variations. They are probably two different tranſlations of ſome French Original.*

* *As alſo Chaucer's Rhyme of Sir Topas.* v. 6.

FARRE in the countrey of Arden,
There won'd a knight, hight Caſſemen,
As bolde as Iſenbras:
Fell was he, and eger bent,
In battell and in tournament,
As was the good Sir Topas.

He had, as antique ſtories tell,
A daughter cleaped Dowſabel,
A mayden fayre and free:
And for ſhe was her fathers heire,
Full well ſhe was y-cond the leyre
Of mickle curteſie.

The ſilke well couth ſhe twiſt and twine,
And make the fine march-pine,
And with the needle werke:
And ſhe couth helpe the prieſt to ſay
His mattins on a holy-day,
And ſing a pſalme in kirke.

She ware a frock of frolicke greene,
Might well beſeeme a mayden queene,
Which ſeemly was to ſee;
A hood to that ſo neat and fine,
In colour like the colombine,
Y-wrought full featouſly.

Her

Her features all as freſh above,
As is the graſſe that growes by Dove;
And lyth as laſſe of Kent.
Her ſkin as ſoft as Lemſter wooll,
As white as ſnow on Peakiſh Hull,
Or ſwanne that ſwims in Trent.

This mayden in a morne betime
Went forth, when May was in her prime,
To get ſweete cetywall,
The honey-ſuckle, the harlocke,
The lilly and the lady-ſmocke,
To deck her ſummer hall.

Thus, as ſhe wandred here and there,
Y-picking of the bloomed breere,
She chanced to eſpie
A ſhepheard ſitting on a bancke,
Like chanteclere he crowed crancke,
And pip'd full merrilie.

He lear'd his ſheepe as he him liſt,
When he would whiſtle in his fiſt,
To feede about him round;
Whilſt he full many a carroll ſung,
Untill the fields and medowes rung,
And all the woods did ſound.

In favour this ſame ſhepheards ſwayne
Was like the bedlam Tamburlayne *,
  Which helde prowd kings in awe:
But meeke he was as lamb mought be;
An innocent of ill as he †
  Whom his lewd brother ſlaw.

The ſhepheard ware a ſheepe-gray cloke,
Which was of the fineſt loke,
  That could be cut with ſheere:
His mittens were of bauzens ſkinne,
His cockers were of cordiwin,
  His hood of meniveere.

His aule and lingell in a thong,
His tar-boxe on his broad belt hong,
  His breech of coyntrie blewe:
Full criſpe and curled were his lockes,
His browes as white as Albion rocks:
  So like a lover true,

And pyping ſtill he ſpent the day,
So merry as the popingay;
  Which liked Dowſabel:
That would ſhe ought, or would ſhe nought,
This lad would never from her thought;
  She in love-longing fell.

* *Alluding to "Tamburlaine the great, or the Scythian Shepheard," 1590, 8vo, an old ranting play aſcribed to Marlowe.* † *Sc. Abel.*

At length ſhe tucked up her frocke,
White as a lilly was her ſmocke,
She drew the ſhepheard nye;
But then the ſhepheard pyp'd a good,
That all his ſheepe forſooke their foode,
To heare his melodye.

Thy ſheepe, quoth ſhe, cannot be leane,
That have a jolly ſhepheards ſwayne,
The which can pipe ſo well:
Yea but, ſayth he, their ſhepheard may,
If pyping thus he pine away
In love of Dowſabel.

Of love, fond boy, take thou no keepe,
Quoth ſhe; looke thou unto thy ſheepe,
Leſt they ſhould hap to ſtray.
Quoth he, ſo had I done full well,
Had I not ſeen fayre Dowſabell
Come forth to gather maye.

With that ſhe gan to vaile her head,
Her cheeks were like the roſes red,
But not a word ſhe ſayd:
With that the ſhepheard gan to frowne,
He threw his pretie pypes adowne,
And on the ground him layd.

Sayth ſhe, I may not ſtay till night,
And leave my ſummer-hall undight,
And all for long of thee.
My coate, ſayth he, nor yet my foulde
Shall neither ſheepe nor ſhepheard hould,
Except thou favour mee.

Sayth ſhe, Yet lever were I dead,
Then I ſhould loſe my mayden-head,
And all for love of men.
Sayth he, Yet are you too unkind,
If in your heart you cannot finde
To love us now and then.

And I to thee will be as kinde
As Colin was to Roſalinde,
Of curteſie the flower.
Then will I be as true, quoth ſhe,
As ever mayden yet might be
Unto her paramour.

With that ſhe bent her ſnow-white knee,
Downe by the ſhepheard kneeled ſhee,
And him ſhe ſweetely kiſt:
With that the ſhepheard whoop'd for joy,
Quoth he, ther's never ſhepheards boy
That ever was ſo bliſt.

VIII.

THE FAREWELL TO LOVE,

From Beaumont and Fletcher's play, intitled The Lover's Progreſs. A. 3. ſc. 1.

ADIEU, fond love, farewell you wanton powers;
I am free again.
Thou dull diſeaſe of bloud and idle hours,
Bewitching pain,
Fly to fools, that ſigh away their time:
My nobler love to heaven doth climb,
And there behold beauty ſtill young,
That time can ne'er corrupt, nor death deſtroy,
Immortal ſweetneſs by fair angels ſung,
And honoured by eternity and joy:
There lies my love, thither my hopes aſpire,
Fond love declines, this heavenly love grows higher.

IX.

ULYSSES AND THE SYREN,

—affords a pretty poetical conteſt between Pleaſure and Honour. It is found at the end of ‘ *Hymen's Triumph: a* “ *paſtoral tragicomedie,*” *written by Daniel, and printed among his works. 4to, 1623* *.—DANIEL, *who was a contemporary of Drayton's, and is ſaid to have been poet laureat to Queen Elizabeth, was born in 1562, and died in 1619. ANNE *Counteſs of Dorſet, Pembroke, and Montgomery (to whom Daniel had been Tutor), has inſerted a ſmall Portrait of him in a full-length Picture of herſelf, preſerved at Appleby Caſtle, in Cumberland.*

This little poem is the rather ſelected for a ſpecimen of Daniel's poetic powers, as it is omitted in the later edition of his works, 2 vols. 12mo. 1718.

SYREN.

COME, worthy Greeke, Ulyſſes come,
Poſſeſſe theſe ſhores with me,
The windes and ſeas are troubleſome,
And here we may be free.
Here may we ſit and view their toyle,
That travaile in the deepe,
Enjoy the day in mirth the while,
And ſpend the night in ſleepe.

* *In this edition it is collated with a copy printed at the end of his* “ *Tragedie of Cleopatra. London, 1607, 12mo.*”

ULYSSES.

ULYSSES.

Faire nymph, if fame or honour were
To be attain'd with eaſe,
Then would I come and reſt with thee,
And leave ſuch toiles as theſe:
But here it dwels, and here muſt I
With danger ſeek it forth;
To ſpend the time luxuriouſly
Becomes not men of worth.

SYREN.

Ulyſſes, O be not deceiv'd
With that unreall name:
This honour is a thing conceiv'd,
And reſts on others' fame.
Begotten only to moleſt
Our peace, and to beguile
(The beſt thing of our life) our reſt,
And give us up to toyle!

ULYSSES.

Delicious nymph, ſuppoſe there were
Nor honor, nor report,
Yet manlineſſe would ſcorne to weare
The time in idle ſport:

For

For toyle doth give a better touch
To make us feele our joy;
And eaſe findes tediouſnes, as much
As labour yeelds annoy.

SYREN.

Then pleaſure likewiſe ſeemes the ſhore,
Whereto tendes all your toyle;
Which you forego to make it more,
And periſh oft the while.
Who may diſport them diverſly,
Find never tedious day;
And eaſe may have variety,
As well as action may.

ULYSSES.

But natures of the nobleſt frame
Theſe toyles and dangers pleaſe;
And they take comfort in the fame,
As much as you in eaſe:
And with the thought of actions paſt
Are recreated ſtill:
When pleaſure leaves a touch at laſt
To ſhew that it was ill.

SYREN.

SYREN.

That doth opinion only cauſe,
  That's out of cuſtom bred;
Which makes us many other laws,
  Than ever nature did.
No widdowes waile for our delights,
  Our ſports are without blood;
The world we ſee by warlike wights
  Receives more hurt than good.

ULYSSES.

But yet the ſtate of things require
  Theſe motions of unreſt,
And theſe great ſpirits of high deſire
  Seem borne to turne them beſt:
To purge the miſchiefes, that increaſe
  And all good order mar:
For oft we ſee a wicked peace,
  To be well chang'd for war.

SYREN.

Well, well, Ulyſſes, then I ſee
  I ſhall not have thee here;
And therefore I will come to thee,
  And take my fortune there.

I muſt

I muſt be wonne that cannot win,
Yet loſt were I not wonne:
For beauty hath created bin
T' undoo or be undone.

X.

CUPID's PASTIME.

*This beautiful poem, which poſſeſſes a claſſical elegance hardly to be expected in the age of James I. is printed from the 4th edition of Daviſon's Poems *, &c.* 1621. *It is alſo found in a later miſcellany, intitled, "Le Prince d'Amour,"* 1660, 8vo.—*Francis Daviſon, editor of the poems above referred to, was ſon of that unfortunate ſecretary of ſtate, who ſuffered ſo much from the affair of Mary Q. of Scots. Theſe poems, he tells us in his preface, were written by himſelf, by his brother* [*Walter*], *who was a ſoldier in the wars of the Low Countries, and by ſome dear friends "anonymoi." Among them are found ſome pieces by Sir J. Davis, the Counteſs of Pembroke, Sir Philip Sidney, Spenſer, and other wits of thoſe times.*

In the fourth vol. of Dryden's Miſcellanies, this poem is attributed to Sydney Godolphin, Eſq; but erroneouſly, being probably written before he was born. One edit. of Daviſon's book was publiſhed in 1608. *Godolphin was born in* 1610, *and died in* 1642-3. *Ath. Ox. II.* 23.

* *See the full title in Vol. II. Book III. No. IV.*

IT chanc'd of late a ſhepherd ſwain,
That went to ſeek his ſtraying ſheep,
Within a thicket on a plain
Eſpied a dainty nymph aſleep.

Her golden hair o'erſpred her face;
Her careleſs arms abroad were caſt;
Her quiver had her pillows place;
Her breaſt lay bare to every blaſt.

The ſhepherd ſtood and gaz'd his fill;
Nought durſt he do; nought durſt he ſay;
Whilſt chance, or elſe perhaps his will,
Did guide the god of love that way.

The crafty boy that ſees her ſleep,
Whom if ſhe wak'd he durſt not ſee;
Behind her cloſely ſeeks to creep,
Before her nap ſhould ended bee.

There come, he ſteals her ſhafts away,
And puts his own into their place;
Nor dares he any longer ſtay,
But, ere ſhe wakes, hies thence apace.

Scarce was he gone, but ſhe awakes,
And ſpies the ſhepherd ſtanding by:
Her bended bow in haſte ſhe takes,
And at the ſimple ſwain lets flye.

Forth

Forth flew the ſhaft, and pierc'd his heart,
That to the ground he fell with pain:
Yet up again forthwith he ſtart,
And to the nymph he ran amain.

Amazed to ſee ſo ſtrange a ſight,
She ſhot, and ſhot, but all in vain;
The more his wounds, the more his might,
Love yielded ſtrength amidſt his pain.

Her angry eyes were great with tears,
She blames her hand, ſhe blames her ſkill;
The bluntneſs of her ſhafts ſhe fears,
And try them on herſelf ſhe will.

Take heed, ſweet nymph, trye not thy ſhaft,
Each little touch will pierce thy heart:
Alas! thou know'ſt not Cupids craft;
Revenge is joy; the end is ſmart.

Yet try ſhe will, and pierce ſome bare;
Her hands were glov'd, but next to hand
Was that fair breaſt, that breaſt ſo rare,
That made the ſhepherd ſenſeleſs ſtand.

That breaſt ſhe pierc'd; and through that breaſt
Love found an entry to her heart;
At feeling of this new-come gueſt,
Lord! how this gentle nymph did ſtart?

She runs not now; ſhe ſhoots no more;
Away ſhe throws both ſhaft and bow:
She ſeeks for what ſhe ſhunn'd before,
She thinks the ſhepherds haſte too ſlow.

Though mountains meet not, lovers may:
What other lovers do, did they:
The god of love ſate on a tree,
And laught that pleaſant fight to ſee.

XI.

THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE.

This little moral poem was writ by Sir HENRY WOTTON, *who died Provoſt of Eaton in* 1639. *Æt.* 72. *It is printed from a little collection of his pieces, intitled,* RELIQUIÆ WOTTONIANÆ, 1651, 12*mo*; *compared with one or two other copies.*

HOW happy is he born or taught,
That ſerveth not anothers will;
Whoſe armour is his honeſt thought,
And ſimple truth his higheſt ſkill:

Whoſe

Whoſe paſſions not his maſters are;
Whoſe ſoul is ſtill prepar'd for death;
Not ty'd unto the world with care
Of princes ear, or vulgar breath:

Who hath his life from rumours freed;
Whoſe conſcience is his ſtrong retreat:
Whoſe ſtate can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruine make oppreſſors great:

Who envies none, whom chance doth raiſe,
Or vice: Who never underſtood
How deepeſt wounds are given with praiſe;
Nor rules of ſtate, but rules of good;

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend;
And entertaines the harmleſs day
With a well-choſen book or friend.

This man is freed from ſervile bands
Of hope to riſe, or feare to fall;
Lord of himſelfe, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

XII. GILDEROY,

XII.

GILDEROY

— was a famous robber, who lived about the middle of the laſt century, if we may credit the hiſtories and ſtory-books of highwaymen, which relate many improbable feats of him, as his robbing Cardinal Richlieu, Oliver Cromwell, &c. But theſe ſtories have probably no other authority, than the records of Grub-ſtreet: At leaſt the GILDEROY, *who is the hero of Scottiſh Songſters, ſeems to have lived in an earlier age; for, in Thompſon's Orpheus Caledonius, Vol. II. 1733. 8vo. is a copy of this ballad, which, tho' corrupt and interpolated, contains ſome lines that appear to be of genuine antiquity: in theſe he is repreſented as contemporary with Mary Q. of Scots: ex. gr.*

"The Queen of Scots poſſeſſed nought,
"That my love let me want:
"For cow and ew to me he brought,
"And ein-whan they were ſcant."

Theſe lines perhaps might ſafely have been inſerted among the following ſtanzas, which are given from a written copy, that appears to have received ſome modern corrections. Indeed the common popular ballad contained ſome indecent luxuriances that required the pruning-hook.

GILDEROY was a bonnie boy,
Had roſes tull his ſhoone,
His ſtockings were of ſilken ſoy,
Wi' garters hanging doune:
It was, I weene, a comelie ſight,
To ſee ſae trim a boy;
He was my jo and hearts delight,
My handſome Gilderoy.

Oh! ſike twa charming een he had,
A breath as ſweet as roſe,
He never ware a Highland plaid,
But coſtly ſilken clothes;
He gain'd the luve of ladies gay,
Nane eir tull him was coy:
Ah! wae is mee! I mourn the day
For my dear Gilderoy.

My Gilderoy and I were born,
Baith in one toun together,
We ſcant were ſeven years beforn,
We gan to luve each other;
Our dadies and our mammies thay,
Were fill'd wi' mickle joy,
To think upon the bridal day,
Twixt me and Gilderoy.

For Gilderoy that luve of mine,
Gude faith, I freely bought
A wedding ſark of holland fine,
Wi' ſilken flowers wrought:
And he gied me a wedding ring,
Which I receiv'd wi' joy,
Nae lad nor laſſie eir could ſing,
Like me and Gilderoy.

Wi' mickle joy we ſpent our prime,
Till we were baith ſixteen,
And aft we paſt the langſome time,
Among the leaves ſae green;
Aft on the banks we'd ſit us thair,
And ſweetly kiſs and toy,
Wi' garlands gay wad deck my hair
My handſome Gilderoy.

Oh! that he ſtill had been content,
Wi' me to lead his life;
But, ah! his manfu' heart was bent,
To ſtir in feates of ſtrife:
And he in many a venturous deed,
His courage bauld wad try;
And now this gars mine heart to bleed,
For my dear Gilderoy.

And when of me his leave he tuik,
The tears they wat mine ee,
I gave tull him a parting luik,
"My beniſon gang wi' thee;
God ſpeed thee weil, mine ain dear heart,
For gane is all my joy;
My heart is rent ſith we maun part,
My handſome Gilderoy."

My Gilderoy baith far and near,
Was fear'd in every toun,
And bauldly bare away the gear,
Of many a lawland loun:
Nane eir durſt meet him man to man,
He was ſae brave a boy;
At length wi' numbers he was tane,
My winſome Gilderoy.

Wae worth the loun that made the laws,
To hang a man for gear,
To 'reave of life for ox or aſs,
For ſheep, or horſe, or mare:
Had not their laws been made ſae ſtrick,
I neir had loſt my joy,
Wi' ſorrow neir had wat my cheek,
For my dear Gilderoy.

Giff Gilderoy had done amiſſe,
He mought hae baniſht been;
Ah! what ſair cruelty is this,
To hang ſike handſome men:
To hang the flower o' Scottiſh land,
Sae ſweet and fair a boy;
Nae lady had ſae white a hand,
As thee, my Gilderoy.

Of Gilderoy ſae fraid they were,
They bound him mickle ſtrong,
Tull Edenburrow they led him thair,
And on a gallows hung:
They hung him high aboon the reſt,
He was ſae trim a boy;
Thair dyed the youth whom I lued beſt,
My handſome Gilderoy.

Thus having yielded up his breath,
I bare his corpſe away,
Wi' tears, that trickled for his death,
I waſht his comelye clay;
And ſiker in a grave ſae deep,
I laid the dear-lued boy,
And now for evir maun I weep,
My winſome Gilderoy.

***

XIII.

WINIFREDA.

This beautiful addreſs to conjugal love, a ſubject too much neglected by the libertine Muſes, was, I believe, firſt printed in a volume of "Miſcellaneous Poems, by ſeveral hands, publiſhed by D. [David] Lewis, 1726, 8vo."

It is there ſaid, how truly I know not, to be a tranſlation "from the ancient Britiſh language."

AWAY; let nought to love diſpleaſing,
My Winifreda, move your care;
Let nought delay the heavenly bleſſing,
Nor ſqueamiſh pride, nor gloomy fear.

What tho' no grants of royal donors
With pompous titles grace our blood;
We'll ſhine in more ſubſtantial honors,
And to be noble we'll be good.

Our name, while virtue thus we tender,
Will ſweetly ſound where-e'er 'tis ſpoke:
And all the great ones, they ſhall wonder
How they reſpect ſuch little folk.

What

What though from fortune's laviſh bounty
No mighty treaſures we poſſeſs;
We'll find within our pittance plenty,
And be content without exceſs.

Still ſhall each returning ſeaſon
Sufficient for our wiſhes give;
For we will live a life of reaſon,
And that's the only life to live.

Through youth and age in love excelling,
We'll hand in hand together tread;
Sweet-ſmiling peace ſhall crown our dwelling,
And babes, ſweet-ſmiling babes, our bed.

How ſhould I love the pretty creatures,
While round my knees they fondly clung;
To ſee them look their mothers features,
To hear them liſp their mothers tongue.

And when with envy time tranſported,
Shall think to rob us of our joys,
You'll in your girls again be courted,
And I'll go a wooing in my boys.

XIV.

THE WITCH OF WOKEY

—was publiſhed in a ſmall collection of poems, intitled, EUTHEMIA, OR THE POWER OF HARMONY, *&c. 1756, written, in* 1748, *by the ingenious Dr.* HARRINGTON *of Bath, who never allowed them to be publiſhed, and withheld his name till it could no longer be concealed. The following copy was furniſhed by the late Mr.* SHENSTONE, *with ſome variations and corrections of his own, which he had taken the liberty to propoſe, and for which the Author's indulgence was intreated. In this Edition it was intended to reprint the Author's own original copy; but, as that may be ſeen correctly given in* PEARCH's *Collection, Vol. I.* 1783, *p.* 161, *it was thought the Reader of Taſte would wiſh to have the variations preſerved; they are therefore ſtill retained here, which it is hoped the worthy Author will excuſe with his wonted liberality.*

WOKEY-HOLE *is a noted cavern in Somerſetſhire, which has given birth to as many wild fanciful ſtories as the Sybils Cave, in Italy. Thro' a very narrow entrance, it opens into a very large vault, the roof whereof, either on account of its height, or the thickneſs of the gloom, cannot be diſcovered by the light of torches. It goes winding a great way under ground, is croſt by a ſtream of very cold water, and is all horrid with broken pieces of rock: many of theſe are evident petrifactions; which, on account of their ſingular forms, have given riſe to the fables alluded to in this poem.*

IN

IN aunciente days tradition ſhowes
A baſe and wicked elfe aroſe,
The Witch of Wokey hight:
Oft have I heard the fearfull tale
From Sue, and Roger of the vale,
On ſome long winter's night.

Deep in the dreary diſmall cell,
Which ſeem'd and was ycleped hell,
This blear-eyed hag did hide:
Nine wicked elves, as legends ſayne,
She choſe to form her guardian trayne,
And kennel near her ſide.

Here ſcreeching owls oft made their neſt,
While wolves its craggy ſides poſſeſt,
Night-howling thro' the rock:
No wholeſome herb could here be found;
She blaſted every plant around,
And bliſter'd every flock.

Her haggard face was foull to ſee;
Her mouth unmeet a mouth to bee;
Her eyne of deadly leer,
She nought devis'd, but neighbour's ill;
She wreak'd on all her wayward will,
And marr'd all goodly chear.

All in her prime, have poets ſung,
No gaudy youth, gallant and young,
E'er bleſt her longing armes;
And hence aroſe her ſpight to vex,
And blaſt the youth of either ſex,
By dint of helliſh charms.

From Glaſton came a lerned wight,
Full bent to marr her fell deſpight,
And well he did, I ween:
Sich miſchief never had been known,
And, ſince his mickle lerninge ſhown,
Sich miſchief ne'er has been.

He chauntede out his godlie booke,
He croſt the water, bleſt the brooke,
Then—pater noſter done,—
The ghaſtly hag he ſprinkled o'er;
When lo! where ſtood a hag before,
Now ſtood a ghaſtly ſtone.

Full well 'tis known adown the dale:
Tho' paſſing ſtrange indeed the tale,
And doubtfull may appear,
I'm bold to ſay, there's never a one,
That has not ſeen the witch in ſtone,
With all her houſehold gear.

But

But tho' this lernede clerke did well;
With grieved heart, alas! I tell,
She left this curſe behind:
That Wokey-nymphs forſaken quite,
Tho' ſenſe and beauty both unite,
Should find no leman kind.

For lo! even, as the fiend did ſay,
The ſex have found it to this day,
That men are wondrous ſcant:
Here's beauty, wit, and ſenſe combin'd,
With all that's good and virtuous join'd,
Yet hardly one gallant.

Shall then ſich maids unpitied moane?
They might as well, like her, be ſtone,
As thus forſaken dwell.
Since Glaſton now can boaſt no clerks;
Come down from Oxenford, ye ſparks,
And, oh! revoke the ſpell.

Yet ſtay—nor thus deſpond, ye fair;
Virtue's the gods' peculiar care;
I hear the gracious voice:
Your ſex ſhall ſoon be bleſt agen,
We only wait to find ſich men,
As beſt deſerve your choice.

XV.

BRYAN AND PEREENE,

A West-Indian Ballad,

— is founded on a real fact, that happened in the iſland of St. Chriſtophers about the beginning of the preſent reign. The Editor owes the following ſtanzas to the friendſhip of Dr. James Grainger **, who was an eminent phyſician in that iſland when this tragical incident happened, and died there much honoured and lamented in 1767. To this ingenious gentleman the public are indebted for the fine* Ode on Solitude, *printed in the IVth Vol. of Dodſley's Miſcel. p. 229, in which are aſſembled ſome of the ſublimeſt images in nature. The Reader will pardon the inſertion of the firſt ſtanza here, for the ſake of rectifying the two laſt lines, which were thus given by the Author:*

O Solitude, romantic maid,
Whether by nodding towers you tread,
Or haunt the deſart's trackleſs gloom,
Or hover o'er the yawning tomb,
Or climb the Andes' clifted ſide,
Or by the Nile's coy ſource abide,
Or ſtarting from your half-year's ſleep
From Hecla view the thawing deep,
Or at the purple dawn of day
Tadmor's marble waſtes ſurvey, &c.

alluding to the account of Palmyra publiſhed by ſome late ingenious travellers, and the manner in which they were ſtruck at the firſt ſight of thoſe magnificent ruins by break of day †.

* *Author of a poem on the Culture of the* Sugar-Cane, *&c.*

† *So in pag.* 235. *it ſhould be,* Turn'd her magic ray.

THE

THE north-eaſt wind did briſkly blow,
The ſhip was ſafely moor'd;
Young Bryan thought the boat's-crew ſlow,
And ſo leapt over-board.

Pereene, the pride of Indian dames,
His heart long held in thrall;
And whoſo his impatience blames,
I wot, ne'er lov'd at all.

A long long year, one month and day,
He dwelt on Engliſh land,
Nor once in thought or deed would ſtray,
Tho' ladies ſought his hand.

For Bryan he was tall and ſtrong,
Right blythſome roll'd his een,
Sweet was his voice whene'er he ſung,
He ſcant had twenty ſeen.

But who the countleſs charms can draw,
That grac'd his miſtreſs true;
Such charms the old world ſeldom ſaw,
Nor oft I ween the new.

Her raven hair plays round her neck,
Like tendrils of the vine;
Her cheeks red dewy roſe buds deck,
Her eyes like diamonds thine.

Soon

Soon as his well-known ſhip ſhe ſpied,
She caſt her weeds away,
And to the palmy ſhore ſhe hied,
All in her beſt array.

In ſea-green ſilk ſo neatly clad,
She there impatient ſtood;
The crew with wonder ſaw the lad
Repell the foaming flood.

Her hands a handkerchief diſplay'd,
Which he at parting gave;
Well pleas'd the token he ſurvey'd,
And manlier beat the wave.

Her fair companions one and all,
Rejoicing crowd the ſtrand;
For now her lover ſwam in call,
And almoſt touch'd the land.

Then through the white ſurf did ſhe haſte,
To claſp her lovely ſwain;
When, ah! a ſhark bit through his waſte:
His heart's blood dy'd the main!

He ſhriek'd! his half ſprang from the wave,
Streaming with purple gore,
And ſoon it found a living grave,
And ah! was ſeen no more.

Now haſte, now haſte, ye maids, I pray,
Fetch water from the ſpring:
She falls, ſhe ſwoons, ſhe dies away,
And ſoon her knell they ring.

Now each May morning round her tomb
Ye fair, freſh flowerets ſtrew,
So may your lovers ſcape his doom,
Her hapleſs fate ſcape you.

XVI.

GENTLE RIVER, GENTLE RIVER,

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH.

Although the Engliſh are remarkable for the number and variety of their ancient Ballads, and retain perhaps a greater fondneſs for theſe old ſimple rhapſodies of their anceſtors, than moſt other nations; they are not the only people who have diſtinguiſhed themſelves by compoſitions of this kind. The Spaniards have great multitudes of them, many of which are of the higheſt merit. They call them in their language Romances, *and have collected them into volumes under the titles*

titles of El Romancero, El Cancionero *, *&c. Moſt of them relate to their conflicts with the Moors, and diſplay a ſpirit of gallantry peculiar to that romantic people. But of all the Spaniſh ballads none exceed in poetical merit thoſe inſerted in a little Spaniſh "Hiſtory of the civil wars of "Granada," deſcribing the diſſenſions which raged in that laſt ſeat of Mooriſh empire before it was conquered in the reign of Ferdinand and Iſabella, in* 1491. *In this Hiſtory (or perhaps Romance) a great number of heroic ſongs are inſerted and appealed to as authentic vouchers for the truth of facts. In reality, the proſe narrative ſeems to be drawn up for no other end, but to introduce and illuſtrate thoſe beautiful pieces.*

The Spaniſh editor pretends (how truly I know not) that they are tranſlations from the Arabic or Moriſco language. Indeed, from the plain unadorned nature of the verſe, and the native ſimplicity of the language and ſentiment, which runs through theſe poems, one would judge them to have been compoſed ſoon after the conqueſt of Granada † above mentioned; as the proſe narrative in which they are inſerted was publiſhed about a century after. It ſhould ſeem, at leaſt, that they were written before the Caſtillians had formed themſelves ſo generally, as they have done ſince, on the model of the Tuſcan poets, or had imported from Italy that fondneſs for conceit and refinement, which has for near two centuries paſt ſo much infected the Spaniſh poetry, and rendered it ſo frequently affected and obſcure.

As a ſpecimen of the ancient Spaniſh manner, which very much reſembles that of our old Engliſh Bards and Minſtrels, the Reader is deſired candidly to accept the two following poems. They are given from a ſmall collection of pieces of this kind, which the Editor ſome years ago tranſlated for his amuſement when he was ſtudying the Spaniſh language.

* i. e. *The ballad-ſinger.*

† See Vol. III. p. xv. Note.

As the firſt is a pretty cloſe tranſlation, to gratify the curious it is accompanied with the original. The Metre is the ſame in all theſe old Spaniſh ballads: it is of the moſt ſimple conſtruction, and is ſtill uſed by the common people in their extemporaneous ſongs, as we learn from Baretti's Travels. It runs in ſhort ſtanzas of four lines, of which the ſecond and fourth alone correſpond in their terminations; and in theſe it is only required that the vowels ſhould be alike, the conſonants may be altogether different, as

pone	caſa	meten	arcos
noble	cañas	muere	gamo

Yet has this kind of verſe a ſort of ſimple harmonious flow, which atones for the imperfect nature of the rhyme, and renders it not unpleaſing to the ear. The ſame flow of numbers has been ſtudied in the following verſions. The firſt of them is given from two different originals, both of which are printed in the Hiſt. de las civiles guerras de Granada. Mad. 1694. *One of them hath the rhymes ending in* AA, *the other in* IA. *It is the former of theſe that is here reprinted. They both of them begin with the ſame line:*

Rio verde, rio verde *,

which could not be tranſlated faithfully;

Verdant river, verdant river,

would have given an affected ſtiffneſs to the verſe; the great merit of which is eaſy ſimplicity; and therefore a more ſimple epithet was adopted, though leſs poetical or expreſſive.

* *Literally,* Green river, green river.

'RIO verde, rio verde,
' Quanto cuerpo en ti ſe baña
' De Chriſtianos y de Moros
' Muertos por la dura eſpada!

' Y tus ondas criſtalinas
' De roxa ſangre ſe eſmaltan:
' Entre Moros y Chriſtianos
' Muy gran batalla ſe trava.

' Murieron Duques y Condes,
' Grandes ſeñores de ſalva:
' Murio gente de valia
' De la nobleza de Eſpaña.

' En ti murio don Alonſo,
' Que de Aguilar ſe llamaba;
' El valeroſo Urdiales,
' Con don Alonſo acababa.

' Por un ladera arriba
' El buen Sayavedra marcha;
' Naturel es de Sevilla,
' De la gente mas granada.

' Tras el iba un Renegado,
' Deſta manera le habla;
' Date, date, Sayavedra,
' No huyas de la Batalla.

' Yo

GENTLE river, gentle river,
Lo, thy ſtreams are ſtain'd with gore,
Many a brave and noble captain
Floats along thy willow'd ſhore.

All beſide thy limpid waters,
All beſide thy ſands ſo bright,
Mooriſh Chiefs and Chriſtian Warriors
Join'd in fierce and mortal fight.

Lords, and dukes, and noble princes
On thy fatal banks were ſlain:
Fatal banks that gave to ſlaughter
All the pride and flower of Spain.

There the hero, brave Alonzo
Full of wounds and glory died:
There the fearleſs Urdiales
Fell a victim by his ſide.

Lo! where yonder Don Saavedra
Thro' their ſquadrons ſlow retires;
Proud Seville, his native city,
Proud Seville his worth admires.

Cloſe behind a renegado
Loudly ſhouts with taunting cry;
Yield thee, yield thee, Don Saavedra,
Doſt thou from the battle fly?

'Yo te conozco muy bien,
'Gran tiempo eſtuve en tu caſa;
'Y en la Plaça de Sevilla
'Bien te vide jugar cañas.

'Conozco a tu padre y madre,
'Y a tu muger doña Clara;
'Siete anos fui tu cautivo,
'Malamente me tratabas.

'Y aora lo ſeras mio,
'Si Mahoma me ayudara;
'Y tambien te tratare,
'Como a mi me tratabas.

'Sayavedra que lo oyera,
'Al Moro bolvio la cara;
'Tirole el Moro una flecha,
'Pero nunca le acertaba.

'Hiriole Sayavedra
'De una herida muy mala:
'Muerto cayo el Renegado
'Sin poder hablar palabra.

'Sayavedra fue cercado
'De mucha Mora canalla,
'Y al cabo cayo alli muerto
'De una muy mala lançada.

Well I know thee, haughty Chriſtian,
Long I liv'd beneath thy roof;
Oft I've in the liſts of glory
Seen thee win the prize of proof.

Well I know thy aged parents,
Well thy blooming bride I know;
Seven years I was thy captive,
Seven years of pain and woe.

May our prophet grant my wiſhes,
Haughty chief, thou ſhalt be mine:
Thou ſhalt drink that cup of ſorrow,
Which I drank when I was thine.

Like a lion turns the warrior,
Back he ſends an angry glare:
Whizzing came the Mooriſh javelin,
Vainly whizzing thro' the air.

Back the hero full of fury
Sent a deep and mortal wound:
Inſtant ſunk the Renegado,
Mute and lifeleſs on the ground.

With a thouſand Moors ſurrounded,
Brave Saavedra ſtands at bay:
Wearied out but never daunted,
Cold at length the warrior lay.

'Don Alonſo en eſte tiempo
'Bravamente peleava,
'Y el cavallo le avian muerto,
'Y le tiene por muralla.

'Mas cargaron tantos Moros
'Que mal le hieren y tratan:
'De la ſangre, que perdia,
'Don Alonſo ſe deſmaya.

'Al fin, al fin cayo muerto
'Al pie de un pena alta.——
'——— Muerto queda don Alonſo,
'Eterna fama ganara.'

* * * * * *

Near him fighting great Alonzo
  Stout reſiſts the Paynim bands;
From his ſlaughter'd ſteed diſmounted
  Firm intrench'd behind him ſtands.

Furious preſs the hoſtile ſquadron,
  Furious he repels their rage:
Loſs of blood at length enfeebles:
  Who can war with thouſands wage!

Where yon rock the plain o'erſhadows
  Cloſe beneath its foot retir'd,
Fainting ſunk the bleeding hero,
  And without a groan expir'd.

* * * * * *

*** *In the Spaniſh original of the foregoing ballad, follow a few more ſtanzas, but being of inferior merit were not tranſlated.*

RENEGADO *properly ſignifies an Apoſtate; but it is ſometimes uſed to expreſs an Infidel in general; as it ſeems to do above in ver.* 21, *&c.*

The image of the LION, *&c. in ver.* 37, *is taken from the other Spaniſh copy, the rhymes of which end in* IA, *viz.*

'Sayavedra, que lo oyera,
'Como un leon rebolbia.'

XVII.

ALCANZOR AND ZAYDA,

A Moorish Tale,

Imitated from the Spanish.

The foregoing verſion was rendered as literal as the nature of the two languages would admit. In the following a wider compaſs hath been taken. The Spaniſh poem that was chiefly had in view, is preſerved in the ſame hiſtory of the Civil wars of Granada, f. 22, and begins with theſe lines:

'Por la calle de ſu dama
'Paſſeando ſe anda, &c.

SOFTLY blow the evening breezes,
Softly fall the dews of night;
Yonder walks the Moor Alcanzor,
Shunning every glare of light.

In yon place lives fair Zaida,
Whom he loves with flame ſo pure:
Lovelieſt ſhe of Mooriſh ladies;
He a young and noble Moor,

Waiting

Waiting for the appointed minute,
Oft he paces to and fro;
Stopping now, now moving forwards,
Sometimes quick, and ſometimes ſlow.

Hope and fear alternate teize him,
Oft he ſighs with heart-felt care.——
See, fond youth, to yonder window
Softly ſteps the timorous fair.

Lovely ſeems the moon's fair luſtre
To the loſt benighted ſwain,
When all ſilvery bright ſhe riſes,
Gilding mountain, grove, and plain.

Lovely ſeems the ſun's full glory
To the fainting ſeaman's eyes,
When ſome horrid ſtorm diſperſing
O'er the wave his radiance flies.

But a thouſand times more lovely
To her longing lover's ſight
Steals half-ſeen the beauteous maiden
Thro' the glimmerings of the night.

Tip-toe ſtands the anxious lover,
Whiſpering forth a gentle ſigh:
Alla * keep thee, lovely lady;
Tell me, am I doom'd to die?

* Alla *is the Mahometan name of God.*

Is it true the dreadful ſtory,
Which thy damſel tells my page,
That ſeduc'd by ſordid riches
Thou wilt ſell thy bloom to age?

An old lord from Antiquera
Thy ſtern father brings along;
But canſt thou, inconſtant Zaida,
Thus conſent my love to wrong?

If 'tis true now plainly tell me,
Nor thus trifle with my woes;
Hide not then from me the ſecret,
Which the world ſo clearly knows.

Deep'y ſigh'd the conſcious maiden,
While the pearly tears deſcend:
Ah! my lord, too true the ſtory;
Here our tender loves muſt end.

Our fond friendſhip is diſcover'd,
Well are known our mutual vows:
All my friends are full of fury;
Storms of paſſion ſhake the houſe.

Threats, reproaches, fears ſurround me;
My ſtern father breaks my heart:
Alla knows how dear it coſts me,
Generous youth, from thee to part.

Ancient wounds of hoſtile fury
Long have rent our houſe and thine;
Why then did thy ſhining merit
Win this tender heart of mine?

Well thou know'ſt how dear I lov'd thee
Spite of all their hateful pride,
Tho' I fear'd my haughty father
Ne'er would let me be thy bride.

Well thou know'ſt what cruel chidings
Oft I've from my mother borne;
What I've ſuffered here to meet thee
Still at eve and early morn.

I no longer may reſiſt them;
All, to force my hand combine;
And to-morrow to thy rival
This weak frame I muſt reſign.

Yet think not thy faithful Zaida
Can ſurvive ſo great a wrong;
Well my breaking heart aſſures me
That my woes will not be long.

Farewell then, my dear Alcanzor!
Farewell too my life with thee!
Take this ſcarf a parting token;
When thou wear'ſt it think on me.

Soon,

Soon, lov'd youth, ſome worthier maiden
Shall reward thy generous truth;
Sometimes tell her how thy Zaida
Died for thee in prime of youth.

—To him all amaz'd, confounded,
Thus ſhe did her woes impart:
Deep he ſigh'd, then cry'd,—O Zaida!
Do not, do not break my heart.

Canſt thou think I thus will loſe thee?
Canſt thou hold my love ſo ſmall?
No! a thouſand times I'll periſh!——
My curſt rival too ſhall fall.

Canſt thou, wilt thou yield thus to them?
O break forth, and fly to me!
This fond heart ſhall bleed to ſave thee,
Theſe fond arms ſhall ſhelter thee.

'Tis in vain, in vain, Alcanzor,
Spies ſurround me, bars ſecure:
Scarce I ſteal this laſt dear moment,
While my damſel keeps the door.

Hark, I hear my father ſtorming!
Hark, I hear my mother chide!
I muſt go: farewell for ever!
Gracious Alla be thy guide!

THE END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

A GLOS-

A GLOSSARY

OF THE OBSOLETE AND SCOTTISH WORDS IN VOLUME THE FIRST.

The Scottiſh words are denoted by s. *French by* f. *Latin by* l. *Anglo-Saxon by* A. S. *Icelandic by* Iſl. *&c. For the etymology of the words in this and the following Volumes, the Reader is referred to* JUNII ETIMOLOGICON ANGLICANUM. EDIDIT EDW. LYE, OXON. 1743, FOL.

For ſuch words as may not be found here, the Reader is deſired to conſult the Gloſſaries to the other Volumes.

A

A, au, s. *all.*
A Twyde, *p.* 6, *of Tweed.*
Abacke, *back.*
Abone, aboon, s. *above.*
Abowght, *about.*
Abraid, *abroad.*
Acton, *a kind of armour made of taffaty, or leather quilted, &c. worn under the habergeon, to ſave the body from bruiſes.* f. Hocqueton.
Aſt, s. *oft.*
Agayne, *againſt.*
Agoe, *gone.*
Ain, awin, s. *own.*
Al gife, *although.*
Alate, *p.* 107, *of late.*
An, *p.* 83, *and.*
Ane, s. *one, an.*
Ancyent, *ſtandard.*
Aras, *p.* 5, arros, *p.* 9, *arrows.*
Arcir, *p.* 83, *archer.*
Aſſinde, *aſſigned.*
Aſſoyl'd, aſſoyled, *abſolved.*
Aſtate, *eſtate; alſo, a great perſon.*
Aſtound, aſtonyed, *ſtunned, aſtoniſhed, confounded.*
Ath, *p.* 6, athe, *p.* 9, *o' th', of the.*
Aureat, *golden.*
Auſterne, *p.* 303, *ſtern, auſtere.*
Avoyd, *p.* 217, *void, vacate.*
Avowe, *p.* 29, *vow.*
Axed, *aſked.*
Ayance, *p.* 293, *againſt.*

B.

Ba, s. *ball.*
Bacheleere, *p.* 44, *&c. knight.*

Bairne,

Bairne, s. *child.*
Baith, s. bathe, *both.*
Baile, bale, *pp.* 44, 87, *evil, hurt, miſchief, miſery.*
Balys bete, *p.* 17, *better our bales, i. e. remedy our evils.*
Band, *p.* 52, *bond, covenant.*
Bane, *bone.*
Bar, *bare.*
Bar hed, *bare-head, or perhaps bared.*
Barne, *p.* 7, berne, *p.* 22, *man, perſon.*
Baſe court, *the lower court of a caſtle.*
Baſnete, baſnite, baſnyte, baſſonet, haſſonette, *helmet.*
Bauzen's ſkinne, *p.* 324, *perhaps, ſheep's leather dreſſed and coloured red,* f. bazane, *ſheep's leather. In Scotland, ſheepſkin mittens, with the wool on the inſide, are called* Bauzon-mittens.—Bauſon *alſo ſignifies a badger, in old Engliſh; it may therefore ſignify perhaps badger ſkin.*
Be that, *p.* 6, *by that time.*
Bearing arow, *p.* 182, *an arrow that carries well.—Or, perhaps* bearing, *or* birring, *i. e. whirring, or whizzing* arrow: *from* Iſl. Bir. *Ventus, or* A. S. Bene, *fremitus.*
Bedight, *bedecked.*
Bedyls, *beadles.*
Beheard, *heard.*
Beete, *did beat.*
Beforn, *before.*
Begylde, *beguiled, deceived.*
Beheſts, *commands, injunctions.*
Behove, *p.* 187, *behoof.*
Belyſe, *p.* 177, belive, *immediately, by and by, ſhortly.*
Bende-bow, *a bent bow, qu.*
Ben, bene, *been.*
Beniſon, *bleſſing.*
Bent, *p.* 5, bents, *p.* 45, *(where bents, long coarſe graſs, &c. grow) the field; fields.*
Benynge, *p.* 103, benigne, *benign, kind.*
Beſte, *beeſt, art.*
Beſtis, *beaſts.*
Beſtrawghted, *p.* 197, *diſtracted.*
Beth, *be, are.*
Bickarte, *p.* 5, bicker'd, *ſkirmiſhed. (It is alſo uſed ſometimes in the ſenſe of* "Swiftly courſed," *which ſeems to be the ſenſe, p.* 5. Mr *Lambe.)* *
Bill, &c. *p.* 299, *I have delivered a promiſe in writing, confirmed by an oath.*
Blane, *p.* 11, blanne, *did* blin, *i. e. linger, ſtop.*
Blaw, s. *blow.*
Blaze, *to emblazon, diſplay.*
Blee, *colour, complexion.*
Bleid, s. blede, *bleed.*
Bliſt, *bleſſed.*
Blive, belive, *immediately.*
Bloomed, *p* 323, *beſet with bloom.*
Blude, *blood,* bluid reid, s. *blood red.*
Bluid, bluidy, s. *blood, bloody.*
Blyve, belive, *inſtantly.*
Boare, *bare.*
Bode, *p.* 99, *abode, ſtayed.*
Boltes, *ſhafts, arrows.*
Bomen, *p.* 5, *bowmen.*
Bonny, bonnie, s. *comely.*
Boone, *a favour, requeſt, petition.*

* Mr. Lambe alſo interprets "BICKERING," by rattling, e. g.
And on that ſlee Ulyſſes head
Sad curſes down does BICKER.
Tranſlat. of Ovid.

Boot,

Boot, boote, *advantage, help, aſſiſtance.*
Borrowe, borowe, *pledge, ſurety.*
Borowe, *p.* 164, *to redeem by a pledge.*
Borrowed, *p.* 34, *warranted, pledged, was exchanged for.*
Bot and s. *p.* 121. *(It ſhould probably be* both and) *and alſo.*
Bot, *but.*
Bote, *boot, advantage.*
Bougill, s. *bugle-horn, hunting-horn.*
Bounde, bowynd, bowned, *prepared, got ready. The word is alſo uſed in the North in the ſenſe of 'went' or 'was going.'*
Bowndes, *bounds.*
Bowne ye, *prepare ye, get ready.*
Bowne, *ready*; bowned, *prepared.*
Bowne to dine, *p.* 43, *going to dine. Bowne is a common word in the North for 'going,' e.g.* Where are you bowne to? *Where are you going?*
Bowre, bower, *habitation: chamber parlour, perhaps from Iſl.* bouan, *to dwell.*
Bowre-window, *chamber-window.*
Bowys, *bows.*
Braid, s. *broad, large.*
Brandes, *ſwords.*
Breere, brere, *briar.*
Bred bannor, *broad banner.*
Breech, *p.* 324, *breeches.*
Breeden bale, *breed miſchief.*
Breng, bryng, *bring.*
Brether, *brethren.*
Broad arrow, *a broad forked-headed arrow*, s.
Brodinge, *pricking.*
Brooke, *p.* 16, *enjoy.*
Brooke, *p.* 309, *bear, endure.*
Browd, *broad.*
Bryttlynge, *p.* 6, brittlyng, *p.* 7, *cutting up, quartering, carving.*
Bugle, *bugle-horn, hunting-horn.*
Buſhment, *p.* 100, *ambuſhment, ambuſh, a ſnare to bring them into trouble.*
Buſke ye, *dreſs ye.*
Buſket, buſkt, *dreſſed.*
Buſkt them, *p.* 100, *prepared themſelves, made themſelves ready.*
Buſk and boun, *p.* 124, *i. e. make yourſelves ready and go.* **Boun**, *to go (North-country.)*
But if, *unleſs.*
Buttes, *buts to ſhoot at.*
By thre, *p.* 156, *of three.*
Bye, *p.* 164, *buy, pay for*; *alſo*, abye, *ſuffer for.*
Byears, beeres, *biers.*
Bydys, *bides, abides.*
Byll, bill, *an ancient kind of halbert, or battle-ax, p.* 6.
Byn, bine, bin, *been, be, are.*
Byrche, *birch-tree, birch-wood.*
Byſte, beeſt, *art.*

C.

Calde, callyd, *p.* 8, *called.*
Camſcho, s. *ſtern, grim.*
Can, cane, *pp.* 27, 29, *'gan*; *p.* 26, *began to cry.*
Capull hyde, *horſe-hide.*
Care-bed, *bed of care.*
Carpe of care, *p.* 15, *complain thro' care.*
Caſt, *p.* 7, *mean, intend.*
Cawte, *vid* Kawte.
Caytiffe, caitif, *ſlave, deſpicable wretch, p.* 47.
Cetiwall, *p.* 324, ſetiwall, *the herb Valerian: alſo, Mountain Spikenard. See Gerard's Herbal.*
Chanteclere, *the cock.*
Chays, *chace.*
Check, *to rate at.*

Check,

Check, *to ſtop.*
Child, *p.* 109, *knight.* Children, *p.* 46, *knights. See Vol. III. p.* 54.
Chriſtentye, chriſtiantè, *Chriſtendom.*
Churl, *one of low birth, a villain, or vaſſal.*
Chyf, chyfe, *chief.*
Clawde, clawed, *tore, ſcratched; p.* 187, *figuratively, beat.*
Cleaped, cleped, *called, named.*
Clerke, *ſcholar.*
Clim, *the contraction of* Clement.
Clough, *a North country word for a broken cliff.*
Coate, *cot, cottage.*
Cockers, *p.* 324, *a ſort of buſkins or ſhort boots faſtened with laces or buttons, and often worn by Farmers or Shepherds. In Scotland they are called* Cutikins, *from* Cute, *the ankle.*—"Co-"kers: Fiſhermen's Roots." *(Littleton's Diction.)*
Collayne, *Colegn ſteel.*
Comen, commyn, *come.*
Confetered, *confederated, entered into a confederacy.*
Cordiwin, *p.* 324, cordwayne, *properly Spaniſh, or Cordovan leather: here it ſignifies a more vulgar ſort.*
Corſiare, *p.* 12, *courſer, ſteed.*
Cote, *cot, cottage. Item, coat.*
Coulde, *cold. Item, could.*
Could be, *p.* 304, *was.* Could dye, *p.* 32, *died (a phraſe.)*
Countie, *p.* 318, *count, earl.*
Coupe, *a pen for poultry.*
Couth, *could.*
Coyntrie, *p.* 324, *Coventry.*
Crancky, *merry, ſprightly, exulting.*
Credence, *belief.*
Crevis, *crevice, chink.*
Cricke, s. *properly an ant: but in p.* 191, *means probably any ſmall inſect.*
Criſtes cors, *p.* 8, *Chriſt's curſe.*
Crowch, *crutch.*
Clowch, *clutch, graſp.*
Cryance, *belief,* f. creance. [*Whence* recreant.] *But in p.* 43, *&c. it ſeems to ſignify* 'fear,' f. crainte.
Cum, s. *come, p.* 10, *came.*

D.

Dampned, *condemned.*
De, dey, dy, *pp.* 7, 10, 15, *die.*
Deepe-fette, *deep-fetched.*
Deid, s. dede, *deed. Item, dead.*
Deip, s. depe, *deep.*
Deir, s. deere, dere, *dear.*
Dell, *deal, part; p.* 107, every dell, *every part.*
Denay, *deny (rhithmi gratia.)*
Depured, *purified, run clear.*
Deſcreeve, *deſcribe.*
Dight, *decked, put on.*
Dill, *p.* 41, *dole, grief, pain.*—Dill I drye, *p.* 41, *pain I ſuffer.*—Dill was dight, *p.* 40, *grief was upon him.*
Dint, *ſtroke, blow.*
Dis, *p.* 83, *this.*
Diſcuſt, *diſcuſſed.*
Dites, *ditties.*
Dochter, s. *daughter.*
Dole, *grief.*
Doleful dumps, *pp.* 197, 279, *ſorrowful gloom; or heavineſs of heart.*
Dolours, *dolorous, mournful.*
Doth, dothe, doeth, *do.*
Doughte, Doughete, Doughetie, Dowghtye, *doughty, formidable.*
Doughetie, *i. e. doughty man.*

Downae,

Downae, s. *p.* 40, *am not able; properly, cannot take the trouble.*
Doute, *doubt. Item. fear.*
Doutted, *doubted, feared.*
Dois, s. doys, *does.*
Drap, s. *drop.*
Dre, *p.* 13, drie, *p.* 121, *ſuffer.*
Dreid, s. dreede, drede, *dread.*
Dreips, s. *drips, drops.*
Drovyers, drovers, *p.* 271, *ſuch as drive herds of cattle, deer, &c.*
Dryvars, *p.* 5, *idem.*
Drye, *p.* 29, *ſuffer.*
Dryghnes, *dryneſs.*
Duble Dyſe, *double (falſe) dice.*
Dughtie, *doughty.*
Dule, s. dole, *grief.*
Dyd, dyde, *did.*
Dyght, *p.* 12, digh[illegible], *p.* 56, *dreſſed, put on, put.*
Dynte, *dint, blow, ſtroke.*
Dyſgyſynge, *diſguiſing, maſking.*

E.

Eame, eme, *uncle.*
Eathe, *eaſy.*
Ee, s. eie, *eye.* Een, eyne, *eyes,*
Ech, eche, eiche, elke, *each.*
Ein, s. *even.*
Eir, evir, s. *e'er, ever.*
Eke, *alſo.* Eike, *each.*
Eldern, s. *elder.*
Eldridge*, *Scoticè* Elriche, Elritch, Elriſche; *wild, hideous, ghoſtly. Item, loneſome, uninhabited, except by ſpectres, &c. Gloſſ. to A. Ramſey.* Elritchtlaugh, *Gen. Shep. A.* 5.
Elke, *p.* 29, *each.*
Ellumynynge, *p.* 101, *embelliſhing. To* illumine *a book was to ornament it with paintings in miniature.*
Ellyconys, *Helicon's.*
Endyed, *dyed.*
Enharpid, *&c. p.* 101, *hooked, or edged with mortal dread.*
Enkankered, *cankered.*
Envie, *p.* 23, envye, *p.* 26, *malice, ill-will, injury.*
Erſt, s. *heretofore.*
Etermynable, *p.* 104, *interminable, unlimited.*
Everych-one, *every-one.*

* In the Ballad of SIR CAWLINE, we have 'Eldridge Hills,' p. 45. 'Eldridge Knight,' p. 45, 54. 'Eldridge Sword,' p. 48, 56.——So Gawin Douglas calls the Cyclops, the "ELRICHE BRE-"THIR," i. e. brethren (b. ii. p. 91, l. 16.) and in his Prologue to b. vii. (p. 202, l. 3.) he thus deſcribes the Night-Owl.

"Laithely of forme, with crukit camſcho beik,
"Ugſome to here was his wyld ELRISCHE ſkreik."

In Bannatyne's MS. Poems, (fol. 135, in the Advocate's Library at Edinburgh) is a whimſical Rhapſody of a deceaſed old woman, travelling in the other world; in which

"Scho wanderit, and zeid by, to an ELRICH well."

In the Gloſſary to G. Douglas, ELRICHE, &c. is explained by "Wild, hideous; Lat. *Trux, immanis*;" but it ſeems to imply ſomewhat more, as in Allan Ramſey's Gloſſaries.

F.

Fa, s. *fall.*
Fach, feche, *fetch.*
Fain, fayne, *glad, fond.*
Faine of fighte, *fond of fighting.*
Faine, fayne, *feign.*
Fals, *falſe. Item. falleth.*
Fare, *paſs.*
Farden, *p.* 54, *fared, flaſhed.*
Farley, *wonder.*
Faulcone, *faulcon.*
Fay, *faith.*
Fayere, *p.* 25, *fair.*
Faytors, *deceivers, diſſemblers, cheats.*
Fe, *fee, reward: alſo, bribe. But properly Fee is applied to Lands and Tenements, which are held by perpetual right, and by acknowledgment of ſuperiority to a higher Lord. Thus, p.* 103, in fee, i. e. *in Feudal Service.* L. Feudum, *&c. (Blount.)*
Feat, *nice, neat.*
Featouſly, *neatly, dextrouſly.*
Feere, fere, *mate, companion.*
Feir, s. fere, *fear.*
Fendys pray, *&c. p.* 104, *from being the prey of the fiends.*
Ferſly, *fiercely.*
Feſante, *pheaſant.*
Fette, *fetched.*
Fetteled, *prepared, addreſſed, made ready.*
Filde, *field.*
Finaunce, *p.* 104, *fine, forfeiture.*
Fit, *p.* 9, fyt. *p.* 164, fytte, *p.* 83. *Part or Diviſion of a ſong. Hence in p.* 74, fitt *is a ſtrain of muſic. See vol. II. p.* 174, *and Gloſſary.*
Flyte, *to contend with words, ſcold.*
Foo, *p.* 31, *foes.*
For, *on account of.*
Forbode, *commandment, p.* 184. Over God's forbode. [*Præter Dei præceptum ſit.*] *q. d. God forbid.*
Forefend, *prevent, defend.*
Formare, *former.*
Forthynketh, *p.* 179, *repenteth, vexeth, troubleth.*
Forſede, *p.* 100, *regarded, heeded.*
Forſt, *forced, compelled.*
Foſters of the fe, *p* 180, *foreſters of the king's demeſnes.*
Fou, fow, s *full, alſo, fuddled.*
Fowarde, yawarde, *the van.*
Fre-bore, *p.* 83, *free-born.*
Freake, freke, freyke, *man, perſon, human creature. Alſo a whim or maggot.*
Freckys, *p.* 10, *perſons.*
Frie, s. fre, *free.*
Freits, s. *ill omen, ill luck; any old ſuperſtitious ſaw, or impreſſion* *, *p.* 124.
Fruward, *forward.*
Fuyſon, foyſon, *plenty; alſo, ſubſtance.*
Fykkill, *fickle.*
Fyll, *p* 99, *fell.*
Fyr, *fire.*

G.

Gair, s. *geer, dreſs.*
Gamon, *p.* 47. *To make game,*

* An ingenious correſpondent in the north, thinks FREIT is not 'an unlucky omen,' but "that thing which terrifies;" viz. Terrors will purſue them that look after frightful things. FRIGHT is pronounced by the common people in the north, FREET. *p.* 124.

to ſport. A. S. Gamenian, jocari. *Hence* Backgamon.
Gane, gan, *began.*
Garde, *garred, made.*
Ganyde, *p.* 10, *gained.*
Gare, gar, s. *make, cauſe; force, compel.*
Gargeyld, *p.* 106, *from* Gargouille, f. *the ſpout of a gutter. The tower was adorned with ſpouts cut in the figures of grey-hounds, lions, &c.*
Garland, *p.* 89, *the ring, within which the prick or mark was ſet to be ſhot at.*
Gear, s. geer, *goods.*
Getinge, *what he had got, his plunder, booty.*
Geve, gevend, *give, given.*
Gi, gie, s. *give.*
Gife, giff, *if.*
Gin, s. *an, if.*
Give owre, s. *ſurrender.*
Glede, *p.* 7, *a red-hot cole.*
Glent, *p.* 5, *glanced.*
Gloſe, *p.* 98, *ſet a falſe gloſs, or colour.*
Gode, *good.*
Goddes, *p.* 100, *goddeſs.*
Goggling eyen, *goggle eyes.*
Gone, *p.* 51, *go.*
Gowd, s. gould, *gold.*
Graine, *ſcarlet.*
Gramercye, *i. e. I thank you.* fr. Grand-mercie.
Graunge, *p.* 312, *granary; alſo, a lone country-houſe.*
Grea-hondes, *grey-hounds.*
Grece, *a ſtep, p.* 107, *a flight of ſteps.*
Greece, *p.* 174, *fat (a fat hart) from* f. graiſſe.
Grennyng, *p.* 77, *grinning.*
Gret, grat, *great.*
Greves, *groves, buſhes.*
Gryſely groned, *p.* 32, *dreadfully groaned.*
Groundwa, *groundwall.*
Growende, growynd, *ground.*
Gude, guid, geud, s. *good.*

H.

Ha, hae, s. *have. Item. hall.*
Habergeon, f. *a leſſer coat of mail.*
Hable, *p.* 99, *able.*
Halched, halſed, *ſaluted, embraced, fell on his neck; from.*
Halſe, *the neck; throat.*
Haleſome, *wholeſome, healthy.*
Handbow, *p.* 185, *the long-bow, or common bow, as diſtinguiſhed from the croſs-bow.*
Haried, harried, haryed, harowed, *p.* 22. 167, *robbed, pillaged, plundered.* "*He* harried "*a bird's neſt.*" *Scot.*
Harlocke, *p.* 323, *perhaps* Charlocke, *or Wild Rape, which bears a yellow flower, and grows among corn, &c.*
Hartly luſt, *p.* 102, *hearty deſire.*
Haſtarddis, *p.* 95, *perhaps 'Haſty 'raſh fellows,' or, 'upſtarts.' qu.*
Haviour, *behaviour.*
Hauld s. *to hold. Item, hold, ſtrong, bold.*
Hawberk, *a coat of mail, conſiſting of iron rings, &c.*
Hayll, *advantage, profit, (p.* 25, *for the profit of all England).* A. S. Hæl. *ſalus.*
He, *p.* 5, hee, *p.* 24, hye, *high.*
He, *p.* 175, hye, *to hye, or haſten.*
Heal, *p.* 10, *hail.*
Hear, *p.* 11, *here.*
Heare, heares, *hair, hairs.*
Hed, hede, *head.*
Heere, *p.* 94, *hear.*
Hend, *kind, gentle.*
Heir, s. here, *p.* 9, *hear.*
Heſt, *haſt.*

Heſt, *p.* 47, *command, injunction.*
Hether, *hither.*
Heawyng, hewinge, *hewing, hacking.*
Hewyne in to, *hewn in two.*
Hi, hie, *p.* 83, *he.*
Hie, hye, he, hee, *high.*
Hight, *p.* 49, *p.* 11, *engage, engaged, promiſed, (p.* 156, *named, called).*
Hillys, *hills.*
Hiode, hend, *gentle.*
Hir, s. *her.*
Hirſel, s. *herſelf.*
Hit, *p.* 11. *it.*
Hoo, ho, *p.* 20, *an interjection of ſtopping or deſiſting: hence ſtoppage.*
Hode, *hood, cap.*
Hole, *whole*; holl, *Idem.*
Holtes, *woods, groves, p.* 24. *In Norfolk a plantation of cherry-trees is called a* "cherry-holt." *Alſo ſometimes* "*hills* *."
Holy, *p.* 103, *wholly. Or perhaps* hole, *whole.*
Hom, hem, *them.*
Hondridth, hondred, *hundred.*
Honge, *hang, hung.*
Hontyng, *hunting.*
Hoved, *p.* 106, *heaved; or perhaps, hovered, (p.* 24.*) hung moving. (Gl. Chauc.)* Hoved *or* hoven *means in the north,* 'ſwelled.' *But Mr. Lambe thinks it is the ſame as* Houd, *ſtill uſed in the north, and applied to any light ſubſtance heaving to and fro on an undulating ſurface. The vowel* u *is often uſed there for the conſon.* v.
Hount, *hunt.*
Hyghte, *p.* 30, *on high, aloud.*

I.

I' feth, *in faith.*
I ween, *(I think:) verily.*
I wys, I wis, *(I know:) verily.*
I wot, *(I know:) verily,*
Iclipped, *called.*
Iff, *if.*
Jimp, s. *ſlender.*
Ild, *I'd, I would.*
Ile, *I'll, I will.*
Ilka, s. *every.*
Im, *p.* 82, *him.*
In fere, I fere, *together.*
Into, s. *in.*
Intres, *p.* 107, *entrance, admittance.*
Jo, *p.* 338, *ſweet-heart, friend.*
Jogelers, *p.* 137, *juglers.*
I-tuned, *tuned.*
Iye, *eye.*
Is, *p.* 83, *is, his.*

K.

Kall, *p.* 104, *call.*
Kan, *p.* 101, *can.*

* HOLTES ſeems evidently to ſignify HILLS in the following paſſage from Turberville's "Songs and Sonnets," 12mo. 1567, fol. 56.

"Yee that frequent the hilles,
"And higheſt HOLTES of all;
"Aſſiſt me with your ſkilfull quilles,
"And liſten when I call."

As alſo in this other Verſe of an ancient Poet.

"Underneath th[illegible] HOLTES ſo hoar."

Karls,

Karls, *carls, churls,* karlis of kind, *p.* 98, *churls by nature.*
Kauld, *p.* 82, *called.*
Kawte and keene, *p.* 26, *cautious and active,* l. cautus.
Keepe, *p.* 325, *care, heed. So in the old play of* Hick Scorner, *(in the laſt leaf but one)* "I "keepe not to clymbe ſo "hye." *i. e. I ſtudy not; care not, &c.*
Kempe, *a ſoldier.*
Kemperye man, *p.* 70, *ſoldier, warrior, fighting-man.* *
Kems, s. *combs.*
Ken, kenſt, *know, knoweſt.*
Kepers, *&c. p.* 188. *Sc. thoſe that watch by the corpſe, ſhall tye up my winding ſheet.*
Kind, *nature.*
Kit, *p.* 101, *cut.*
Kithe or kin, *acquaintance, not kindred.*
Knave, *p.* 93, *ſervant.*
Knicht, s. *knight.*
Knights fee, *p.* 93, *ſuch a portion of land as required the poſſeſſor to ſerve with man and horſe.*
Knowles, *knolls, little hills.*
Knyled, *knelt.*
Kowarde, *coward.*
Kuntrey, *p.* 101, *country.*
Kurteis, p. 103, *courteous.*
Kyrtill, kirtle, *petticoat, gown.*

L.

Laith, s. *loth.*
Laithly, s. *loathſome, hideous.*
Langſome, s. *p.* 339, *long, tedious.* Lang, s. *long.*
Lauch, lauched, s. *laugh, laughed.*
Launde, *p.* 174, *lawn.*
Lay-land, *p.* 47, *land that is not plowed: green-ſward.*
Lay-lands, *p.* 55, *lands in general.*
Layden, *laid.*
Laye, *p.* 47, *law.*
Layne, lain, *vid.* leane.
Leane, *p.* 29, *conceal, hide; Item, lye, (query).*
Leanyde, *leaned.*
Learnd, *learned, taught.*
Leaſe, *p.* 175, *lying, falſhood.* Withouten leaſe, *verily.*
Leaſynge, *lying, falſhood.*
Lee, *p.* 125. Lea, *the field.*
Leeche, *phyſician.*
Leechinge, *doctoring, medicinal care.*
Leer, *p.* 345, *look.*
Leeve London, *p.* 294, *dear London, an old phraſe.*
Leeveth, *believeth.*
Leſe, *p.* 178; leeve, *dear.*
Leſe, *leave;* leves, leaves.

* "*Germanis* Camp, *Exercitum, aut Locum ubi Exercitus caſtrametatur, ſignificat: inde ipſis Vir Caſtrenſis et Militaris* kemffer, *et* kempher, *et* kemper, *et* kimber, *et* kamper, *pro varietate dialectorum, vocatur: Vocabulum hoc noſtro ſermone nondum penitus exolevit; Norfolcienſes enim plebeio et proletario ſermone dicunt* "He "is a kemper old man, *i. e. Senex Vegetus eſt:*" *Hinc* Cimbris *ſuum nomen:* "kimber *enim Homo bellicoſus, pugil, robuſtus miles, &c. ſignificat.*" Sheringham de Anglor. gentis orig. pag. 57. *Rectius autem Iazius* [apud eundem, p. 49.] "Cimbros *a bello quod* kamff, *et* "*Saxonice* kamp *nuncupatos crediderim: unde bellatores viri* Die "Kempffer, Die Kemper."

Leive, s. *leave.*
Leman, leaman, leiman, *lover, miſtreſs. A. S.* leifman.
Lenger, *longer.*
Lere, *p.* 53, *face, complexion, A. S.* hleare, *facies, vultus.*
Lerned, *learned, taught.*
Leſynge, leaſing, *lying, falſhood.*
Let, *p.* 5, *hinder, p.* 71, *hindred.*
Letteſt, *hindereſt, detaineſt.*
Lettyng, *hindrance, i. e. without delay.*
Lever, *rather.*
Leyre, lere, *p.* 322, *learning, lore.*
Lig, s. *lie.*
Lightſome, *chearful, ſprightly.*
Liked, *p.* 324, *pleaſed.*
Linde, *p.* 173, *the lime tree; or collectively, lime trees; or trees in general.*
Lingell, *a thread of hemp rubbed with roſin, &c. uſed by ruſtics for mending their ſhoes.*
Lith, lithe, lythe, *p.* 157, *attend, hearken, liſten.*
Lither, *p.* 72, *idle, worthleſs, naughty, froward.*
Liver, *deliver.*
Liverance, p. 299, *deliverance, (money, or a pledge for delivering you up).*
Loke, *p.* 324, *lock of wool.*
Longes, *belongs.*
Looſet, loſed, *looſed.*
Lope, *leaped.*
Loveth, *love, plur. number.*
Lough, *p.* 172, *laugh.*
Louked, *looked.*
Loun, s. *p.* 340, lown, *p.* 207, *loon, raſcal, from the Iriſh* liun. *ſlothful, ſluggiſh.*
Louted, lowtede, *bowed, did obeyſance.*
Lowe, *p.* 92, *a little hill.*
Lurden, lurdeyne, *ſluggard, drone.*
Lynde, *p.* 172, 173, lyne, *p.* 90. *See* Linde.
Lyth, *p.* 323, lythe, *lithſome, pliant, flexible, eaſy, gentle.*

M.

Mahound, Mahowne, *Mahomet.*
Majeſte, maiſt, mayeſte, *may'ſt.*
Mair, s. mare, *more.*
Makys, maks, *mates* *.
Male, *p.* 10, *coat of mail.*
Mane, *p.* 7, *man. Item, moan.*
March perti, *pag.* 15, *in the Parts lying upon the Marches.*
March-pine, *p.* 368, march-pane, *a kind of biſcuit.*
Maſt, maſte, *may'ſt.*
Maſteirye, *p.* 89, mayeſtry, *p.* 182, *a tryal of ſkill, high proof of ſkill.*
Mauger, maugre, *ſpite of.*
Maun, s. mun, *muſt.*
May, *maid, (rhythmi gratia).*
Mayd, mayde, *maid.*
Mayne, *p.* 57, *force, ſtrength, p.* 85, *horſe's mane.*
Meany, *retinue, train, company.*
Meed, meede, *reward.*

* As the words MAKE and MATE were, in ſome caſes, uſed promiſcuouſly by ancient writers; ſo the words CAKE and CATE ſeem to have been applied with the ſame indifferency: this will illuſtrate that common Engliſh Proverb "To turn CAT (i. e. "CATE) in pan." A PAN-CAKE is in Northamptonſhire ſtill called a PAN-CATE.

Men

Men of armes, *p.* 28, *gens d' armes.*
Meniveere, *a ſpecies of fur.*
Merches, *marches.*
Met, *p.* 6. meit, s. mete, *meet, fit, proper.*
Meyne, *ſee* Meany.
Mickle, *much.*
Minged, *p.* 46. *mentioned.*
Miſcreants, *unbelievers.*
Miſdoubt, 316, *ſuſpect, doubt.*
Miſken, *miſtake; alſo in the Scotiſh Idiom, "let a thing alone." (Mr. Lambe).*
Mode, *p.* 172, *mood.*
Monynday, *Monday.*
Mores, *p.* 45, *hills, wild downs.*
Morne, s. *p.* 79, *on the morrow.*
Mort, *death of the deer.*
Moſt, *muſt.*
Mought, mot, mote, *might.*
Mun, maun, s. *muſt.*
Mure, mures, s. *wild downs, heaths, &c.*
Muſis, *muſes.*
Mightte, *mighty.*
Myllan, *Milan ſteel.*
Myne-ye-ple, *p.* 10, *perhaps, many plies, or, folds.* Mionyple *is ſtill uſed in this ſenſe in the north (Mr. Lambe).*
Myrry, *merry.*
Myſuryd, p. 99, *miſuſed, applied to a bad purpoſe.*

N.

Na, nae, s. *no, none.*
Nams, *names.*
Nar, *p.* 6, nare, *nor. It. than.*
Nat, *not.*
Nee, ne, *nigh.*
Neigh him neare, *approach him near.*
Neir, s. nere, *ne'er, never.*
Neir, s. nere, *near.*
Nicked him of naye, *p.* 65, *nicked him with a refuſal.*
Nipt, *pinched.*
Nobles, *p.* 27, *nobleſs, nobleneſs.*
None, *noon.*
Nourice, s. *nurſe.*
Nye, ny, *nigh.*

O.

O gin, s. *O if! a phraſe.*
On, *one*; on man, *p.* 8, *one man.* One, *p.* 25, *on.*
Onfowghten, unfoughten, *unfought.*
Or, ere, *p.* 20, 24, *before.*
Or eir, *before ever.*
Oriſons, *prayers.*
Oſt, oſte, ooſt, *boſt.*
Out ower, s. *quite over: over.*
Out-horn, *the ſummoning to arms, by the ſound of a horn.*
Outrake, *p.* 304, *an out ride; or expedition. To* raik, s. *is to go faſt.* Outrake *is a common term among Shepherds, when their ſheep have a free paſſage from incloſed paſtures into open and airy grounds, they call it a good* outrake. *(Mr. Lambe).*
Oware of none, *hour of noon.*
Owre, owr, s. *o'er.*
Owt, *out.*

P.

Pa. s. *the river Po.*
Palle, *a robe of ſtate.* Purple and pall, *i. e. a purple robe, or cloak, a phraſe.*
Paramour, *lover. Item, a miſtreſs.*
Paregall, *equal.*
Parti, party, *p.* 8, *a part.*

Paves, *p.* 98, a pavice, *a large ſhield that covered the whole body*, f. pavois.
Pavilliane, *pavillion, tent.*
Pay, *p.* 167, *liking, ſatisfaction: hence*, well apaid, *i. e. pleaſed, highly ſatisfied.*
Peakiſh, *p.* 312.
Peere, pere, *peer, equal.*
Penon, *a banner, or ſtreamer born at the top of a lance.*
Perelous, parlous, *perilous*; *dangerous.*
Perfight, *perfect.*
Perleſe, *p.* 104, *peerleſs.*
Perte, *part.*
Pertyd, *parted.*
Play-feres, *play-fellows.*
Plaining, *complaining.*
Pleaſance, *pleaſure.*
Pight, pyght, *pitched.*
Pil'd, *p.* 307, *peeled, bald.*
Pine, *famiſh, ſtarve.*
Pious Chanſon, *p.* 190, *a godly ſong or ballad* *.
Pite, Pittye, pyte, *pity.*
Pompal, *p.* 247, *pompous.*
Portres, *p.* 107, *portereſs.*
Popingay, *a parrot.*
Pow, pou: pow'd, s. *pull, pulled.*
Pownes, *p.* 314, *pounds, (rhythmi gratia).*
Prece, preſe, *preſs.*
Preced, *p.* 175, preſed, *preſſed.*
Preſt, *ready.*
Preſtly, *p.* 175, preſtlye, *p.* 53, *readily, quickly.*
Prickes, *p.* 89, *the mark to ſhoot at.*
Pricke-wand, *p.* 89, *a wand ſet up for a mark.*
Pricked, *ſpurred on, haſted.*
Prowes, *p.* 100, *proweſs.*
Prycke, *p.* 181, *the mark: commonly a hazle wand.*
Pryme, *p.* 151, *day-break.*
Pulde, *pulled.*

Q.

Quail, *ſhrink.*
Quadrant, *p.* 106, *four-ſquare.*
Quarry, *p.* 272, *in Hunting or Hawking, is the ſlaughtered game, &c. See page* 6.
Quere, quire, *choir.*
Queſt, *p.* 168, *inqueſt.*
Quha, s. *who.*
Quhan, s. *when.*
Quhar, s. *where.*
Quhat, s. *what.*
Quhatten, s. *what.*
Quhen, s. *when.*
Quhy, s. *why.*
Quyrry, *p.* 6. *See* quarry *above.*
Quyte, *p.* 16, *requited.*

R.

Raine, *reign.*
Raſhing *ſeems to be the old hunting term for the ſtroke made by a wild boar with his fangs. See p.* 219.
Rayne, reane, *rain.*
Rayſſe, *p.* 21, *race.*
Reachles, *careleſs.*
Reas, *p.* 5, *raiſe.*
Reave, *bereave.*
Reckt, *regarded.*

* Mr. Rowe's Edit. has "The firſt Row of the Rubrick;" which has been ſuppoſed by Dr. Warburton to refer to the Red-lettered Titles of old Ballads. In the large Collection made by Mr. Pepys, I do not remember to have ſeen one ſingle Ballad with its title printed in Red Letters.

Reade, p. 22, rede, *adviſe*, p. 28, *hit off*. Read, *advice*.
Reek, s. *ſmoke*.
Reid, s. rede, reed, *red*.
Reid-roan, s. *red-roan*, p. 60.
Rekeles, reckleſſe, *regardleſs*, *void of care*, *raſh*.
Reniſh, p. 65, reniſht, p. 71.
Reniſht, p. 65. 71, *perhaps a derivation from* reniteo, *to ſhine*.
Renn, *run*, p. 205.
Renyed, p. 100, *refuſed*.
Rewth, *ruth*; Rewe, *pity*.
Riall, ryall, *royal*.
Richt, s. *right*.
Ride, *make an inroad*.
Roche, *rock*.
Ronne, *ran*; Roone, p. 25, *run*.
Roode, *croſs*, *crucifix*.
Roufe, *roof*.
Routhe, ruth, *pity*.
Row, rowd, s. *roll*, *rolled*.
Rowght, *rout*.
Rowyned, *round*.
Rowned, rownyd, *whiſpered*.
Rues, ruethe, *pitieth*.
Ryde, p. 289, *i. e. make an inroad*.
Ryde, *in* p. 69, (*v.* 136.) *ſhould probably be* riſe.
Rydere, p. 184, *ranger*.
Rynde, p. 29, *rent*.

S.

Sa, ſae, s. *ſo*.
Saif, s. *ſafe*.
Sall, s. *ſhall*.
Sar, ſair, s. *ſore*.
Sark, *ſhirt*, *ſhift*.
Sat, ſete, *ſet*.
Savyde, *ſaved*.
Saw, Say, *ſpeech*, *diſcourſe*.
Say, p. 13, *ſaw*. *Vol. II. p.* 279.
Say us no harme, *ſay no ill of us*.
Sayne, *ſay*.
Scathe, *hurt*, *injury*.
Schapped, p. 30, *perhaps* ſwapped. *Vid. loc.*
Schip, s. *ſhip*.
Scho, ſche, p. 24, s. *ſhe*.
Schone, *ſkone*.
Schoote, *ſhot*, *let go*.
Schowte, ſchowtte, *ſhout*.
Schrill, s. *ſhrill*.
Se, s. ſee, *ſea*, p. 6, *ſee*.
Seik, s. ſeke, *ſeek*.
Sene, *ſeen*.
Sertayne, ſertenlye, *certain*, *certainly*.
Setywall. *See* cetiwall.
Shaws, *little woods*.
Shear, p. 5, *entirely*, (*penitus*).
Sheele, *ſhe'll*, *ſhe will*.
Sheene, ſhene, *ſhining*.
Sheits, s. ſhetes, *ſheets*.
Shent, *diſgraced*.
Shimmering, *ſhining by glances*.
Shoke, p. 101, *ſhookeſt*.
Shold, ſholde, *ſhould*.
Shoen, s. ſhoone, p. 260, *ſhoes*.
Shote, *ſhot*.
Shraddes, p. 84, *vid. locum*.
Shrift, *confeſſion*.
Shroggs, *ſhrubs*, *thorns*, *briars*, *G. Doug.* ſcroggis.
Shulde, *ſhould*.
Shyars, *ſhires*.
Sib, *kin*: *akin*, *related*.
Side, *long*.
Sic, ſich, ſick, s. *ſuch*.
Sik, ſike, *ſuch*.
Sied, s. *ſaw*.
Siker, *ſurely*, *certainly*.
Sigh-clout, p. 206, (ſythe-clout) *a clout to ſtrain milk through*: *a ſtraining clout*.
Sith, p. 7, *ſince*.
Slade, *a breadth of greenſward between plow-lands*, *or woods*, &c.
Slaw, *ſlew*, p 324. (*Sc.* Abel.)
Slean, ſlone, *ſlain*.
Sle, ſlee, *ſlay*; ſleeſt, *ſlayeſt*.

Sleip,

Sleip, s ſlepe, *ſleep.*
Slo, *p.* 98, ſloe, *ſlay.*
Slode, *p.* 46, *ſlit, ſplit.*
Slone, *p.* 48, *ſlain.*
Sleughe, *p.* 5, *ſlew.*
Smithers, s. *ſmothers.*
Soldain, ſoldan, ſowdan, *ſultan.*
Soll, ſoulle, ſowle, *ſoul.*
Sort, *company.*
Soth-Ynglonde. *South England.*
Soth, ſothe, ſouth, ſouthe, *ſooth, truth.*
Sould, s. *ſhould.*
Soudan, ſoud in, *ſultan.*
Sowden, Sowdain, *ſultan.*
Sowre, *ſour.*
Sowre, ſoare, *ſore.*
S wter, *p.* 77, *a ſhoemaker.*
Soy, f. *ſilk.*
Spak, ſpaik, s. *ſpake.*
Sped, *ſpeeded.*
Speik, s. *ſpeak.*
Spendyd, *p.* 12, *probably the ſame as* Spanned, *graſped.*
Spere, ſpeere, *ſpear.*
Spill, *p.* 205, ſpille, *p.* 57, *ſpoil, come to harm.*
Sprenc, 10, *ſpurted, ſprung out.*
Spurn, ſpurne, *a kick, p.* 16. *See* Tear.
Spyde, *ſpied.*
Spyll, *ſpoiled, deſtroyed.*
Spyt, *p.* 7, ſpyte, *ſpite.*
Stabyle, *p.* 103, *perhaps, ſtabliſh.*
Stalworthlye, *ſtoutly.*
Stane, s. ſtean, *p.* 82, *ſtone.*
Stark, *p.* 53, *ſtiff, p.* 100, *entirely.*
Steedye, *ſteady.*
Steid, s. ſteede, *ſteed.*
Stele, *ſteel.*
Sterne, *ſtern: or, perhaps, ſtars.*
Sterris, *ſtars.*
Sterte, *ſtart.*
Sterte, ſtarted, *ſtarted.*
Stert, ſtart, *p.* 334, *ſtarted.*
Steven, *p.* 93, *voice.*
Steven, *p.* 89, *time.*
Still, *quiet, ſilent.*
Stint, *ſtop, ſtopped.*
Stirande ſtage, *p.* 22. *A friend interpreted this, "many a ſtirring, "travelling journey."*
Stonderes, *ſtanders-by.*
Stound, Stownde, *time, while.*
Stour, *p.* 13, 75, ſtower, *p.* 46, ſtower, *p.* 29, 55, *fight, diſturbance, &c. This word is applied in the north to ſignify duſt agitated and put into motion: as by the ſweeping of a room, &c.*
Streight, *ſtraight.*
Strekene, *ſtricken, ſtruck.*
Stret, *ſtreet.*
Strick, *ſtrict.*
Stroke, *p.* 10, *ſtruck.*
Stude, s. *ſtood.*
Styntyde, ſtinted, *ſtayed, ſtopped.*
Suar, *ſure.*
Sum, s. *ſome.*
Sumpters, *p.* 318, *horſes that carry cloaths, furniture, &c.*
Swapte, *p.* 10, ſwapped, *p.* 28, ſwopede, *p* 28. *ſtruck violently. Scot,* ſwap, *to ſcourge, (vid. gl. Garw. Dougl). Or perhaps 'exchanged' ſc. blows: ſo* ſwap *or* ſwopp *ſignifies.*
Swat, ſwatte, ſwotte, *did ſweat.*
Swear, *p.* 6, *ſware.*
Sweard, *ſword.*
Sweaven, *a dream.*
Sweit, s ſwete, *ſweet.*
Swith, *quickly, inſtantly.*
Syd, *ſide.*
Syde thear, *p.* 5, ſydis thear, *p.* 6, *on all ſides.*
Syne, *then, afterwards.*
Syth, *ſince.*

T.

Take, *taken.*
Talents, *p.* 66, *perhaps golden ornaments*

naments hung from her head, to the value of talents of gold.

Taine, s. tane, *taken.*

Tear, *p.* 16, *this ſeems to be a proverb,* "*That tearing or pulling* "*occaſioned his ſpurn or kick.*"

Teenefu', s. *full of indignation, wrathful, furious.*

Teir, s. tere, *tear.*

Teene, tene, *ſorrow, indignation, wrath. Properly, injury, affront.*

Termagaunt, *the god of the Sarazens. See a memoir on this ſubject in page* 76 *.

Thair, *their.* Thair, thare, *there.*

Thame, s. *them.* Than, *then.*

The, *thee.* Thend, *the end.*

The, *they.* The wear, *p.* 5, *they were.*

Thear, *p.* 23, ther, *p.* 6, *there.*

Thee, *thrive*; mote he thee, *may he thrive.*

Ther, *p.* 5, *their.*

Therfor, *p.* 7, *therefore.*

Therto, *thereto.* Thes, *theſe.*

Theyther-ward, *thither-ward, towards that place.*

Thie, *thy.* Thowe, *thou.*

Thouſe, s. *thou art.*

Throw, s. *through.*

Thrall, *p.* 309, *captive, p.* 114, *thraldom, captivity.*

Thrang, s. *throng.*

Thre, thrie, s. *three.*

Threape, *to argue, to affirm or aſſert in a poſitive overbearing manner.*

Thrittè, *thirty.*

Throng, *p.* 154, *haſtened.*

Till, *p.* 16, *unto, p.* 73, *entice.*

Tine, *loſe*; tint, *loſt.*

To, *too. Item, two.*

Ton, *p* 7, tone, *the one.*

Tow, s. *p.* 123, *to let down with a rope, &c.*

Tow, towe, *two.* Twa, s. *two.*

Towyn, *p.* 22, *town.*

Treytory, traitory, *treachery.*

Tride, *tryed.*

Trim, *exact.*

Trow, *think, conceive, know.*

Trowthe, *troth.* Tru, *true.*

Tuik, s *took.*

Tul, s. *till, to.*

Turn, *p.* 318, ſuch turn, *ſuch an occaſion.*

Twinn'd, s. *p.* 39, *parted, ſeparated, vid. G. Douglas.*

V. U.

Ugſome, s. *ſhocking, horrible.*

Vices, *(probably contracted for* De-

vices*),*

* The old French Romancers, who had corrupted TERMAGANT into TERVAGANT, couple it with the name of MAHOMET as conſtantly as ours; thus in the old *Roman de Blanchardin,*

"*Cy guerpiſon tuit Apolin,*
"*Et Mahomet et* TERVAGANT."

Hence Fontaine, with great humour, in his Tale, intituled; *La Fiancée du Roy de Garbe,* ſays,

"*Et reniant Mahom, Jupin, et* TERVAGANT,
"*Avec maint autre Dieu non moins extravagant.*"
Mem. de l'Acad. des inſcript. tom. 20, 4to. p. 352.

As TERMAGANT is evidently of Anglo-Saxon derivation and can only be explained from the elements of that language, its being corrupted by the old French Romancers proves that they borrowed ſome things from ours.

vices), *p.* 106, *ſcrews*; *or perhaps turning pins, ſwivels. An ingenious friend thinks a* vice *is rather "a ſpindle of a preſs," that goeth by a* vice, *that ſeemeth to move of itſelf.*
Vilane, *p.* 95, *raſcally.*
Undight, *undecked, undreſſed.*
Unmacklye, *mis-ſhapen.*
Unſett ſteven, *p.* 89, *unappointed time, unexpectedly.*
Untyll, *unto, p.* 165, *againſt.*
Voyded, *p.* 169, *quitted, left the place.*

W.

Wad, s. wold, wolde, *would.*
Wae worth, s. *woe betide.*
Waltering, *weltering.*
Wane, *p.* 11, *the ſame as* ane, *one: ſo* wone, *p.* 13, *is one* *.
War, *p.* 6, *aware.*
Warldis, s. *worlds.*
Waryſon, *reward.*
Wat, *p.* 8, wot, *know, am aware.*
Wat, s. *wet.*
Wavde, *waved.*
Wayward, *froward, peeviſh.*
Weale, *p.* 111, *happineſs, proſperity.*
Weal, *p.* 15, *wail.*
Wedous, *widows.*
Weedes, *clothes.*
Weel, *we'll, we will.*
Weene, ween'd, *think, thought.*
Weet, s. *wet.*
Weil, s. wepe, *weep.*
Wel-away, *an interjection of grief.*
Wel of pitè, *ſource of pity.*
Weme, *womb, belly, hollow.*
Wende, *p.* 174, *weened, thought.*
Wend, wends, *go, goes.*
Werke, *work.*
Weſtlings, *weſtern, or whiſtling.*
While, *p.* 306, *untill.*
Whoard, *board.*
Whos, *p.* 100, *whoſo.*
Whyllys, *whilſt.*
Wight, *p.* 199, *perſon, p.* 306, *ſtrong, luſty.*
Wighty, *p.* 85, *ſtrong, luſty, active, nimble.*
Wightlye, *p.* 41, *vigorouſly.*
Will, s. *p.* 79, *ſhall.*
Wilfulle, *p.* 88, *wandering, erring.*
Windling, s. *winding.*
Winnae, s. *will not.*
Winſome, s. *agreeable, engaging.*
Wiſs, *p.* 294, *know*, wiſt, *knew.*
Withouten, withoughten, *without.*
Wo, woo, *woe.*
Woe begone, *p.* 53, *loſt in woe, overwhelmed with grief.*
Won'd, *p.* 322, wonn'd, *dwelt.*
Wone, *p.* 13, *one.*
Wonderſly, *wonderly, p.* 108, *wonderouſly.*
Wode, wood, *mad, wild.*
Wonne, *dwell.*
Woodweele, *p.* 84, *or* wodewale; *the Golden Ouzle, a bird of the thruſh-kind. Gloſſ. Chauc. The orig. MS. has here* woodweete.
Worthè, *worthy.*
Wot, *know*, wotes, *knows.*
Wouch, *p.* 9, *miſchief, evil, A. S.* pohȝ *i. e.* Wohg, *malum.*
Wright, *p.* 100, *wright.*
Wrang, s. *wrung.*
Wreke, wreak, *revenge.*

* In fol. 355, of Bannatyne's MS. is a ſhort fragment, in which 'wane' is uſed for 'ane' or 'one,' viz.

"Amongſt the Monſters that we find,
"There's WANE belovved of woman-kejnd,
"Renowned for antiquity,
"From Adame drivs his pedigree."

Wringe,

Wringe, *p.* 100, *contended with violence.*
Writhe, *p.* 304, *writhed, twiſted.*
Wroken, *revenged.*
Wronge, *wrong.*
Wull, s. *will.*
Wyght, *p.* 321, *ſtrong, luſty.*
Wyghtye, *p.* 181, *the ſame.*
Wyld, *p.* 5, *wild deer.*
Wynde, *wende*, go.
Wynne, *joy.*
Wyſte, *knew.*

Y.

Y-cleped, *named, called.*
Y-con'd, *taught, inſtructed.*
Y-fere, *together.*
Y-founde, *found.*
Y-picking, *picking, culling, gathering.*
Y-ſlaw, *ſlain.*
Y-were, *were.*
Y-wis, *p.* 109, *verily.*
Y-wrought, *wrought.*
Yave, *p.* 294, *gave.*
Yate, *gate.*
Ych, yche, *each.*
Ychyſeled, *cut with the chizzle.*
Ychone, *p.* 32, *each one.*
Ydle, *idle.*
Ye bent, y-bent, *bent.*
Ye feth, y-feth, *in faith.*
Yee, *p.* 28, *eye.*
Yenoughe, ynoughe, *enough.*
Yeldyde, *yielded.*
Yerarrchy, *hierarchy.*
Yere, yeere, *year, years.*
Yerle, *p.* 8, yerlle, *earl.*
Yerly, *p.* 5, *early.*
Yeſtreen, s. *yeſter-evening.*
Yf, *if.*
Ygnoraunce, *ignorance.*
Ynggliſhe Ynglyſhe, *Engliſh.*
Ynglonde, *England.*
Yode, *went.*
Youe, *you.*
Yt, *it.*
Yth, *p.* 6, *in the.*

Z:

Ze, zea, s. *ye.*
Zeir, s. *year.*
Zellow, s. *yellow.*
Zonder, s. *yonder.*
Zong, s. *young.*
Zour, s. *your.*

*** The printers have uſually ſubſtituted the letter z to expreſs the character ȝ, which occurs in old MSS: but we are not to ſuppoſe that this ȝ was ever pronounced as our modern z; it had rather the force of y (and perhaps of gh) being no other than the Saxon letter ȝ, which both the Scots and Engliſh have in many inſtances changed into y, as ȝeaꝛ *yard*, ȝeaꝛ *year*, ȝeonȝ *young*, &c.

THE END OF THE GLOSSARY.

CMC
MVSEVM
BRITANNICVM

Page 142.

Laneham describes this play of HOCK TUESDAY, *which was "presented in an historical cue by certain good-hearted men of Coventry" (p. 32), and which was "wont to be play'd in their citie yearly" (p. 33), as if it were peculiar to them, terming it "* THEIR *old florial show" (p. 32).— And so it might be as represented and expressed by them "after their manner" (p. 33): Although we are also told by Bevil Higgons, that St. Brice's* EVE *was still celebrated by the Northern English in commemoration of this massacre of the Danes, the women beating brass instruments, and singing old rhimes, in praise of their cruel ancestors. See his Short View of Eng. History, 8vo. p. 17. (The Preface is dated 1734.)*

THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.